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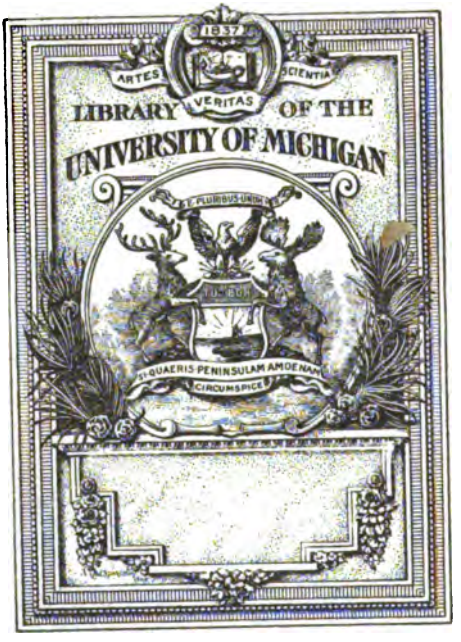
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THOMAS CARLYLE

VOL. I.

THOMAS CARLYLE

A HISTORY OF HIS LIFE IN LONDON

1834–1881

BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

HONORARY FELLOW OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

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CARLYLE'S

LIFE IN LONDON.

INTRODUCTORY.

In Carlyle's Journal I find written, on the 10th of October, 1843, the following words:—

Some one writes about 'notes for a biography' in a beggarly 'Spirit of the Age' or other rubbish basket—rejected *nem. con.* What have I to do with their 'Spirits of the Age'? To have my 'life' surveyed and commented on by all men even wisely is no object with me, but rather the opposite; how much less to have it done *unwisely!* The world has no business with my life; the world will never know my life, if it should write and read a hundred biographies of me. The main facts of it even are known, and are likely to be known, to myself alone of created men. The 'goose goddess' which they call 'Fame'! *Ach Gott!*

And again, December 29, 1848:—

Darwin said to Jane the other day, in his quizzing serious manner, 'Who will write Carlyle's life?' The word reported to me set me thinking how *impossible* it was, and would for ever remain, for any creature to write my 'life.' The chief elements of my little destiny have all along lain deep below view or surmise, and never will or can be known to any son of Adam. I would say to my biographer, if any fool undertook such a task, 'Forbear, poor fool! Let no life of me be written; let me and my bewildered wrestlings lie buried here and be forgotten swiftly of all the world.

If thou write, it will be mere delusion and hallucination. The confused world never understood nor will understand me and my poor affairs. Not even the persons nearest to me could guess at them; nor was it found indispensable; nor is it now (for any but an idle purpose) profitable, were it even possible. Silence, and go thy ways elsewhither.'

Reluctantly, and only when he found that his wishes would not and could not be respected, Carlyle requested me to undertake the task which he had thus described as hopeless; and placed materials in my hands which would make the creation of a true likeness of him, if still difficult, yet no longer as impossible as he had declared it to be. Higher confidence was never placed by any man in another. I had not sought it, but I did not refuse to accept it. I felt myself only more strictly bound than men in such circumstances usually are, to discharge the duty which I was undertaking with the fidelity which I knew to be expected from me. Had I considered my own comfort or my own interest, I should have sifted out or passed lightly over the delicate features in the story. It would have been as easy as it would have been agreeable for me to construct a picture, with every detail strictly accurate, of an almost perfect character. An account so written would have been read with immediate pleasure. Carlyle would have been admired and applauded, and the biographer, if he had not shared in the praise, would at least have escaped censure. He would have followed in the track marked out for him by a custom which is all but universal. When a popular statesman dies, or a popular soldier or clergyman, his faults are forgotten, his virtues only are remembered in his epitaph. Everyone has some frailties, but the merits and not the frailties are what interest the world; and with great men of the ordinary kind whose names and influence will not survive their own generation, to leave out the shadow, and record solely what is

bright and attractive, is not only permissible, but is a right and honourable instinct. The good should be frankly acknowledged with no churlish qualifications. But the pleasure which we feel, and the honour which we seek to confer, are avenged, wherever truth is concealed, in the case of the exceptional few who are to become historical and belong to the immortals. The sharpest scrutiny is the condition of enduring fame. Every circumstance which can be ascertained about them is eventually dragged into light. If blank spaces are left, they are filled by rumour or conjecture. When the generation which knew them is gone, there is no more tenderness in dealing with them; and if their friends have been indiscreetly reserved, idle tales which survive in tradition become stereotyped into facts. Thus the characters of many of our greatest men, as they stand in history, are left blackened by groundless calumnies, or credited with imaginary excellences, a prey to be torn in pieces by rival critics, with clear evidence wanting, and prepossessions fixed on one side or the other by dislike or sympathy.

Had I taken the course which the 'natural man' would have recommended, I should have given no faithful account of Carlyle. I should have created a 'delusion and a hallucination' of the precise kind which he who was the truest of men most deprecated and dreaded; and I should have done it not innocently and in ignorance, but with deliberate insincerity, after my attention had been specially directed by his own generous openness to the points which I should have left unnoticed. I should have been unjust first to myself—for I should have failed in what I knew to be my duty as a biographer. I should have been unjust secondly to the public. Carlyle exerted for many years an almost unbounded influence on the mind of educated England. His writings are now spread over the whole English-speaking world. They are studied with eagerness

and confidence by millions who have looked and look to him not for amusement, but for moral guidance, and those millions have a right to know what manner of man he really was. It may be, and I for one think it will be, that when time has levelled accidental distinctions, when the perspective has altered, and the foremost figures of this century are seen in their true proportions, Carlyle will tower far above all his contemporaries, and will then be the one person of them about whom the coming generations will care most to be informed. But whether I estimate his importance rightly or wrongly, he has played a part which entitles everyone to demand a complete account of his character. He has come forward as a teacher of mankind. He has claimed 'to speak with authority and not as the Scribes.' He has denounced as empty illusion the most favourite convictions of the age. No concealment is permissible about a man who could thus take on himself the character of a prophet and speak to it in so imperious a tone.

Lastly, I should have been unjust to Carlyle himself and to everyone who believed and has believed in him. To have been reticent would have implied that there was something to hide, and, taking Carlyle all in all, there never was a man—I at least never knew of one—whose conduct in life would better bear the fiercest light which can be thrown upon it. In the grave matters of the law he walked for eighty-five years unblemished by a single moral spot. There are no 'sins of youth' to be apologised for. In no instance did he ever deviate even for a moment from the strictest lines of integrity. He had his own way to make in life, and when he had chosen his profession, he had to depend on popularity for the bread which he was to eat. But although more than once he was within sight of starvation he would never do less than his very best. He never wrote an idle word, he never

wrote or spoke any single sentence which he did not with his whole heart believe to be true. Conscious though he was that he had talents above those of common men, he sought neither rank nor fortune for himself. When he became famous and moved as an equal among the great of the land, he was content to earn the wages of an artisan, and kept to the simple habits in which he had been bred in his father's house. He might have had a pension had he stooped to ask for it; but he chose to maintain himself by his own industry, and when a pension was offered him it was declined. He despised luxury; he was thrifty and even severe in the economy of his own household; but in the times of his greatest poverty he had always something to spare for those who were dear to him. When money came at last, and it came only when he was old and infirm, he added nothing to his own comforts, but was lavishly generous with it to others. Tender-hearted and affectionate he was beyond all men whom I have ever known. His faults, which in his late remorse he exaggerated, as men of noblest natures are most apt to do, his impatience, his irritability, his singular melancholy, which made him at times distressing as a companion, were the effects of temperament first, and of a peculiarly sensitive organisation; and secondly of absorption in his work and of his determination to do that work as well as it could possibly be done. Such faults as these were but as the vapours which hang about a mountain, inseparable from the nature of the man. They have to be told because without them his character cannot be understood, and because they affected others as well as himself. But they do not blemish the essential greatness of his character, and when he is fully known he will not be loved or admired the less because he had infirmities like the rest of us. Carlyle's was not the imperious grandeur which has risen superior to weakness and reigns cold and impassive in dis-

tant majesty. The fire in his soul burnt red to the end, and sparks flew from it which fell hot on those about him, not always pleasant, not always hitting the right spot or the right person; but it was pure fire notwithstanding, fire of genuine and noble passion, of genuine love for all that was good, and genuine indignation at what was mean or base or contemptible. His life was not a happy one, and there were features in it for which, as he looked back, he bitterly reproached himself. But there are many, perhaps the majority of us, who sin deeper every day of their lives in these very points in which Carlyle sinned, and without Carlyle's excuses, who do not know that they have anything to repent of. The more completely it is understood, the more his character will be seen to answer to his intellectual teaching. The one is the counterpart of the other. There was no falsehood and there was no concealment in him. The same true nature showed itself in his life and in his words. He acted as he spoke from his heart, and those who have admired his writings will equally admire himself when they see him in his actual likeness.

I, for myself, concluded, though not till after long hesitation, that there should be no reserve, and therefore I have practised none. I have published his own autobiographical fragments. I have published an account of his early years from his Letters and Journals. I have published the Letters and Memorials of his wife which describe (from one aspect) his life in London as long as she remained with him. I supposed for a time that if to these I added my personal recollections of him, my task would be sufficiently accomplished; but I have thought it better on longer consideration to complete his biography as I began it. He himself quotes a saying of Goethe that on the lives of remarkable men ink and paper should least be spared. I must leave no materials unused to complete the portrait which I attempt to draw.

CHAPTER I.

A.D. 1834. ÆT. 39.

Beginning of life in Cheyne Row—First winter in London—John Sterling—Offers of employment on the 'Times' not accepted, and why—Begins 'History of the French Revolution'—Carlyle's interpretation of it—Extracts from Journal—London society—Literature as a profession—John Mill—The burnt manuscript—Resolution to continue the book—Meets Wordsworth.

In the summer of 1834 Carlyle left Craigenputtock and its solitary moors and removed to London, there to make a last experiment whether it would be possible for him to abide by literature as a profession, or whether he must seek another employment and perhaps another country. I have already told how he set up his modest establishment in Cheyne Row in the house where he was to remain till he died. He had some 200*l.* in money for immediate necessities; of distinct prospects he had none at all. He had made a reputation by his articles in reviews as a man of marked ability. He had been well received on his visit to London in 1832, and was an object of admiring interest to a number of young men who were themselves afterwards to become famous, to John Mill, to Charles Buller, to Charles Austin, Sir William Molesworth, and the advanced section of the Philosophic Radicals, and he doubtless hoped that when he was seen and more widely known, some editorship, secretaryship, or analogous employment might fall in his way, which would

enable him to live. Even Brougham and Macaulay and the orthodox Whigs of the 'Edinburgh Review,' admitted his talents, though they disliked the use which he made of them, and would have taken him up and provided for him if he would have allowed Jeffrey to put him into harness. But harness it was impossible for him to wear, even harness as light as was required by booksellers and editors. They had wondered at him and tried him, but since the appearance of 'Sartor' they had turned their backs upon him as hopeless, and had closed in his face the door of periodical literature. He was impracticable, unpersuadable, unmalleable, as independent and wilful as if he were an eldest son and the heir of a peerage. He had created no 'public' of his own; the public which existed could not understand his writings and would not buy them, nor could he be induced so much as to attempt to please it; and thus it was that in Cheyne Row he was more neglected than he had been in Scotland. No one seemed to want his services, no one applied to him for contributions. At the Bullers' house, at the Austins', and in a gradually increasing circle, he went into society and was stared at as if he were a strange wild animal. His conversational powers were extraordinary. His unsparing veracity, his singular insight, struck everyone who came in contact with him, but were more startling than agreeable. He was unobtrusive, but when asked for his opinion he gave it in his metaphoric manner, and when contradicted was contemptuous and overbearing, 'too sarcastic for so young a man,' too sarcastic by far for the vanity of those whom he mortified. A worse fault was that he refused to attach himself to any existing sect, either religious or political. He abhorred cant in all its forms, and as cant in some shape gathers about every organised body of English opinion, he made many enemies and few friends; and those few, fearful of the consequences, were shy of con-

fessing themselves his disciples. Month after month went by, and no opening presented itself of which he was able to avail himself. Molesworth founded a 'Radical Review,' but the management of it was not offered to Carlyle, though he hoped it might be offered. His money flowed away, and with the end of it would end also the prospect of making a livelihood in London.

I said no opening of which he could avail himself, but one opening there was which if he had chosen would have led him on to fortune, and which any one but Carlyle would have grasped at. In the small number of men who had studied 'Sartor' seriously, and had discovered the golden veins in that rugged quartz rock, was John Sterling, then fresh from Cambridge and newly ordained a clergyman, of vehement but most noble nature, who though far from agreeing with Carlyle, though shrinking from and even hating, so impetuous was he, many of Carlyle's opinions, yet saw also that he was a man like none that he had yet fallen in with, a man not only brilliantly gifted, but differing from the common run of people in this, that he would not lie, that he would not equivocate, that he would say always what he actually thought, careless whether he pleased or offended. Such a quality, rare always, and especially rare in those who are poor and unfriended, could not but recommend the possessor of it to the brave and generous Sterling. He introduced Carlyle to his father, who was then the guiding genius of the 'Times;' and the great editor of the first periodical of the world offered Carlyle work there, of course on the implied conditions. When a man enlists in the army, his soul as well as his body belongs to his commanding officer. He is to be no judge of the cause for which he has to fight. His enemies are chosen for him and not by himself. His duty is to obey orders and to ask no questions. Carlyle, though with poverty at his door, and entire penury visible

in the near future, turned away from a proposal which might have tempted men who had less excuse for yielding to it. He was already the sworn soldier of another chief. His allegiance from first to last was to *truth*, truth as it presented itself to his own intellect and his own conscience. He could not, would not, advocate what he did not believe; he would not march in the same regiment with those who did advocate what he disbelieved; nor would he consent to suppress his own convictions when he chose to make them known. By this resolution not the 'Times' only, but the whole world of party life and party action, was necessarily closed against him. Organisation of any kind in free communities is only possible where individuals will forget their differences in general agreement. Carlyle, as he said himself, was fated to be an Ishmaelite, his hand against every man and every man's hand against him; and Ishmaelites, if they are to prosper at all in such a society as ours, and escape being trampled under the horses' hoofs, require better material sources behind them than a fast-shrinking capital of 200*l.*

One occupation, and one only, absorbed Carlyle's time and thought during these first years of his London life, the writing his history of the French Revolution. He had studied it at Craigenputtock. He had written as a preliminary flight, and as if to try his wings, the exquisite sketch of the episode of the Diamond Necklace, which lay in his desk still unpublished. He had written *round* the subject, on Voltaire, on Diderot, and on Cagliostro. The wild tornado in which the French monarchy perished had fascinated his attention, because it illustrated to him in all its features such theory as he had been able to form of the laws under which this world is ruled, and he had determined to throw it out of himself if afterwards he was to abandon literature for ever. His mind had been formed in his father's house upon the Old Testament and the

Presbyterian creed, and, far as he had wandered and deeply as he had read, the original lesson had remained indelible.

To the Scotch people and to the Puritan part of the English, the Jewish history contained a faithful account of the dealings of God with man in all countries and in all ages. As long as men kept God's commandments it was well with them; when they forgot God's commandments and followed after wealth and enjoyment, the wrath of God fell upon them. Commerce, manufactures, intellectual enlightenment, political liberty, outward pretences of religiosity, all that modern nations mean when they speak of wealth and progress and improvement, were but Moloch or Astarte in a new disguise, and now as then it was impossible to serve God and Baal. In some form or other retribution would come, wherever the hearts of men were set on material prosperity.

To this simple creed Carlyle adhered as the central principle of all his thoughts. The outward shell of it had broken. He had ceased to believe in miracles and supernatural interpositions. But to him the natural was the supernatural, and the tales of signs and wonders had risen out of the efforts of men to realise the deepest of truths to themselves. The Jewish history was the symbol of all history. All nations in all ages were under the same dispensation. We did not come into the world with rights which we were entitled to claim, but with duties which we were ordered to do. Rights men had none, save to be governed justly. Duties waited for them everywhere. Their business was to find what those duties were and faithfully fulfil them. So and only so the commonweal could prosper, only so would they be working in harmony with nature, only so would nature answer them with peace and happiness. Of forms of government, 'that which was best administered was best.' Any form would answer where there was justice between man and man. Consti-

tutions, Bills of Rights, and such like were no substitutes for justice, and could not further justice, till men were themselves just. They must *seek first* God's kingdom, they must be loyally obedient to the law which was written in their consciences; or though miracles had ceased, or had never been, there were forces in the universe terrible as the thunders of Sinai or Assyrian armies, which would bring them to their senses or else destroy them. The French Revolution was the last and most signal example of 'God's revenge.' The world was not made that the rich might enjoy themselves while the poor toiled and suffered. On such terms society itself was not allowed to exist. The film of habit on which it rested would burst through, and hunger and fury would rise up and bring to judgment the unhappy ones whose business it had been to guide and govern, and had not guided and had not governed.

England and Scotland were not yet like France, yet doubtless these impressions in Carlyle had originated in scenes which he had himself witnessed. The years which had followed the great war had been a time of severe suffering, especially in the North. It had been borne on the whole with silent patience, but the fact remained that hundreds of thousands of labourers and artisans had been out of work and their families starving while bread had been made artificially dear by the corn laws; and the gentry meanwhile had collected their rents and shot their grouse and their partridges, with a deep unconsciousness that anything else was demanded of them. That such an arrangement was not just—that it was entirely contrary, for one thing, to what was taught in the religion which everyone professed to believe—had early become evident to Carlyle, and not to him only, but to those whose opinions he most respected. His father, though too wise a man to meddle in active politics, would sternly say that the exist-

ing state of things could not last and ought not to last. His mother, pious and devout though she was, yet was a fiery Radical to the end of her days. Radicalism lay in the blood of the Scotch Calvinists, a bitter inheritance from the Covenanters. Carlyle felt it all to his heart; but he had thought too long and knew too much to believe in the dreams of the Radicals of politics. In them lay revolution, feasts of reason, and a reign of terror. Goethe had taught him the meaning and the worth of the apostles of freedom. They might destroy, but they could never build again. For the sick body and sick soul of modern Europe there was but one remedy, the old remedy of the Jewish prophets, repentance and moral amendment. All men high and low, wise and unwise, must call back into their minds the meaning of the word 'duty;' must put away their cant and hypocrisy, their selfishness and appetite for pleasure, and speak truth and do justice. Without this, all tinkering of the constitution, all growth of wealth, though it rained ingots, would avail nothing.

France was the latest instance of the action of the general law. France of all modern nations had been the greatest sinner, and France had been brought to open judgment. She had been offered light at the Reformation, she would not have it, and it had returned upon her as lightning. She had murdered her Colignys. She had preferred to live for pleasure and intellectual enlightenment, with a sham for a religion, which she maintained and herself disbelieved. The palaces and châteaux had been distinguished by the splendour of dissipation. The poor had asked for bread and had been scornfully told to eat grass. The Annandale masons in old James Carlyle's time had dined on grass in silence; the French peasantry had borne with the tyranny of their princes and seigneurs, patient as long as patience was possible, and submitting as sheep to be annually sheared for their masters' pleasure; but the duty

of subjects and the duty of rulers answer one to the other, and the question, sooner or later inevitable in such cases, began to be asked, what this aristocrary, these splendid units were, for whom thousands were sacrificed, these nobles who regarded the earth as their hunting ground, these priests who drew such lavish wages for teaching what they knew to be untrue—an ominous enquiry which is never made till fact has answered it already. False nobles, false priests, once detected, could not be allowed to remain. Unfortunately it did not occur to the French nation that when the false nobles and the false priests were shaken off they would need true nobles and true priests. The new creed rose, which has since become so popular, that every man can be his own ruler and his own teacher. The notion that one man was superior to another and had a right to lead or govern him was looked upon as a cunning fiction that had been submitted to for a time by credulity. All men were brothers of one family, born with the same inalienable right to freedom. The right had only to be acknowledged and respected, and the denial of it made treason to humanity, and Astræa would then return, and earth would be again a Paradise. This was the new Evangel. It was tried, and was tried with the guillotine as its minister, but no millennium arrived. The first article was false. Men were not equal, but infinitely unequal, and the attempt to build upon an untrue hypothesis could end only as all such attempts must end. The Revolution did not mean emancipation from authority, because the authority of the wise and good over fools and knaves was the first condition of natural human society. What it did mean was the bringing great offenders to justice, who for generation after generation had prospered in iniquity. Crown, nobles, prelates, seigneurs, they and the lies which they had taught and fattened on were burnt up as by an eruption from the nether

deep, and of them at least the weary world was made quit.

It was thus that Carlyle regarded the great convulsion which shook Europe at the close of the last century. He believed that the fate of France would be the fate of all nations whose hearts were set on material things—who for religion were content with decent unrealities, satisfying their consciences with outward professions—treating God as if he were indeed, in Milton's words, 'a buzzard idol.' God would not be mocked. The poor wretches called mankind lay in fact under a tremendous dispensation which would exact an account of them for their misdoings to the smallest fibre. Every folly, every false word, or unjust deed was a sin against the universe, of which the consequences would remain, though the guilt might be purged by repentance. The thought of these things was a weight upon his heart, and he could not rest till he was delivered of it. England just then was rushing along in the enthusiasm of Reform, and the warning was needed. His own future was a blank. He had no notion what was to become of him, how or where he was to live, on what he was to live. His immediate duty was to write down his convictions on this the greatest of all human problems, and 'the history of the French Revolution' was the shape in which these convictions crystallised.

Let the reader [illegible] before picture Carlyle to himself, as settled down to his work within a few months after his arrival in London. He was now 39 years old, in the prime of his intellectual strength. His condition, his feelings, his circumstances, and the outward elements of his life are noted down in the letters and journals from which I shall now make extracts. I will only ask the reader, as I must avoid repetition, to glance occasionally into the contemporary correspondence of Mrs. Carlyle, which will add particulars that are omitted in his own.

January 1, 1835.—Twelve o'clock has just struck, the last hour of 1834, the first of a new year. Bells ringing, to me dolefully; a wet wind blustering, my wife in bed, very unhappily ill of a foot which a puddle of a maid scalded three weeks ago; I, after a day of fruitless toil, reading and re-reading about that Versailles 6th of October still. It is long since I have written anything here. The future looks too black to me, the present too doleful, unfriendly. I am too sick at heart, wearied, wasted in body, to complain even to myself. My first friend Edward Irving is dead—I am friendless here or as good as that. My book cannot get on, though I stick to it like a burr. Why should I say 'Peace, peace,' where there is no peace? May God grant me strength to do, or to endure as right, what is appointed me in this now commenced division of time. Let me not despair. Nay, I do not in general. Enough to-night, for I am *done*. Peace be to my mother, and all my loved ones that yet live. What a noisy inanity is this world!

February 7.—The first book of the 'French Revolution' is finished.[1] Soul and body both very *sick*. Yet I have a kind of sacred defiance, *trotzend das Schicksal*. It has become clear to me that I have honestly more force and faculty in me than belongs to the most I see. Also it was always clear that no honestly exerted force can be utterly lost. Were it long years after I am dead, in regions far distant from this, under names far different from thine, the seed thou sowest *will* spring. The great difficulty is to keep oneself in right balance, not despondent, not exasperated, defiant, free and clear. Oh for faith! Food and raiment thou hast never lacked yet and shall not.

Nevertheless it is now some three-and-twenty months since I have earned one penny by the craft of literature. Be this recorded as a fact and document for the literary history of this time. I have been ready to work, I am abler than ever to work, know no fault I have committed; and yet so it stands. To *ask* able editors to employ you will not improve but worsen matters. You are like a spinster waiting to be married. I have some serious thoughts of quitting this 'Periodical' craft one good time for all. It is not synonymous with a life of wisdom. When want is approaching, one must have done with whims. If literature will refuse me both bread and a stomach to digest bread, then surely the case is growing clear.

Emerson from America invites me in the most enthusiastic terms

[1] This *first book* was the original first *volume*. The arrangement was afterwards altered.

to come thither and lecture. I thank him, and at least ask explanatory light. Thanks to thrift and my good Scotch wife, we can hold out many months yet. *Voyons!* Met Radicals, &c., at Mrs. Buller's a week ago. Roebuck Robespierre was there, an acrid, sandy, barren character, dissonant-speaking, dogmatic, trivial, with a singular exasperation; restlessness as of diseased vanity written over his face when you come near it. I do not think him even equal to Robespierre, nor is it likely that a game of that sort will be played so soon again. *Aus dem wird wenig.* Sir William Molesworth, with the air of a good roystering schoolboy, pleased me considerably more. A man of *rank* can still do this, forget his rank wholly, and be the sooner esteemed for having the mind equal to doing that.

February 8, 1835.—Vernal weather of all kinds, soft and hard, moist western and clear north-eastern, to me most *memorative*. Old days at Mainhill, Hoddam Hill, and earlier, come vividly back full of sad beauty which, while passing, they had not. Why is the past so beautiful? The element of *fear* is withdrawn from it for one thing. That is all safe, while the present and future are all so dangerous. 'Moonlight of memory'—a poetic phrase of Richter's. Also 'The limbs of my buried ones touched cold on my feet.' There are yet few days in which I do not meet on the streets some face that recalls my sister Margaret's, and reminds me that *she* is not suffering, but silent, asleep, in the Ecclefechan kirkyard; her *life*, her *self*, where God willed. What a miracle is all existence! Last night at Taylor's by myself; I, against my will, the main talker; learned nothing, enjoyed little; the tribes of Westminster, all on the late streets, making their Saturday markets, quite a new scene to me.

February 26, 1835.—Went last night, in wet bad weather, to Taylor's to meet Southey, who received me kindly. A lean, grey, whiteheaded man of dusky complexion, unexpectedly tall when he rises and still leaner then—the shallowest chin, prominent snubbed Roman nose, small carelined brow, huge bush of white grey hair on high crown and projecting on all sides, the most vehement pair of faint hazel eyes I have ever seen—a well-read, honest, limited (strait-laced even) kindly-hearted, most irritable man. We parted kindly, with no great purpose on either side, I imagine, to meet again. Southey believes in the Church of England. This is notable: notable and honourable that he has made such belief serve him so well.

Letter from Alick yesterday with a postscript from my mother. Jack also has written to me. Properly at this time there is nothing comfortable to me in my existence but the getting on with that book and the love of some beloved ones mostly far from me.

Allein und abgetrennt von aller Freude! I repeated this morning. Yet thou canst write. Write then and complain of nothing—defy all things. The book announced yesterday. Would that I were further on with it! I ought to be done when Jack appoints to arrive, which I hope he will soon. He is one of my chief comforts. To work at the *Fête des Piques*.

'Jack' and 'Alick' were Carlyle's two brothers, John and Alexander. Alexander, who had been his companion at Craigenputtock, was struggling, not very successfully, with a farm near Lockerbie. John, who had been so long an object of expense and anxiety, was now, thanks to Jeffrey, in easy circumstances, living as travelling physician to Lady Clare, and with a handsome income which he was eager to share with his brother, as his brother had before shared with him his own narrow earnings and his moorland home. The contest of generosity was a very pretty one. Carlyle could never accept these offers, so independent and proud he was, and yet he reproached himself sometimes for having denied John so great a pleasure. John was the one person from whom he could have accepted an obligation, and if the worst came he had resolved that John should help him. But the occasion had not arrived yet, and the brothers continued to correspond with perfect unreserve and the old effusiveness of detail.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: January 12, 1835.

Your letters, my dear Jack, are always a great comfort to me. With your brotherly affection and true-heartedness, you are one of the best possessions I have. Be certain I will share if need be. It were poor pride to resolve otherwise. With you alone of men such a thing were possible. Nay, it is to you only I can so much as complain. My true Annandalians would but in vain afflict

themselves with my cares. Other heart there is none in the world that would even honestly do that. My friends here admit cheerfully that I am a very heroic man, that must understand the art, unknown to them, *of living upon nothing*. Mill, I think, alone of them, would make any great effort to help me. As to *heroism* (bless the mark!), I think often of the old rhyme:

> There was a piper had a cow,
> And he had naught to give her;
> He took his pipes and played a spring,
> And bade the cow consider.
> The cow considered wi' hersel'
> That piping ne'er would fill her;
> 'Gie me a peck o' oaten strae,
> And sell your wind for siller.'

In a word, my prospects here are not sensibly brightening; if it be not in this, that the longer I live among this people, the deeper grows my feeling (not a vain one—a sad one) of natural superiority over them; of being able (were the tools in my hand) to do a hundred things better than the hundred I see paid for doing them. In bright days I say it is *impossible*, but I must by-and-by strike into something. In dark days I say, 'and suppose nothing?' My sentiment is a kind of sacred defiance of the whole matter.

In this humour I write my book, without hope of it, except of being *done with it*, properly beginning to as good as feel that literature has gone mad in this country, and will not yield food to any honest cultivator of it. For example: if this book ever prospers, the issue will be applications in mad superabundance from able editors to write articles for them (with my heart's blood, as you sympathetically say) for perhaps *six* months—then a total cessation. Though I myself were able to write articles for ever, that is nothing. They are off after '*any* new thing,' and you stand wondering alone on the beach. As to 'fame' again, and 'distinguished' men, I declare to thee, Jack, a 'distinguished man' (but above all things a distinguished woman) is a character I had rather not see; and 'fame' with such miserable cobwebs as gain it most, and are burnt up by it, is heartily worth *nothing* to me.

Nay, sometimes, with pious thought, I feel it a mercy that I have it not. Who knows whether it would not calcine me too—drive me, too, mad? Literature does not invite me. Sometimes I say to myself, Surely, friend, Providence, if ever it did warn, warns thee to have done with literature, which will never yield thee bread, nor stomach to digest bread.

Mrs. Carlyle adds a postscript:

My dear Brother,—Your affectionate letter is the greatest comfort we have had this new year. Otherwise it has been a rather detestable one. I said to Carlyle some weeks ago, 'I am resolved to make a little fun this Christmas, for our Christmases for a long while back have been so doleful.' 'I shall be particularly delighted,' said he, 'if you can realise any fun.' Well, the next morning, at breakfast, my maid poured a quantity of boiling water on my foot, in consequence of which, and I think also of improper applications, I have been confined to the house five weeks, the most of that time indebted to Carlyle for carrying me out of one room into another.

Mrs. —— wrote me a sentimental effusion on the death of Edward Irving, threatening as heretofore to come and see me, but has not been yet, nor will not. The only pity is that she will not let the matter lie quite dormant.

There is a Mrs. X. whom I could really love, if it were safe and she was willing; but she is a dangerous-looking woman, and no useful relation can spring up between us. In short, my dear doctor, I am hardly better off for society than at Craig-o-putta: not so well off as when you were there walking with me and reading Ariosto.

Hard as he was working, Carlyle never ceased to look about for any kind of employment outside literature. His circumstances made it a duty for him to try, vain as every effort proved; and one scheme after another rises and fades in his correspondence.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: February 16, 1835.

The honest task, which I thank God is henceforth not so obscure to me, I will study to do. The talent which God has given me shall not rust unused. But must booksellers, able editors, and the glar[1] company of suchlike individuals be a new set of middlemen between me and my task? I positively do not care that periodical literature shuts her fist against me in these months.

[1] See note, p. 243.

Let her keep it shut forever, and go to the devil, which she mostly belongs to. The matter had better be brought to a crisis. There is perhaps a finger of Providence in it. The secret of the whole thing is *froth*, and grounds itself in bubbles and unreality. The inference seems to be 'Walk out of this;' if even into the knapping of stones, which is a reality. We will do nothing rashly, but have our eyes open and study to do all things fitly. My only new scheme, since last letter, is a hypothesis—little more yet—about National Education. The newspapers had an advertisement about a Glasgow 'Educational Association' which wants a man that would found a Normal School, first going over England and into Germany to get light on that matter. I wrote to that Glasgow Association afar off, enquiring who they were, what manner of man they expected, testifying myself very friendly to their project, and so forth—no answer as yet. It is likely they will want, as Jane says, 'a Chalmers and Welsh' kind of character, in which case *Va ben, felice notte.* If otherwise, and they (almost by miracle) had the heart, I am the man for them. Perhaps my name is so heterodox in that circle, I shall not hear at all. If I stir in any public matter, it must be this of national education. Radicalism goes on as fast as any sane mortal could wish it, without help of mine. Conservatism I cannot attempt to conserve, believing it to be a portentous embodied sham, accursed of God, and doomed to destruction, as all lies are; but woe the while if the people are not taught; if not their wisdom, then their brutish folly will incarnate itself in the frightfullest reality.

My grand immediate concern is to get the 'French Revolution' done. I cannot tell what I think of the book. It is certainly better some ways than any I have hitherto written; contains no falsehood, singularity, or triviality that I can help; has probably no chance of being liked by any existing class of British men. Nevertheless, I toil on, searching diligently, doing what I can, in old Samuel's faith that 'useful diligence will at last prevail.' Mill is very friendly. He is the nearest approach to a real man that I find here —nay, as far as negativeness goes, he *is* that man, but unhappily not very satisfactory much farther. It is next to an impossibility that a London-born man should not be a stunted one. Most of them, as Hunt, are dwarfed and dislocated into the merest imbecilities. Mill is a Presbyterian's grandson, or he were that too. Glory to John Knox! Our isle never saw his fellow.

Letters seldom went to John without a few words from Mrs. Carlyle. She adds:

Dearest of created doctors,—I would fain cull a few flowers to make thee a dainty postscript, but the soil, alas! only yields dry thistles, for I am in 'the pipeclay state,' as Carlyle has designated a state too common with those who are too well furnished with bile. I went the other day, distracted that I was, to a great modern fashionable horrible dinner. It was at Mrs. ——'s. There was huge venison to be eaten, and new service of plate to be displayed, and Mrs. —— talked about the *Aarts* (Arts), and the great Sir John R—— favoured us with 'idears' on the Peel administration; and next day my head ached, and I was ready to imprecate the fire of heaven on the original inventor of a modern 'dinner.' We are going to-morrow to Mrs. X.'s, whom I would like that you knew, and could tell me whether to fall desperately in love with or no.

So Carlyle's first winter in London was passing away. His prospects were blank, and the society in which he moved gave him no particular pleasure, but it was good of its kind, and was perhaps more agreeable to him than he knew. His money would hold out till the book was done at the rate at which it was progressing. The first volume was finished. On the whole he was not dissatisfied with it. It was the best that he could do, and he was, for him, in moderately fair spirits. But the strain was sharp; his 'labour-pains' with his books were always severe. He had first to see that the material was pure, with no dross of lies in it, and then to fuse it all into white heat before it would run into the mould, and he was in no condition to bear any fresh burden. Alas for him, he had a stern task-mistress. Providence or destiny (he himself always believed in Providence, without reason as he admitted, or even against reason) meant to try him to the utmost. Not only was all employment closed in his face, save what he could make for himself, but it was as if something said 'Even this too you shall not do till we have proved your mettle to the last.' A catastrophe was to overtake him,

which for a moment fairly broke his spirit, so cruel it seemed—for the moment, but for the moment only. It served in fact to show how admirably, though in little things so querulous and irritable, he could behave under real misfortunes.

John Mill, then his closest and most valuable friend, was ardently interested in the growth of the new book. He borrowed the manuscript as it was thrown off, that he might make notes and suggestions, either for Carlyle's use, or as material for an early review. The completed first volume was in his hands for this purpose, when one evening, the 6th of March, 1835, as Carlyle was sitting with his wife, 'after working all day like a nigger' at the Feast of Pikes, a rap was heard at the door, a hurried step came up the stairs, and Mill entered deadly pale, and at first unable to speak. 'Why, Mill,' said Carlyle, 'what ails ye, man? What is it?' Staggering, and supported by Carlyle's arm, Mill gasped out to Mrs. Carlyle to go down and speak to some one who was in a carriage in the street. Both Carlyle and she thought that a thing which they had long feared must have actually happened, and that Mill had come to announce it, and to take leave of them. So genuine was the alarm that the truth when it came out was a relief. Carlyle led his friend to a seat 'the very picture of desperation.' He then learned in broken sentences that his manuscript, 'left out in too careless a manner after it had been read,' was, 'except four or five bits of leaves, irrevocably annihilated.' That was all, nothing worse; but it was ugly news enough, and the uglier the more the meaning of it was realised. Carlyle wrote always in a highly wrought quasi-automatic condition both of mind and nerves. He read till he was full of his subject. His notes, when they were done with, were thrown aside and destroyed; and of this unfortunate volume, which he had produced as if 'possessed' while he was about it, he could

remember nothing. Not only were 'the fruits of five months of steadfast, occasionally excessive, and always sickly and painful toil' gone irretrievably, but the spirit in which he had worked seemed to have fled too, not to be recalled; worse than all, his work had been measured carefully against his resources, and the household purse might now be empty before the loss could be made good. The carriage and its occupant drove off—and it would have been better had Mill gone too after he had told his tale, for the forlorn pair wished to be alone together in the face of such a calamity. But Carlyle, whose first thought was of what Mill must be suffering, made light of it, and talked of indifferent things, and Mill stayed and talked too—stayed, I believe, two hours. At length he left them. Mrs. Carlyle told me that the first words her husband uttered as the door closed were: 'Well, Mill, poor fellow, is terribly cut up; we must endeavour to hide from him how very serious this business is to us.'

He left us (Carlyle writes the next day in his Journal) in a relapsed state, one of the pitiablest. My dear wife has been very kind, and has become dearer to me. The night has been full of emotion, occasionally of sharp pain (something cutting or hard grasping me round the heart) occasionally of sweet consolation. I dreamt of my father and sister Margaret alive; yet all defaced with the sleepy stagnancy, swollen hebetude of the grave, and again dying as in some strange rude country: a horrid dream, the painfullest too when you wake first. But on the whole should I not thank the Unseen? For I was not driven out of composure, hardly for moments. 'Walk humbly with thy God.' How I longed for some psalm or prayer that I could have uttered, that my loved ones could have joined me in! But there was none. Silence had to be my language. This morning I have determined so far that I *can* still write *a* book on the French Revolution, and will do it. Nay, our money will still suffice. It was my last throw, my *whole* staked in the monstrosity of this life—for too monstrous, incomprehensible, it has been to me. I will not *quit* the game while faculty is given me to try playing. I have written to Fraser to buy

me a 'Biographie Universelle' (a kind of increasing the stake) and fresh paper: mean to huddle up the *Fête des Piques* and look farther what can be attempted.

Oh, that I had faith! Oh, that I had! Then were there nothing too hard or heavy for me. Cry silently to thy inmost heart to God for it. Surely He will give it thee. At all events, it is as if my invisible schoolmaster had torn my copybook when I showed it, and said, 'No, boy! Thou must write it better.' What can I, sorrowing, do but obey—obey and think it the best? To work again; and, oh! may God be with me, for this earth is not friendly. On in His name! I was the nearest being *happy* sometimes these last few days that I have been for many months. My health is not so bad as it once was. I felt myself on firmish ground as to my work, and could forget all else. I will tell John, my mother, and Annandale *Getreuen*, but not till I feel under way again and can speak peace to them with the sorrow. To no other, I think, will I tell it, or more than allude to it.

The money part of the injury Mill was able to repair. He knew Carlyle's circumstances. He begged, and at last passionately entreated, Carlyle not to punish him by making him feel that he had occasioned real distress to friends whom he so much honoured; and he enclosed a check for 200*l*., the smallest sum which he thought that he could offer. Carlyle returned it; but, his financial condition requiring that he should lay his pride aside, he intimated that he would accept half, as representing the wages of five months' labour. To this Mill unwillingly consented. He sent a hundred pounds, and, so far as money went, Carlyle was in the same position as when he began to write. He was not aware till he tried it what difficulty he would find in replacing what had been destroyed; and he was able to write to his brother of what had happened, before he did try again, as of a thing which had ceased to distress him.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: March 23.

I am busy with vol. ii., toiling away with the heart of a free Roman. Indeed, I know not how it was, I had not felt so clear

and independent, sure of myself and of my task, for many long years. There never in my life had come upon me any other *accident* of much moment; but this I could not but feel to be a sore one. The thing was lost, and perhaps worse; for I had not only forgotten all the structure of it, but the spirit it was written in was past. Only the general impression seemed to remain, and the recollection that I was on the whole satisfied with that, and could now hardly hope to equal it. Mill, whom I had to comfort and speak peace to, remained injudiciously enough till almost midnight; and my poor dame and I had to sit talking of indifferent matters, and could not till then get our lament fairly uttered. *She* was very good to me, and the thing did not beat us. That night was a hard one; something from time to time tying me tight, as it were, all round the region of the heart, and strange dreams haunting me. However, I was not without good thoughts too, that came like healing life into me; and I got it somewhat reasonably crushed down. I have got back my spirits, and hope I shall go on tolerably. I was for writing to you next day after it happened, but Jane suggested it would only grieve you till I could say it was in the way towards adjustment.

The image of the schoolboy whose copy had been torn up by the master had taken hold of Carlyle, for he repeated it in his letters. It was humble enough and touching, yet not without comfort, for it implied that he had a master who was interested in his work and meant it to be executed properly, and not an outcast orphan for whom no one cared. For Mill's sake the misadventure was not spoken of in London. Carlyle had been idle for a week or two till he could muster strength to set to work again, and had gone into society as much as he could to distract himself. He was a frequent guest at Henry Taylor's, 'a good man,' he said, 'whose laugh reminds me of poor Irving's.' At Taylor's he had met Southey. Shortly after the accident he met Wordsworth at the same house.

I did not expect much (he said in a letter), but got mostly what I expected. The old man has a fine shrewdness and naturalness in his expression of face, a long Cumberland figure; one finds also

a kind of *sincerity* in his speech. But for prolixity, thinness, endless dilution, it excels all the other speech I had heard from mortals. A genuine man, which is much, but also essentially a small genuine man. Nothing perhaps is sadder (of the glad kind) than the unbounded laudation of such a man, sad proof of the rarity of such. I fancy, however, he has fallen into the garrulity of age, and is not what he was; also that his environment and rural prophethood has hurt him much. He seems impatient that even Shakespeare should be admired. 'So much out of my own pocket.' The shake of hand he gives you is feckless, egotistical. I rather fancy he loves nothing in the world so much as one could wish. When I compare that man with a great man, alas! he is like dwindling into a contemptibility. Jean Paul, for example (neither was he great), could have worn him in a finger-ring.'

And again:

Have seen Wordsworth, an old, very loquacious—indeed, quite prosing man, with a tint of naturalness, of sincere insight, nevertheless. He has been much spoiled; king of his company, unrecognised, and then adulated. Worth little now. A genuine kind of man, but intrinsically and extrinsically a *small* one, let them sing or say what they will. The languid way in which he gives you a handful of numb unresponsive fingers is very significant. It seems also rather to grieve him that you have any admiration for anybody but him. The style in which he, clipping, qualifying, and wearisomely questioning without answer, spoke of Burns and Shakespeare, finding or guessing that to me he was all too little in comparison, was melancholy to hear. No man that I ever met has given me less, has disappointed me less. My peace be with him, and a happy evening to his, on the whole, respectable life.

CHAPTER II.

A.D. 1855. ÆT. 40.

The first volume to be replaced—Poverty and depression—John Sterling—Maurice on the Articles—Sartor—Carlyle's theology—Style—Invitation to America—Thoughts of abandoning literature—Reflections in Hyde Park—Book to be finished—London-drawing rooms—First volume rewritten.

To resolve to rewrite the burnt volume was easier than to do it. The '*Fête des Piques*' at which Carlyle had been engaged was leisurely finished. He then turned back to the death of Louis XV., the most impressive passage in the whole book as he eventually finished it, but he found that it would not prosper with him.

'The accident had grown tolerable to me,' he says, 'sometimes almost looked indifferent. But now when I actually come to try if I can repair it, I want of all things humility, faith. It is a sore loss I have had, but well taken, I will firmly believe, might become a gain. The wages part of it does next to nothing for me. I might all but as well have gone without wages. However, it was only gigmanity[1] that hinted at that, to which I needed not give any ear.'

Wages, indeed, could only be useful to enable the work to recover itself, but it seemed as if the mirror had been broken and the image irrevocably gone.

Miserable! (he enters in his notebook on the 10th of April). I can in no way get on with this wretched book of mine. For the last fortnight, moreover, there seems to have been a kind of conspiracy of people to ask us out, from every one of which expedi-

[1] Vulgar pride; a favourite phrase of Carlyle's, taken from Thurtell's trial.

tions, were it only to 'tea and no party,' I return lamed for the next day. My sight, inward as well as outward, is all as if bedimmed. I grow desperate, but that profits not. Mrs. Somerville's rout the other night, from which I whisked out in about an hour. Mad as Bedlam is that whole matter!

There was no hope now of the promised summer holiday when John Carlyle was to come home from Italy, and the 'French Revolution' was to have been finished, and the brothers to have gone to Scotland together and settled their future plans in family council. Holidays were not now to be thought of, at least till the loss was made good. Then, as always when in real trouble, Carlyle faced his difficulties like a man.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: April 10.

I assure you my health is not bad nor worsening. I am yellow, indeed, and thin, and feel that a rest will be very welcome and beneficial. Nevertheless, I repeat, my health, though changed, is not worse than it was. I can walk further than I used to do. My spirits, if never high, are in general quiet. I have more and more a kind of hope I shall get well again before my life ends. With health and peace for one year, it seems to me often as if I could write a better book than any there has been in this country for generations.

If it be God's ordering, I shall get well. If not, I hope I shall work on indomitably as I am. Beautiful is that of brave old Voss, and often comes in my mind: 'As the earth, now in azure sunshine seen of all the stars, now in dark tempests hidden, *holds on* her journey round the sun.' Good also is this that you give me; *Lass es um Dich wettern.* I really try to do so, and succeed. . . . Mill and I settled: he pleaded for 200*l.* or some intermediate sum. But I found we must stick by the rigorous calculation, and I took 100*l.* Since then I have seen almost less of Mill than before, nor am I sorry at it, *till this work be done.* There is an express agreement we are not to mention it till then. I believe I might have plenty of work in his 'London Review' for a time, but pay shall not tempt me from the other duty. We shall be provided for one way or the other, independently of the devil. Indeed, it often strikes me as strange what an unspeakable composure I have got

into about economics and money. It seems to me, I should not mind a jot if hard had come to hard, and they had *rouped* me out of house and hold, and the very shirt off my back. I should say, 'Be it so; our course lies elsewhither then.' Forward, my boy! let us go with God, towards what God has chosen us for. We have struggled on hitherto without taking the devil into partnership. The time that remains is short; the eternity is long. My little *Heldin* is ready to share any fortune with me. We will fear nothing but falling into the hands of the destroyer.

The household at Chelsea was never closer drawn together than in these times of trial. Mrs. Carlyle adds her usual postscript.

Dearest John,—Your letter not only raised our spirits at the time, but has kept them raised ever since. Its good influence is traceable in the diminished yellow of my husband's face, and the accelerated speed of his writing. Bless you for it, and for the kind feelings which make you a brother well worth having—a man well worth loving. Surely we shall not quarrel any more after having ascertained in absence how well we like one another. Alas! surely we shall; for one of us at least is only 'a plain human creature,' liable to quarrel and do everything that is unwise. But we will do it as little as possible, and be good friends all the while at heart. The book is going to be a good book in spite of bad fortune, and what is lost is by no means to be looked on as wasted. What he faithfully did in it, and also what he magnanimously endured, remains for him and us, not to be annihilated. How we shall enjoy our visit to Scotland when the volume is redone! Shall we resume Ariosto where we left him? And the battledores are here, and more suitable ceilings. Much is more suitable. Heaven send you safe!

Carlyle was brave; his *Heldin* cheering him with word and look, his brother strong upon his own feet and heartily affectionate. But he needed all that affection could do for him. The 'accelerated speed' slackened to slow, and then to no motion at all. He sat daily at his desk, but his imagination would not work. Early in May, for the days passed heavily, and he lost the count of them, he notes 'that at no period of his life had he ever felt more discon-

solate, beaten down, and powerless than then;' as if it were 'simply impossible that his weariest and miserablest of tasks should ever be accomplished.' A man can rewrite what he has known; but he cannot rewrite what he has felt. Emotion forcibly recalled is artificial, and, unless spontaneous, is hateful. He laboured on 'with the feeling of a man swimming in a rarer and rarer element.' At length there was no element at all. 'My will,' he said, 'is not conquered, but my vacuum of element to swim in seems complete.' He locked up his papers, drove the subject out of his mind, and sat for a fortnight reading novels, English, French, German—anything that came to hand. 'In this determination,' he thought, 'there might be instruction for him.' It was the first of the kind that he had ever deliberately formed. He would keep up his heart. He would be idle, he would rest. He would try, if the word was not a mockery, to enjoy himself.

In this suspended condition he wrote several letters, one particularly to his mother, to relieve her anxieties about him.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: May 12, 1835.

You will learn without regret that I am idling for these ten days. My poor work, the dreariest I ever undertook, was getting more and more untoward on me. I began to feel that toil and effort not only did not perceptibly advance it, but was even, by disheartening and disgusting me, retarding it. A man must not only be able to work, but to give over working. I have many times stood doggedly to work, but this is the first time I ever deliberately laid it down without finishing it. It has given me very great trouble, this poor book; and Providence, in the shape of human mismanagement, sent me the severest check of all. However, I still trust to get it written sufficiently, and if thou even cannot write it (as I have said to myself in late days), why then be content with that too. God's creation will get along exactly as it should do without the writing of it.

There are other proposals hovering about me, but not worth

speaking of yet. The 'literary world' here is a thing which I have had no other course left me but to *defy* in the name of God; man's imagination can fancy few things madder; but me (if God will) it shall not madden; I will take a knapping hammer first. Everything is confused here with the everlasting jabber of politics, in which I struggle altogether to hold my peace. The Radicals have made an enormous advance by the little Tory interregnum; it is not unlikely the Tories will try it one other time. They would even fight if they had anybody to fight for them. Meanwhile these poor Melbourne people will be obliged to walk on at a quicker pace than formerly (considerably against their will, I believe), with the Radical bayonets pricking them behind. And so, whether the Tories stay out, or whether they try to come in again, it will be all for the advance of Radicalism, which means *revolt* against innumerable things, and (so I construe it) dissolution and confusion at no great distance, and a darkness which no man can see through. Everybody, Radical and other, tells me that the condition of the poor people—is—improving. My astonishment was great at first, but I now look for nothing else than this 'improving daily.' 'Well, gentlemen,' I answered once, 'the poor, I think, will get up some day, and tell you how improved their condition is!' It seems to me the vainest jangling, this of the Peels and Russells, that ever the peaceful air was beaten into *dispeace* by. But we are used to it from of old. Leave it alone. Permit it while God permits it, and so for work and hope elsewhither.

Another effect of Carlyle's enforced period of idleness was that he saw more of his friends, and of one especially, whose interest in himself had first amused and then attracted him. John Sterling, young, eager, enthusiastic, had been caught by the Radical epidemic on the spiritual side. Hating lies as much as Carlyle hated them, and plunging like a high-bred colt under the conventional harness of a clergyman, he believed, nevertheless, as many others then believed, that the Christian religion would again become the instrument of a great spiritual renovation. While the Tractarians were reviving mediævalism at Oxford, Sterling, Maurice, Julius Hare, and a circle of Cambridge liberals were looking to Luther, and through

Luther to Neander and Schleiermacher, to bring 'revelation' into harmony with intellect, and restore its ascendency as a guide into a new era. Coleridge was the high priest of this new prospect for humanity. It was a beautiful hope, though not destined to be realised. Sterling, who was gifted beyond the rest, was among the first to see how much a movement of this kind must mean, if it meant anything at all. He had an instinctive sympathy with genius and earnestness wherever he found it. In the author of 'Sartor Resartus' he discovered these qualities, while his contemporaries were blind to them. I have already mentioned that he sought Carlyle's acquaintance, and procured him the offer of employment on the 'Times.' His admiration was not diminished when that offer was declined. He missed no opportunity of becoming more intimate with him, and he hoped that he might himself be the instrument of bringing Carlyle to a clearer faith. Carlyle, once better instructed in the great Christian verities, might become a second and a greater Knox.

'I have seen,' Carlyle writes in this same May, 'a good deal of this young clergyman (singular clergyman) during these two weeks, a sanguine light-loving man, of whom, to me, nothing but good seems likely to come; to himself unluckily a mixture of good and evil.' Of good and evil —for Carlyle, clearer-eyed than his friend, foresaw the consequences. Frederick Maurice, Sterling's brother-in-law, on the occasion of the agitation about subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, had written a pamphlet extremely characteristic of him, to show that subscription was not a bondage, as foolish people called it, but a deliverance from bondage; that the Articles properly read were the great charter of spiritual liberty and reasonable belief. Sterling lent the pamphlet to Carlyle, who examined it, respectfully recognising that 'an earnest man's earnest word was worth reading; but,' he said, 'my verdict lay in these

lines of jingle, which I virtuously spared Sterling the sight of:—

> **Thirty-nine English Articles,**
> **Ye wondrous little particles,**
> **Did God shape His universe really by you?**
> **In that case I swear it,**
> **And solemnly declare it,**
> **This logic of Maurice's is true.'** [1]

Carlyle afterwards came to know Maurice, esteemed him, and personally liked him, as all his acquaintance did. But the 'verdict' was unchanged. As a thinker he found him confused, wearisome, and ineffectual; and he thought no better of the whole business in which he was engaged. An amalgam of 'Christian verities' and modern critical philosophy was, and could be nothing else but, poisonous insincerity. This same opinion in respectful language he had to convey to Sterling, if he was required to give one. But he never voluntarily introduced such subjects, and Sterling's anxiety to improve Carlyle was not limited to the circle of theology. Sterling was a cultivated and classical scholar; he was disturbed by Carlyle's style, which offended him as it offended the world. This style, which has been such a stone of stumbling, originated, he has often said to myself, in the old farmhouse at Annandale. The humour of it came from his mother. The form was his father's common mode of speech, and had been adopted by himself for its brevity and emphasis. He was aware of its singularity and feared that it might be mistaken for affectation, but it was a natural growth, with this merit among others, that it is the clearest of styles. No sentence leaves the reader in doubt of its meaning. Sterling's objections, however, had been vehement. Carlyle admitted that there was foundation for them, but defended himself.

[1] Slightly altered when printed in 'Past and Present.'

To John Sterling.

Chelsea: June 4, 1835.

The objections to phraseology and style have good grounds to stand on. Many of them are considerations to which I myself was not blind, which there were unluckily no means of doing more than nodding to as one passed. A man has but a certain strength; imperfections cling to him, which if he wait till he have brushed off entirely, he will spin for ever on his axis, advancing nowhither. Know thy thought—believe it—front heaven and earth with it, in whatsoever words nature and art have made readiest for thee. If one has thoughts not hitherto uttered in English books, I see nothing for it but you must use words *not* found there, must *make* words, with moderation and discretion of course. That I have not always done it *so* proves only that I was not strong enough, an accusation to which I, for one, will never plead not guilty. For the rest, pray that I may have more and more strength! Surely, too, as I said, all these *coal marks* of yours shall be duly considered for the first and even for the second time, and help me on my way. But finally do you reckon this really a time for purism of style, or that style (mere dictionary style) has much to do with the worth or unworth of a book? I do not. With whole ragged battalions of Scott's novel Scotch, with Irish, German, French and even newspaper Cockney (where literature is little other than a newspaper) storming in on us, and the whole structure of our Johnsonian English breaking up from its foundations, revolution *there* is visible as everywhere else.

'The style! ah, the style!' Carlyle notes nevertheless in his journal, as if he was uneasy about it; for in the 'French Revolution' the peculiarities of it were more marked than even in 'Sartor:'—

The poor people seem to think a style can be put off or put on, not like a skin but like a coat. Is not a skin verily a product and close kinsfellow of all that lies under it, exact type of the nature of the beast, not to be plucked off without flaying and death? The Public is an old woman. Let her maunder and mumble.

Sterling was not satisfied, and again persisted in his remonstrances. *Das wird zu lang*, Carlyle said; 'he made the letter into matches;' not loving his friend the less for

advice which was faithfully given, but knowing in himself that he could not and ought not to attend to it. The *style* was and is the *skin*—an essential part of the living organisation.

But besides the style, Sterling had deeper complaints to make. He insisted on the defects of Carlyle's spiritual belief, being perhaps led on into the subject by the failure of Maurice's eloquence. 'Sartor' was still the text. It had been ridiculed in 'Fraser' when it first appeared. It had been republished and admired in America, but in England so far it had met with almost entire neglect. Why should this have been? It was obviously a remarkable book, the most remarkable perhaps which had been published for many years.

You ask (said Carlyle) why the leading minds of the country have given the Clothes philosophy no response? My good friend, not one of them has had the happiness of seeing it! It issued through one of the main cloacas (poor Fraser) of periodical literature, where no 'leading mind,' I fancy, looks if he can help it. The poor book cannot be destroyed by fire or other violence now, but solely by the general law of destiny; and *I* have nothing more to do with it henceforth. How it chanced that no bookseller would print it, in an epoch when Satan Montgomery runs, or seems to run, through thirteen editions, and the morning papers, on its issuing through the *cloaca*, sang together in mere discord over such a creation—this truly is a question, but a different one. Meanwhile do not suppose the poor book has not been responded to; for the historical fact is, I could show very curious response to it here, not ungratifying, and fully three times as much as I counted on, or as the wretched farrago itself deserved.

Sterling, however, had found another reason for the comparative failure.

You say finally (Carlyle goes on), as the key to the whole mystery, that Teufelsdröckh does not believe in a 'personal God.' It is frankly said, with a friendly honesty for which I love you. A grave charge, nevertheless—an awful charge—to which, if I mis-

take not, the Professor, laying his hand on his heart, will reply with some gesture expressing the solemnest *denial.* In gesture rather than in speech, for the Highest *cannot* be spoken of in words. Personal! Impersonal! One! Three! *What* meaning can any mortal (after all) attach to them in reference to *such* an object? *Wer darf Ihn* NENNEN? I dare not and do not. That you dare and do (to some greater extent) is a matter I am far from taking offence at. Nay, with all sincerity, I can rejoice that you have a creed of that kind which gives you happy thoughts, nerves you for good actions, brings you into readier communion with many good men. My true wish is that such creed may long hold compactly together in you, and be 'a covert from the heat, a shelter from the storm, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' Well is it if we have a printed litany to pray from; and yet not *ill* if we *can* pray even in *silence;* for silence too is audible *there.* Finally assure yourself that I am neither Pagan nor Turk, nor circumcised Jew; but an unfortunate Christian individual resident at Chelsea in *this* year of grace, neither Pantheist, nor Pot-theist, nor any Theist or Ist whatsoever, having the most decided contempt for all such manner of system-builders or sect-founders—as far as contempt may be compatible with so mild a nature—feeling well beforehand (taught by long experience) that all such are and ever must be *wrong.* By God's blessing one has got two eyes to look with, also a mind capable of knowing, of believing. That is all the creed I will at this time insist on. And now may I beg one thing: that whenever in my thoughts or your own you fall on any dogma that tends to estrange you from me, pray believe *that* to be *false,* false as Beelzebub, till you get clearer evidence?

This is an explicit statement, and no one who knew Carlyle or has read his books can doubt the sincerity of it. It is true also that while in London he belonged to no recognised body of believers, regarding all such as 'system-mongers' with whom he could have nothing to do. He had attended the Presbyterian church in Annandale, for it was the communion in which he was born. He had read the Bible to his household at Craigenputtock. But the Kirk in London was not the Kirk in Scotland. He made one or two experiments to find something not entirely unworthy.

I tried various chapels (he said to me); I found in each some vulgar illiterate man declaiming about matters of which he knew nothing. I tried the Church of England. I found there a decent educated gentleman reading out of a book words very beautiful which had expressed once the sincere thoughts of pious admirable souls. I decidedly preferred the Church of England man, but I had to say to him: 'I perceive, sir, that at the bottom you know as little about the matter as the other fellow.'

Thus, with the Church of England, too, he had not been able to connect himself, and as it was the rule of his life not only never to profess what he did not believe, but never by his actions to seem to believe it, he stayed away and went to no place of worship except accidentally.

Meanwhile the fortnight's idleness expired; he went to work again over his lost volume, but became 'so sick' that he still made little progress. Emerson continued to press him to move for good and all to America, where he would find many friends and a congenial audience for his teaching; and more than once he thought of leaving the unlucky thing unwritten and of acting on Emerson's advice. He was very weary, and the books with which he tried to distract himself had no charm.

Journal.

May 26, 1835.—Went on Sunday with Wordsworth's new volume to Kensington Gardens; got through most of it there. A picture of a wren's nest, two pictures of such almost all that abides with me. A genuine but a small diluted man. No other thing can I think of him; they must sing and they must say whatsoever seems good to them. Coleridge's 'Table Talk,' also insignificant for most part, a helpless Psyche overspun with Church of England cobwebs; a weak, diffusive, weltering, ineffectual man. The Nunc Domine's I hear chanted about these two persons had better provoke no reply from me. What is false in them passes. What is true deserves acceptance—speaks at least for a sense on their part.

The book—the poor book—can make no progress at all. I sit down to it every day, but feel broken down at the end of a page; page too not written, only scribbled. Suppose that we did throw

it by. It is not by paper alone that a man lives. My bodily health is actually very bad. To get a little rest and bloom up again out of this wintry obstruction, impotence, and desolation, were the first attainment. To-day I am full of dyspepsia, but also of hope. The world is *not* a bonehouse; it is a living home, better or worse. Disastrous twilight! dim eclipse! That is the state I sit in at present. Singular, too, how near my extreme misery is to peace, almost to some transient glimpses of happiness. It seems to me I shall either before long recover myself into life (alas! I have never yet lived) or end it, which alternative is not undesirable to me. I *am* actually learning to take it easier.

Coleridge's 'Table Talk' insignificant yet expressive of Coleridge: a great possibility that has not realised itself. Never did I see such apparatus got ready for thinking, and so little thought. He mounts scaffolding, pulleys, and tackle, gathers all the tools in the neighbourhood with labour, with noise, demonstration, precept, abuse, and sets—three bricks. I do *not* honour the man. I pity him (with the opposite of contempt); see in him one glorious up-struggling ray (as it were) which perished, all but ineffectual, in a lax, languid, impotent *character*. This is my theory of Coleridge—very different from that of his admirers here. Nothing, I find, confuses me more than the admiration, the kind of man admired, I see current here. So measurable these infinite men do seem, so unedifying the doxologies chanted to them. Yet in that also there is something which I really do try to profit by. The man that lives has a real way of living, built on thought of one or the other sort. He is a fact. Consider him. Draw knowledge from him.

No work to-day, as of late days or weeks, neither does my conscience much reproach me. This is *rather* curious. Significant of what?

It was significant of a growing misgiving on Carlyle's part that he had mistaken his profession, and that as a man of letters—as a true and honest man of letters—he could not live. Everything was against him. No one wanted him; no one believed his report; and even Fate itself was now warning him off with menacing finger. Still in a lamed condition he writes on June 4 to his mother:

I have grave doubts about many things connected with this book of mine and books in general, for all is in the uttermost confusion in that line of business here. But, God be thanked, I have *no* doubt about my course of duty in the world, or that, if I am driven back at one door, I must go on trying at another. There are some two or even three outlooks opening on me unconnected with books. One of these regards the business of national education which Parliament is now busy upon, in which I mean to try all my strength to get something to do, for my conscience greatly approves of the work as useful. Whether I shall succeed herein I cannot with the smallest accuracy guess as yet. Another outlook invites my consideration from America, a project chalked out for passing a winter over the water and lecturing there. Something or other we shall devise. I shall probably have fixed on nothing till we meet and have a *smoke* together, and get the thing all *summered* and *wintered* talking together freely once more.

It was a mere chance at this time that the 'French Revolution' and literature with it were not flung aside for good and all, and that the Carlyle whom the world knows had never been. If Charles Buller, or Molesworth, or any other leading Radical who had seen his worth, had told the Government that if they meant to begin in earnest on the education of the people, here was the man for them, Carlyle would have closed at once with the offer. The effort of writing, always great (for he wrote, as his brother said, 'with his heart's blood' in a state of fevered tension), the indifference of the world to his past work, his uncertain future, his actual poverty, had already burdened him beyond his strength. He always doubted whether he had any special talent for literature. He was conscious of possessing considerable powers, but he would have preferred at all times to have found a use for them in action. And everything was now conspiring to drive him into another career. If nothing could be found for him at home, America was opening its arms. He could lecture for a season in New England, save sufficient money, and then draw away into the wilderness, to build a new Scotsbrig

in the western forest. So the possibility presented itself to him in this interval of enforced helplessness. He would go away and struggle with the stream no more. And yet at the bottom of his mind, as he told me, something said to him, 'My good fellow, you are not fit for that either.' Perhaps he felt that when he was once across the water, America would at any rate be a better mother to him than England, would find what he was suited for, and would not let his faculties be wasted. In writing to his mother he made light of his troubles, but his spirit was nearly broken.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: June 15, 1835.

My poor ill-starred 'French Revolution' is lying as a mass of unformed rubbish, fairly laid by under lock and key. About a fortnight after writing to you last this was the deliberate desperate resolution I came to. My way was getting daily more intolerable, more inconsiderable, comparable, as I often say, to a man swimming *in vacuo*. There was labour nigh insufferable, but no joy, no furtherance. My poor nerves, for long months kept at the stretch, felt all too waste, distracted. I flung it off by saying, 'If I never write it, why then it will never be written. Not by ink alone shall man live or die.' This is the first time in my life I ever did such a thing; neither do I doubt much but that it was rather wise. It goes abreast with much that is coming to a crisis with me. You would feel astonished to see with what quietude I have laid down my head on its stone pillow in these circumstances, and said to Poverty, Dispiritment, Exclusion, Necessity, and the Devil, 'Go your course, friends; behold, I lie here and rest.' In fact, with all the despair that is round about me, there is not in myself, I do think, the least desperation. I feel rather as if, quite possibly, I might be about bursting the accursed enchantment that has held me, all my weary days, in *nameless* thraldom, and actually beginning to be alive. There has been much given me to suffer, to learn from, this last year. That things should come to a crisis is what I wish. Also how true it is, *Deux afflictions mises ensemble peuvent devenir une consolation.* On the whole I shall never regret coming to London, where if boundless confusion, some elements of order have also met me; above all things, the real faces and

lives of my fellow mortals, stupid or wise, so unspeakably instructive to me.[1] Fancy me for the present reading all manner of silly books, and for these late days one pregnant book, Dante's 'Inferno;' running about amongst people and things, looking even of a bright sunset on Hyde Park and its glory; I sitting on the stump of an oak, it rolling and curvetting past me on the Serpentine drive, really very superb and given gratis. Unspeakable thoughts rise out of it. This, then, is the last efflorescence of the Tree of Being. Hengst and Horsa were bearded, but ye gentlemen have got razors and breeches; and oh, my fair ones, how are ye changed since Boadicea wore her own hair unfrizzled hanging down as low as her hips! The Queen Anne hats and heads have dissolved into air, and behold you here and me, prismatic light-streaks on the bosom of the sacred night. And so it goes on.

As writing seemed impossible, Carlyle had determined to go to Scotland after all. Lady Clare had meant to be in England soon after midsummer, bringing John Carlyle with her. John was now the great man of the family, the man of income, the travelled doctor from Italy, the companion of a peeress. His arrival was looked forward to at Scotsbrig with natural eagerness. Carlyle and he were to go down together and consult with their mother about future plans. Mrs. Carlyle would go with them to pay a visit to her mother. The journey might be an expense, but John was rich, and the fares to Edinburgh by steamer were not considerable. In the gloom that hung over Chelsea this prospect had been the one streak of sunshine—and unhappily it was all clouded over. Lady Clare could not come home after all, and John was obliged to

[1] In the journal under the same date Carlyle says: 'Very often of late has this stanza of Goethe's come into my mind. I translated it in the *Wanderjahre*, but never understood it before:—

"There in others' looks discover
What thy own life's course has been,
And thy deeds of years past over
In thy fellow-men be seen."

It is verily so. I am painfully learning much here, if not by the wisdom of the people, yet by their existence, nay by their stupidity. Learn—live and learn.'

remain with her, though with a promise of leave of absence in the autumn. At Radical Scotsbrig there was indignation enough at a fine lady's caprices destroying other people's pleasures. Carlyle more gently 'could pity the heart that suffered, whether it beat under silk or under sackcloth;' for Lady Clare's life was not a happy one. He collected his energy. To soften his wife's disappointment, he invited Mrs. Welsh to come immediately on a long visit to Cheyne Row. Like his father he resolved to 'gar himself' finish the burnt volume in spite of everything, and to think no more of Scotland till it was done. The sudden change gave him back his strength.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: June 30, 1835.

As for our own share there is need of a new resolution, and we have gone far to form ours. Jane thinks that if we are to wait till September it will be needless for her to come to Scotland this year. She had, in the main, only her mother to see there, and it seems the shorter way to send for her mother up hither without delay. Jack and I, if he is coming, can go to Scotland by ourselves. At lowest, when Mrs. Welsh was returning, I would accompany her, and you would see me at least. I at any rate am to fall instantly to *work again*, having now filled up my full measure of idleness. That wretched burnt MS. must, if the *gae of life* remains in me, be replaced. 'It shall be done, sir,' as the Cockneys say. After that the whole world is before me, where to choose from. I cannot say I am in the least degree 'tining heart' in these perplexities. Nay, I think in general I have not been in so good heart these ten years. London and its quackeries and follies and confusions does not daunt me. I look on all matters that pertain to it with a kind of silent defiance, confident to the last that the work my Maker meant me to do I shall verily do, let the Devil and his servants obstruct as they will. The literary craft, as I have often explained to you, seems gone for this generation. I do not see how a man that will not take the Devil into partnership—one of the worst partnerships, if I have any judgment—is to exist by it henceforth. Well, then, it is gone. Let it go with a blessing. We will seek for another occupation. We will seek and

find. It is on one's self and what comes of one's own doings that all depends. However, I must have this book *off my hands.* Should I even burn it, I will be done with it.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: July 2.

I have decided to falling instantly to work again with vigour. If I *can* write that 'Revolution' volume, the saddest affair I ever had to manage, I will do it. The first wish of my heart is that it were *done* in almost any way; weary, most weary am I of it. I will either write it, or burn it, or . . . . One thing that will gratify you is the perceptible increase of health this otherwise so scandalous *faulenzen* (idling) has given me. I am also farther than ever from 'tining heart.' Nothing definite yet turns up for my future life. Yet several things turn more decisively down, which is also something; amongst others literature. I feel well that *it* is a thing I shall never live by here; moreover, that there are many things besides *it* in God's universe. . . . . As a last resource, in the dim background rises America, rise the kindest invitations there. I really could go and open my mouth in Boston to that strange audience with considerable audacity; perhaps it were the making of me to learn to speak. I really in some moods feel no kind of tendency to whimper or even to gloom. God's world, ruled over by the Prince of the Power of the Air, is round me, and I have taken my side in it, and know what I mean as well as the Prince knows. Fancy me working and not unhappy till I hear from you. I find I could get employment and pay, writing in the 'Times,' but I will have no trade with that. Old Sterling amuses me a little; has eyes; has had them on men and men's ways many years now, a trenchant, clean-washed, military old gentleman.

Things after this began to brighten. Mrs. Welsh came up to cheer her daughter, whose heart had almost failed like her husband's, for she had no fancy for an American forest. Carlyle went vigorously to work, and at last successfully. In ten days he had made substantial progress, though with 'immense difficulty' still. 'It was and remained the most ungrateful and intolerable task he had ever undertaken.' But he felt that he was getting on

with it, and recovered his peace of mind. He even began to be interested again in the subject itself, which had become for the time entirely distasteful to him, and to regret that he could not satisfy himself better in his treatment of it. Notwithstanding his defence of his style to Sterling, he wished the skin were less 'rhinoceros-like.'

Journal.

July 15, 1835.—The book, I do honestly apprehend, will never be worth almost anything. What a deliverance, however, merely to have done with it! This is almost my only motive now. I detest the task, but am hounded into it by feelings still more detestable. I am all wrong about it in my way of setting it forth, and *cannot* mend myself. I think often I have mistaken my trade. That of style gives me great uneasiness. So many persons, almost everybody that speaks to me, objects to my style as 'too full of meaning.' Had it no other fault! I seldom read in any dud of a book, novel, or the like, where the writing seems to flow along like talk (certainly not 'too full') without a certain pain, a certain envy. Ten pages of that were easier than a sentence or paragraph of mine; and yet such is the result. What to do? To write on *the best one can*, get the free'st, sincerest possible utterance, taking in all guidances towards that, putting aside with best address all misguidances. Truly I feel like one that was bursting with meaning, that had no utterance for it, that would and must get one—a most indescribably uneasy feeling, were it not for the hope.

Gradually the story which he was engaged in telling got possession of him again. The terrible scenes of the Revolution seized his imagination, haunting him as he walked about the streets. London and its giddy whirl of life, that too might become as Paris had been. Ah! and what was it all but a pageant passing from darkness into darkness?

The world (he said in these weeks) looks often quite spectral to me; sometimes, as in Regent Street the other night (my nerves being all shattered), quite hideous, discordant, almost infernal. I had been at Mrs. Austin's, heard Sydney Smith for the first time guffawing, other persons prating, jargoning. To me through these

thin cobwebs Death and Eternity sate glaring. Coming homewards along Regent Street, through street-walkers, through—*Ach Gott!* unspeakable pity swallowed up unspeakable abhorrence of it and of myself. The moon and the serene nightly sky in Sloane Street consoled me a little. Smith, a mass of fat and muscularity, with massive Roman nose, piercing hazel eyes, huge cheeks, shrewdness and fun, not humor or even wit, seemingly without soul altogether. Mrs. Marcet ill-looking, honest, rigorous, commonplace. The rest babble, babble. Woe's me that I in Meshech am! To work.

Drawing-room society to a man engaged in painting the flowers of hell which had grown elsewhere on a stock of the same genus was not likely to be agreeable. Sydney Smith especially he never heartily liked, thinking that he wanted seriousness. 'Gad, sir, he believes it all,' Sydney had been heard to say of Lord John Russell when speaking of some grave subject. Amidst such 'spectral' feelings the writing of the 'French Revolution' went on. By August 10 Carlyle was within sight of the end of the unfortunate volume which had cost him so dear, and could form a notion of what he had done. His wife, an excellent judge, considered the second version better than the first. Carlyle himself thought it worse, but not much worse; at any rate he was relieved from the load, and could look forward to finishing the rest. Sometimes he thought the book would produce an effect; but he had hoped the same from 'Sartor,' and he did not choose to be sanguine a second time. On September 23 he was able to tell his brother that the last line of the volume was actually written, that he was entirely exhausted and was going to Annandale to recover himself.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: September 23, 1835.

By the real blessing and favour of Heaven I got done with that unutterable MS. on Monday last, and have wrapped it up there to

lie till the other two volumes be complete. The work does not seem to myself to be very much worse than it was. It is worse in the style of expression, but better compacted in the thought. On the whole I feel like a man who had nearly killed himself in accomplishing zero. What a deliverance! I shall never without a kind of shudder look back at the detestable state of enchantment I have worked in for these six months and am now blessedly delivered from. The rest of the book shall go on quite like child's play in comparison. Also I do think it will be a queer book, one of the queerest published in this century, and *can*, though it cannot be popular, be better than that. My Teufelsdröckh humour, no voluntary one, of looking through the clothes, finds singular scope in this subject. Remarkable also is the 'still death-defiance' I have settled into, equivalent to the most absolute sovereignty conceivable by the mind. I say 'still death-defiance,' yet it is not unblended with a great fire of hope unquenchable, which glows up silent, steady, brighter and brighter. My one thought is to be done with this book. Innumerable things point all that way. My whole destiny seems as if it lost itself in chaos there (for my money also gets done then)—in chaos which I am to recreate or perish miserably—an arrangement which I really regard as blessed comparatively. So I sit here and write, composed in mood, responsible to no man and no thing; only to God and my own conscience, with publishers, reviewers, hawkers, bill-stickers indeed on the earth around me, but with the stars and the azure eternity above me in the heavens. Let us be thankful. On the whole I am rather stupid; or rather I am not stupid, for I feel a fierce glare of insight in me into many things. Not stupid, but I have no *sleight of hand*, a raw untrained savage—for every trained civilised man has that sleight, and is a bred workman by having it, the bricklayer with his trowel, the painter with his brush, the writer with his pen. The result of the whole is 'one must just do the best he can for a living, boy,' or, in my mother's phrase, 'Never tine heart,' or get provoked heart, which is likewise a danger.

The journal adds:—

On Monday last, about four o'clock on a wet day, I finished that MS. I ought to feel thankful to Heaven, but scarcely do sufficiently. The thing itself is *no* thing. Nevertheless, the getting done with it was all in all. I could do no other or better. The

book, it is to be hoped, will now go on with some impetus. It is not *enchanted* work, but fair daylight aboveboard work, though hard work, and with a poor workman. I am now for Scotland, to rest myself and see my mother. What a year this has been! I have suffered much, but also lived much. Courage! hat firmly set on head, foot firmly planted. Fear nothing but fear. I fancy I shall go in an Edinburgh smack; not the worst way, and the cheapest though slowest.

CHAPTER III.

A.D. 1835—6. ÆT. 40—41.

Visit to Scotland—Hard conditions of life—Scotsbrig—Return to London—Effort of faith—Letter from his mother—Schemes for employment—Offer from Basil Montagu—Polar bears—Struggles with the book—Visit from John Carlyle—Despondency—Money anxieties—Mrs. Carlyle in Scotland—Letters to her—'Diamond Necklace' printed—'French Revolution' finished.

In the first week in October Carlyle started for his old home, not in a smack, though he had so purposed, but in a steamer to Newcastle, whence there was easy access, though railways as yet were not, to Carlisle and Annandale. His letters and diary give no bright picture of his first year's experience in London, and fate had dealt hardly with him; but he had gained much notwithstanding. His strong personality had drawn attention wherever he had been seen. He had been invited with his wife into cultivated circles, literary and political. The Sterlings were not the only new friends whom they had made. Their poverty was unconcealed; there was no sham in either of the Carlyles, and there were many persons anxious to help them in any form in which help could be accepted. Presents of all kinds, hampers of wine, and suchlike poured in upon them. Carlyle did not speak of these things. He did not feel them less than other people, but he was chary of polite expressions which are so often but half sincere, and he often seemed indifferent or ungracious when at heart he was warmly grateful. Mrs.

Carlyle, when disappointed of her trip to Scotland, had been carried off into the country by the Sterlings for a week or two. In August Mrs. Welsh came, and stayed on while Carlyle was away. She was a gifted woman, a little too sentimental for her sarcastic daughter, and troublesome with her caprices. They loved each other dearly and even passionately. They quarrelled daily and made it up again. Mrs. Carlyle, like her husband, was not easy to live with. But on the whole they were happy to be together again after so long a separation. They had friends of their own who gathered about them in Carlyle's absence. Mrs. Carlyle occupied herself in learning Italian, painting and arranging the rooms, negotiating a sofa out of her scanty allowance, preparing a pleasant surprise when he should come back to his work. He on his part was not left to chew his own reflections. He was to provide the winter stock of bacon and hams and potatoes and meal at Scotsbrig. He was to find a Scotch lass for a servant and bring her back with him. He was to dispose of the rest of the Craigenputtock stock which had been left unsold, all excellent antidotes against spectral visions. He had his old Annandale relations to see again, in whose fortunes he was eagerly interested, and to write long stories about them to his brother John. In such occupation, varied with daily talks and smokes with his mother, and in feeding himself into health on milk or porridge, Carlyle passed his holiday. He walked far and fast among the hills, with an understanding of their charm as keen as an artist's, though art he affected to disdain.

I am sometimes sad enough (he told his brother), but that, too, is profitable. I have moments of inexpressible beauty, like auroral gleams on a sky all dark. My book seems despicable; however I will write it. After that there remains for me—on the whole exactly what God has appointed, therefore let us take it thankfully.

One characteristic letter to his wife remains, written from Scotsbrig on this visit. It was in reply to her pretty Anglo-Italian epistle of October 26.[1]

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: November 2, 1835.

All people say, and, what is more to the purpose, I myself rather feel, that my health is greatly improved since I got hither. Alas! the state of wreckage I was in, fretted, as thou sayest, to fiddle-strings, was enormous. Even yet, after a month's idleness and much recovery, I feel it all so well. Silence for a solar year; this, were it possible, would be my blessedness. All is so black, confused, about me, streaked with splendour too as of heaven; and I the most helpless of mortals in the middle of it. I could say with Job of old, 'Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O my friends.' And thou, my poor Goody, depending on cheerful looks of *mine* for thy cheerfulness! For God's sake do not, or do so as little as possible. How I love thee, what I think of thee, it is not probable that thou or any mortal will know. But cheerful looks, when the heart feels slowly dying in floods of confusion and obstruction, are not the thing I have to give. Courage, however—courage to the last! One thing in the middle of this chaos I can more and more determine to adhere to—it is now almost my sole rule of life—to clear myself of cants and formulas as of poisonous Nessus shirts; to strip them off me, by what name soever called, and follow, were it down to Hades, what I myself know and see. Pray God only that sight be given me, freedom of eyes to see with. I fear nothing then, nay, hope infinite things. It is a great misery for a man to lie, even unconsciously, even to himself. Also I feel at this time as if I should never laugh more, or rather say never sniff and whiffle and *pretend* to laugh more. The despicable titter of a '——,' for example, seems to me quite criminally small. Life is no frivolity, or hypothetical coquetry or whifflery. It is a great 'world of truth,' that we are alive, that I am alive; that I saw the 'Sweet Milk well' yesterday, flowing for the last four thousand years, from its three sources on the hill side, the origin of Middlebie Burn, and noted the little dell it had hollowed out all the way, and the huts of Adam's posterity built sluttishly along its course, and a sun shining overhead ninety millions of miles off, and eter-

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i. p. 40.

nity all round, and life a vision, dream and yet fact woven with uproar in the loom of time. Withal it should be said that my biliousness is considerable to-day; that I am not so unhappy as I talk, nay, perhaps rather happy; in one word, that my mother indulged me this morning in a cup of ——! I am actually very considerably better than when we parted.

The sheet is all but done, and no word of thanks for your fine Italian-English letter, which I read three times actually and did not burn. It is the best news to me that you are getting better; that you feel cheerful, as your writing indicated. My poor Goody! it seems as if she could so easily be happy; and the easy means are so seldom there. Let us take it bravely, honestly. It will not break us both. What you say of the sofa is interesting, more than I like to confess. May it be good for us! I feel as if an immeasurable everlasting sofa was precisely the thing I wanted even now. Oh dear! I wish I was there, on the simple greatness of that one, such as it is, and Goody might be as near as she liked. *Hadere nicht mit deiner Mutter, Liebste. Trage, trage; es wird bald enden.*[1]

God bless thee, my poor little darling. I think we shall be happier some time, and oh, how happy if God will!

Your ever affectionate

T. Carlyle.

The holiday lasted but four weeks, and Carlyle was again at his work at Chelsea. He was still restless, of course, with so heavy a load upon him: but he did his best to be cheerful under it. Her chief resources were the Sterlings and the Italian lessons, and as long as she was well in health her spirits did not fail. Him, too, the Sterlings' friendship helped much to encourage; but he was absorbed in his writing and could think of little else. To his brother John he was regular in his accounts of himself, and complained as little as could be expected.

I could live very patiently (he said) amid this circle of London people. They are greatly the best people I ever walked with. One is freer than anywhere else in the world, esteemed without

[1] Quarrel not with your mother, dearest. Be patient; be patient. It will soon end.

being questioned, more at home than one has been. I will stay here and try it out to the last; but indeed my soul is like to grow quite sick, and I feel as if no resting-place waited me on this side the Great Ocean. It is a petulant, weak thought; neither do I long to die till I have done my task. I think, however, I will quit literature.

Journal.

December 23, 1835.—To write of the conditions, external and especially internal, in which I live at present, is impossible for me; unprofitable were it possible. Bad bodily health added to all the rest makes the ungainliest result of it, frightful, drawing towards what consummation? Silence is better. Be silent, be calm, at least not mad. On the 4th of this month, not without remembering and bitterly considering, I completed my fortieth year. Spiritual strength, as I feel, still grows in me. All other things, outward fortune, business among men, go on crumbling and decaying. *C'est égal.* Providence again is leading me through dark, burning, hideous ways towards new heights and developments. Nothing, or almost nothing, is certain to me, except the Divine Infernal character of this universe I live in, worthy of horror, worthy of worship. So much, and what I can infer from that.

Nothing came of the national education scheme. Carlyle was not a person to push himself into notice. Either Buller and his other friends did not exert themselves for him, or they tried and failed; governments, in fact, do not look out for servants among men who are speculating about the nature of the universe. Then as always the doors leading into regular employment remained closed. From his mother as far as possible he concealed his anxieties. But she knew him too well to be deceived. She, too, was heavy at heart for her idolised son, less on account of his uncertain prospects than for the want of faith, as she considered it, which was the real cause of his trouble. He told her always that essentially he thought as she did, but she could hardly believe it; and though she no longer argued or remonstrated, yet she dwelt in her letters to him, in her own simple way, on the sources of her own

consolation. She was intensely interested in his work. She was identifying herself with the progress of it by making him a new dressing-gown which was to be his when the book was finished. Yet what was it all compared with the one thing needful? One of her letters to him—one out of many—may be inserted here as a specimen of what this noble woman really was.

Margaret Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: December 15, 1835.

Dear Son,—I need not say how glad I was to see your hand once more. It had been lying at the post-office for some time, I think, for I had got the Annan ones the day before, which, I think, must have been sent later than it. They were all thrice welcome. I am glad to hear you are getting on with your book, in spite of all the difficulties you have had to struggle with, which have been many. I need not say, for you know already, I wish it a happy and a long life. Keep a good heart. May God give us all grace to stay our hearts on Him who has said in His word, 'He will keep them in perfect peace, whose minds are stayed on Him, because they trust in Him.'

Wait on the Lord and be thou strong,
  And He shall strength afford
Unto thy heart: yea, do thou wait,
  I say, upon the Lord.
What time my heart is overwhelmed
  And in perplexity,
Do Thou me lead unto the Rock
  That higher is than I.

Let us not be careful what the world thinks of us, if we can say with a good conscience with Toplady:

Careless, myself a dying man,
  Of dying men's esteem;
Happy, oh Lord, if Thou approve,
  Though all beside condemn.

You will say 'I know all these things.' But they are sooner said than done. Be of courage, my dear son, and seek God for your guide.

I was glad to hear of John having got to Rome. He has had many wanderings, poor fellow! When you write, will you thank

him for his letter he sent me? I was got rather uneasy about him. I think there are none that has got so much cause of thankfulness as I. We are all going on the old way, but it has been such a year as I do not remember for bad weather. It has grown worse and worse. Nevertheless it is better than we deserve, for we are froward children, a sinful generation. God be merciful to us sinners. He has never dealt with us as we deserve. I have been full well all this winter, till I got a face cold and toothache. It is better now, almost gone. I keep good fires and am very dry and comfortable.

Give my love to your Goody. I am glad to hear she is rather better. I will be glad to see you both here to rest a while when the fight is over. There perhaps never was a greater scrawl. Wink at it. God bless you, my dear children.

Your affectionate Mother,
MARGARET A. CARLYLE.

Another shorter letter followed, to which and to this one Carlyle answered.

I got your three words, mother, and was right glad of them in the absence of more. I assure you I will be 'canny'—nay I must, for a little overwork hurts me, and is found on the morrow to be quite the contrary of gain. I have many a rebellious, troublesome thought in me, proceeding not a little from ill health of body. But I deal with them as I best can, and get them kicked out. Pride! pride! as I often say. It lies deep in me, and must be beaten out with many stripes. The young clergyman, John Sterling [did he wish innocently to please his mother by the clerical character of his friend?], comes very much about me, and proves by far the lovablest man I have met for many a year. His speech always enlivens me and shortens the long walks we sometimes take.

It was very difficult for Carlyle (as he told me) to speak with or write to his mother directly about religion. She quieted her anxieties as well as she could by recognising the deep unquestionable piety of her son's nature. It was on the worldly side, after all, that there was real cause for alarm. The little stock of money would be gone now in a few months; and then what was to be done? America

seemed the only resource. Yet to allow such a man to expatriate himself—a man, too, who would be contented with the barest necessaries of life—because in England he could not live, would be a shame and a scandal; and various schemes for keeping him were talked over among his friends. The difficulty was that he was himself so stubborn and impracticable. He would not write in the 'Times,' because the 'Times' was committed to a great political party, and Carlyle would have nothing to do with parties. Shortly after he came back from Scotland, he was offered the editorship of a newspaper at Lichfield. This was unacceptable for the same reason; and if he could have himself consented, his wife would not. She could never persuade herself that her husband would fail to rise to greatness on his own lines, or allow him to take an inferior situation. In mentioning this Lichfield proposal to his brother John, she said:—

I declare to you, my dear brother, I can never get myself worked up into proper anxiety about how soul and body are to be kept together. The idea of starvation cannot somehow ever be brought home to my bosom. I have always a sort of lurking assurance that if one's bread ceases it will be possible to live on pie-crust. Besides, whose bread ever does entirely cease who has brains and fingers to bake it, unless indeed he be given over to Salthound[1] in the shape of strong liquors, which is not my case happily?

A more singular proposition reached Carlyle from another quarter, kindly meant perhaps, but set forward with an air of patronage which the humblest of men would have resented unless at the last extremity; and humility was certainly not one of Carlyle's qualities. The Basil Montagus had been among the first friends to whom he had been introduced by Irving when he came to London in 1824. Great things had been then expected of him on Irving's report. Mrs. Montagu had interested herself

[1] Carlylean name for Satan.

deeply in all his concerns. She had been initiated into the romance of Jane Welsh's early life, and it was by her interference (which had never been wholly forgiven) that her marriage with Carlyle had been precipitated. For some years a correspondence had been kept up, somewhat inflated on Mrs. Montagu's side, but showing real kindness and a real wish to be of use. The acquaintance had continued after the Carlyles settled in Chelsea, but Mrs. Montagu's advances had not been very warmly received, and were suspected, perhaps unjustly, of not being completely sincere. The sympathetic letter which she had ventured to write to Mrs. Carlyle on Irving's death had been received rather with resentment than satisfaction. Still the Montagus remained in the circle of Carlyle's friends. They were aware of his circumstances, and were anxious to help him if they knew how to set about it. It was with some pleasure, and perhaps with some remorse at the doubts which he had entertained of the sincerity of their regard, that Carlyle learned that Basil Montagu had a situation in view for him which, if he liked it, he might have—a situation, he was told, which would secure him a sufficient income, and would leave him time besides for his own writing. The particulars were reserved to be explained at a personal interview. Carlyle had been so eager, chiefly for his wife's sake, to find something to hold on to, that he would not let the smallest plank drift by without examining it. He had a vague misgiving, but he blamed himself for his distrust. The interview took place, and the contempt with which he describes Mr. Montagu's proposition is actually savage.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: January 26, 1836.

Basil Montagu had a life benefaction all cut out and dried for me—No: it depended on the measure of gratitude whether it was to be ready for me or for another. A clerkship under him at the

rate of 200*l.* a year, whereby a man lecturing also in mechanics' institutes in the evening, and doing etceteras, might live. I listened with grave fixed eyes to the sovereign of quacks, as he mewed out all the fine sentimentalities he had stuffed into this beggarly account of empty boxes—for which too I had been sent trotting many miles of pavement, though I knew from the beginning it could be only moonshine—and, with grave thanks for this potentiality of a clerkship, took my leave that night; and next morning, all still in the potential mood, sent my indicative threepenny. My wish and expectation partly is that Montagudom generally would be kind enough to keep its own side of the pavement. Not very expressible is the kind of feeling the whole thing now raises in me—madness varnished over by lies which you see through and through. One other thing I could not but remark—the *faith* of Montagu wishing *me* for his clerk; thinking the polar bear, reduced to a state of dyspeptic dejection, might safely be trusted tending rabbits. Greater faith I have not found in Israel. Let us leave these people. They shall hardly again cost me even an exchange of threepennies.

The 'polar bear,' it might have occurred to Carlyle, is a difficult beast to find accommodation for. People do not eagerly open their doors to such an inmate. Basil Montagu, doubtless, was not a wise man, and was unaware of the relative values of himself and the person that he thought of for a clerk. But, after all, situations suited for polar bears are not easily found outside the Zoological Gardens. It was not Basil Montagu's fault that he was not a person of superior quality. He knew that Carlyle was looking anxiously for employment with a fixed salary, and a clerkship in his office had, in his eyes, nothing degrading in it. Except in a country like Prussia, where a discerning government is on the look-out always for men of superior intellect, and knows what to do with them, the most gifted genius must begin upon the lowest step of the ladder. The proposal was of course an absurd one, and the scorn with which it was received was only too natural; but this small incident shows only how impossible it was

at this time to do anything for Carlyle except what was actually done, to leave him to climb the precipices of life by his own unassisted strength.

Thus, throughout this year 1836, he remained fixed at his work in Cheyne Row. He wrote all the morning. In the afternoon he walked, sometimes with Mill or Sterling, more often alone, making his own reflections. One evening in January, he writes: -

> I thought to-day up at Hyde Park Corner, seeing all the carriages dash hither and thither, and so many human bipeds cheerily hurrying along, 'There you go, brothers, in your gilt carriages and prosperities, better or worse, and make an extreme bother and confusion, the devil very largely in it. And I too, by the blessing of the Maker of me, I too am authorized and equipped by Heaven's Act of Parliament to do that small secret somewhat, and will do it without any consultation of yours. Let us be brothers, therefore, or at worst silent peaceable neighbours, and each go his own way.'

Carlyle was radical enough in the sense that he had no respect for the gilt carriages, and knew whither they were probably rolling, but he had neither purpose nor wish to be a revolutionary agitator, knowing that revolution meant only letting the devil loose, whom it was man's duty to keep bound. Mrs. Carlyle was confined through the winter and spring with a dangerous cough. He himself, though he complained, was fairly well; nothing was essentially the matter, but he slept badly from overwork, 'gaeing stavering aboot the hoose at night,' as the Scotch maid said, restless alike in mind and body. When he paused from his book to write a letter or a note in his journal, it was to discover a state of nerves irritated by the contrast between his actual performance and the sense of what he was trying to accomplish. The ease which he expected when the lost volume was recovered had not been found. The toil was severe as ever.

Journal.

March 22, 1836.—Month after month passes without any notice here. In some four days I expect to be done with the chapter called 'Legislative.' It has been a long and sorry task. My health, very considerably worse than usual, held me painfully back. The work, it oftenest seems to me, will never be worth a rush, yet I am writing it, as they say, with my heart's blood. The sorrow and chagrin I suffer is very great. Physical pain is bad—dispiritment, gloomy silence of rebellion against myself and all the arrangements of my existence is worse. I shudder sometimes at the abysses I discern in myself, the acrid hunger, the shivering sensitiveness, the *wickedness* (and yet can I say at this moment that I think myself rightly *wicked?*) Confusion clings to a man.

There is something edifying, however, in the perfectly composed peace of mind with which I have renounced one province of my interests and given it up to Fortune to do her own will with it: the economical province. Our money runs fast away daily. It will be about *done* at the time this book is done; and then—my destiny, as it were, ends. I seem not to care a straw for that; nay, rather to like it, if anything, as implying the end of much else that is growing insupportable. Some vague outlook, which I half know to be inane, opens in my imagination to America, or some western woods and solitude, far from the fret and confusion of these places; rest anywhere; and yet I still do not want generally to rest in the *grave*. All fame, and so forth, seems the wretchedest mockery. It sometimes appears possible that it may come my way too—for I do not hide from myself that I am above hundreds that have it. But even in that case I say honestly *Wozu?* one dies soon—soon—and his fame! Say it lived three centuries after him! I do pray to God to be guided into some more solid anchor ground, and to leave that as a restless quicksand—mud—which has swallowed up so many, to welter according to its own will. Also, it many times strikes me, Being in ill-health and so miserable, art thou not of a surety wrong? Why not quit literature—with a vengeance to it—and turn, were it even to sheep herding, where one can be well? Dark straits and contentions of will against constraint seem to threaten me—I cannot help it. Peace! peace! It is one's own mind that is wrong.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: March 31, 1836.

It seems as if I were enchanted to this sad book. Peace in the world there will be none for me till I have it done; and then very generally it seems the miserablest mooncalf of a book, full of *Ziererei* (affectation), do what I will; tumbling head foremost through all manner of established rules. And no money to be had for it; and no value that I can count on of any kind, simply the blessedness of being done with it. It comes across me like the breath of heaven, that I shall verily be done with it in some few weeks now. Then let it go, to be trodden down in the gutters if the poor people like; to be lifted on poles if they like, to be made a kirk and a mill of. The indifference that I feel about all mortal things is really very considerable. Glory and disgrace, poverty and wealth, gig and eight, or torn shoe soles, behold, brethren, it is all alike to me. I too have my indefeasible lot and portion in this God's universe of vapour and substance, and grudge you not, and hate you not, rather love you in an underhand manner and wish you speed on your path.

At the back of Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row is a strip of garden, a grass plot, a few trees and flower-beds along the walls, where are (or were) some bits of jessamine and a gooseberry-bush or two, transported from Haddington and Craigenputtock. Here, when spring came on, Carlyle used to dig and plant and keep the grass trim and tidy. Sterling must have seen him with his spade there when he drew the picture of Collins in the 'Onyx Ring,' which is evidently designed for Carlyle. The digging must have been more of a relaxation for him than the walks, where the thinking and talking went on without interruption. Very welcome and a real relief was the arrival of his brother John at last in the middle of April. Lady Clare could not part with him in the autumn, but she had come now herself, bringing the doctor with her, and had allowed him three months' leave of absence. Half his holiday was to be spent in Cheyne Row. The second volume of the 'Revolution' was finished, and Carlyle gave

himself up to the full enjoyment of his brother's company. He had six weeks of real rest and pleasure; for his curiosity was insatiable, and John, just from Italy, could tell him infinite things which he wanted to know. Scotsbrig, of course, had claims which were to be respected. When these weeks were over, John had to go north, and Carlyle attended him down the river to the Hull steamer.

'Very cheery to me poor Jack,' he writes when alone at home again; 'I feel without him quite orphaned and alone.' Alone, and at the mercy again of the evil spirits whom 'Jack's' round face had kept at a distance.

Journal.

June 1, 1836.—My dispiritment, my sorrow and pain are great, but I strive to keep silent. Silence is the only method. I am weary and heavy-laden, wearied of all things, almost of life itself—yet not altogether. It is fearful and wonderful to me. Often it seems as if the only grand and beautiful and desirable thing in this dusty fuliginous chaos were to die. Death! The unknown sea of rest! Who knows what hidden harmonies lie there to wrap us in softness, in eternal peace, where perhaps, and not sooner or elsewhere, all the hot longings of the soul are to be satisfied and stilled?

An eternity of life were not endurable to any mortal. To me the thought of it were madness even for one day. Oh! I am far astray, wandering, lost, 'dyeing the thirsty desert with my blood in every footprint.' Perhaps God and His providence will be better to me than I hope. Peace, peace! words are idler than idle.

I have seen Wordsworth again. I have seen Landor, Americans, Frenchmen—Cavaignac the Republican. Be no word written of them. Bubble bubble, toil and trouble. I find emptiness and chagrin, look for nothing else, and on the whole can reverence no existing man, and shall do well to pity *all*, myself first—or rather last. To work therefore. That will still me a little if aught will.

The old, old story: genius, the divine gift which men so envy and admire, which is supposed to lift its possessor to a throne among the gods, gives him, with the intensity of insight, intensity of spiritual suffering. His laurel

wreath is a crown of thorns. To all men Carlyle preached the duty of 'consuming their own smoke,' and faithfully he fulfilled his own injunction. He wrote no 'Werthers Leiden,' no musical 'Childe Harold,' to relieve his own heart by inviting the world to weep with him. So far as the world was concerned, he bore his pains in silence, and only in his journal left any written record of them. At home, however, he could not always be reticent; and his sick wife, whose spirits needed raising, missed John's companionship as much as her husband. The household economics became so pressing that the book had to be suspended for a couple of weeks while Carlyle wrote the article on Mirabeau, now printed among the 'Miscellanies,' for Mill's Review. Some fifty pounds was made by this; but by the time the article was finished, Mrs. Carlyle became so ill that she felt that unless she could get away to her mother 'she would surely die.' Carlyle himself could not think of moving, unless for a day or two to a friend in the neighbourhood of London; but everything was done that circumstances permitted. She went first to her uncle at Liverpool, meaning to proceed (for economy) by the Annan steamer, though in her weak state she dreaded a sea voyage. She was sent forward by the coach. John Carlyle met her and carried her on to her mother at Templand, who had a 'purse of sovereigns' ready for her as a birthday present (July 14). Carlyle himself wrote to her daily, making the best of his condition that she might have as little anxiety as possible on his account. After she was gone he paid a visit to John Mill, who was then living in the country.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle at Templand.

Chelsea: July 24, 1836.

I must tell you about the Mill visit, for I think I sent you a token that I was going. I went accordingly. It is a pretty country—a pretty village of the English straggling wooded sort. The

Mills have joined some 'old carpenter's shops' together, and made a pleasant summer mansion (connected by shed-roofed passages), the little drawing-room door of glass looking out into a rose lawn, into green plains, and half a mile off to a most respectable wooded and open broad-shouldered green hill. They were as hospitable as they could be. I was led about, made attentive to innumerable picturesquenesses, &c. &c., all that evening and next day. . . . There was little sorrow visible in their house, or rather none, nor any human feeling at all; but the strangest *unheimlich* kind of composure and acquiescence, as if all human spontaneity had taken refuge in invisible corners. Mill himself talked much, and not stupidly—far from that—but without emotion of any discernible kind. He seemed to me to be withering or withered into the miserablest metaphysical *scrae*,[1] body and mind, that I had almost ever met with in the world. His eyes go twinkling and jerking with wild lights and twitches; his head is bald, his face brown and dry—poor fellow after all. It seemed to me the strangest thing what this man could want with me, or I with such a man so *unheimlich* to me. What will become of it? Nothing evil; for there is and there was nothing dishonest in it. But I think I shall see less and less of him. Alas, poor fellow! It seems possible too that he may not be very long seeable: that is one way of its ending—to say nothing of my own chances.

As for the chapter [of the 'French Revolution'] entitled 'September,' the poor Goody knows with satisfaction that it is done. I worked all day, not all night: indeed, oftenest not at night at all; but went out and had long swift-striding walks—till ten—under the stars. I have also slept, in general, tolerably. For the last ten days, however, I have been poisoned again with *veal soup*, beef being unattainable. I will know again. The chapter is some thirty-six pages: not at all a bad chapter. Would the Goody had it to read! A hundred pages more, and this cursed book is flung out of me. I mean to write with force of fire till that consummation; above all with the speed of fire; still taking intervals, of course, and resting myself. The unrested horse or writer *cannot* work. But a despicability of a thing that has so long held me, and held us both down to the grindstone, is a thing I could almost swear at and kick out of doors; at least most swiftly equip for walking out of doors. *Speranza*, thou spairkin Goody! Hope, my little lassie! It will all be better than thou thinkest. For two or

[1] *Scrae*, 'an old shoe' (Dumfriesshire).

three days I have the most perfect rest now. Then Louis is to be tried and guillotined. Then the Gironde, &c. It all stands pretty fair in my head, nor do I mean to investigate much more about it, but to splash down what I know in large masses of colours, that it may look like a smoke-and-flame conflagration in the distance, which it is. . . .

My dear little Janekin, I must leave thee now. Write a long letter. They are all very pleasant, very good for me; but the 'reposing humour' would give me the most pleasure of all. *Gehab dich wohl! Sey hold mir! Hoffe; zweifle nicht.* (Keep well! Be good to me! Hope; do not tine heart.) Kiss your kind mother for me. *Adieu! Au revoir!*

Ever affectionately thine,

T. CARLYLE.

His heart was less light than he tried to make it appear. The journal of August 1 says:—

Have finished chapter i. (September) of my third volume, and gone idle a week after, till as usual I am now reduced to a *caput mortuum* again, and do this day begin my second chapter, to be called 'Regicide.' Jane in Dumfriesshire these three weeks or more, shattered with agitation. I see no one—not even the Frenchmen[1]—for above two weeks; very dreary of outlook; one sole guiding star for me on earth, that of getting done with my book.

Mrs. Carlyle was scarcely better off, Scotch air having done little for her. He writes to her a week later.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Chelsea: August 8.

Du armes Kind,—The letter, which I opened with eagerness enough, made me altogether *wae*. No rest for the poor wearied one. In her mother's house, too, she must wake 'at four in the morning,' and have frettings and annoyances. It is very hard. The world is so wide; and for my poor Jane there is no place where she can find shelter in it. Patience, my poor lassie! It is not so bad as that: it shall not be so bad.

Since there is no good to be done in Scotland, what remains but that you come back hither with such despatch as suits? There is quietude here; there is liberty; you shall have *bread* to eat. We

[1] Garnier and Godefroi Cavaignac. See *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i.

can even procure you a little milk, for the man comes yowling regularly at the stroke of seven. I wish to heaven I were better, cheerfuller; but I take heaven to witness I will be as cheerful as I can. I will do what is in me, and swim with myself and thee. I do not think the waves can swallow us. Open thy heart out again to me; have hope, courage, softness—not bitterness and hardness—and they shall not swallow us. In any case, what refuge is there but here? Here is the place for my poor Goody; let us sink or swim together.

If I did not know how little advice could profit in such matters, how it even exasperates and makes the case worse, I would pray earnestly in the meantime for that very thing which we so often laugh at in poor Jack—meekness, submission to the will of Heaven. Open thy eyes from those Templand windows. The earth is green, jewelled with many a flower. The sky arches itself, also beautiful, overhead. It is not, in the name of God, a place of bitter hopelessness for any living creature, but it is emphatically the place of hope for all. Oh! that Edinburgh style of mockery! Me too with its hard withering influence, its momentary solacement, fataller than any pain, it had wellnigh conducted to Hades and Tophet. But I flung it off, and am alive. Oh that my poor much-suffering Jane had done so too!—flung it off from the very heart for ever—and in soft devoutness of submission (wherein lies what the man calls the 'divine depth of sorrow') had recognised once that the stern necessity was also the just; that the thing, stronger than we, was also the better—wiser. But I will preach no more. I will pray and wish rather, in my heart of hearts. Nay, I will prophesy too; for nothing shall ever make me believe that a soul so *true* and full of good things can continue strangling itself in that manner, sore, sore, though its perplexities be. Oh my poor lassie, what a life thou hast led!—and I could not make it other. It was to be *that*, and not another.

And so, after all, then, what is to be done but come back again by easy stages, and *do the best we can?* This visit to Scotland will not have been in vain. It exhausts another possibility. It renders one quieter. Nay, in spite of all these splashings of rain, and weary waitings for some one rising, these annoyances and disappointments, I believe the very change of scene, of habitual speech and course of thought, will be of salutary influence. The din of London is stilled in you by this time. The mind will be fresh to take it up again, and find it more harmonious than it was. *Gehab*

dich wohl! Be peaceable, my poor weary shattered bairn. Harden not thy heart, but soften it. Open it to hope and me. Say all that is kind to your mother for me. Forgive her 'ways of doing.' They are *her* ways, though very tormenting.

It is half-past four, and I am still in my dressing-gown. *Addio, carissima.* God be with thee, my wee Goody!

T. CARLYLE.

John came back with the fall of the summer to rejoin Lady Clare, and passed a few more days alone with his brother.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Chelsea: August 24.

Parliament being dissolved, prorogued I believe, there are no franks. Jack said on Saturday, 'Here is a ticket Lady Clare has sent me; will you not go and see the King prorogue Parliament?' 'Sir,' I answered, 'if he were going to blow up Parliament with gunpowder, I would hardly go, being busy elsewhere.' . . . Lie still, thou poor wearied one. Stir not till the hour come for travelling hither again. After all, I calculate the journey will not prove useless. A healthy influence lies in the very change of ideas and objects—such a total change as that. Seated by our own hearth again, much that was a burble will begin to unravel itself. There are better days coming: I say it always, and swear it, with a kind of indestructible faith. But we must be ready for the bad, for the worse, and meet, not in bitter violence, but in courageous genial humour, as quiet at least as may be. . . .

If a Goody were well, and a *good*, ach Gott, why should we not be happy enough, in spite of twenty poverties? Patience, lassie! let us take it quietly. The book will be done. I shall rest, be better; all will be better. Consider this fact, too, which really has a truth in it. Great sorrow never lasts. It is like a stream stemmed—must begin flowing again. There is really, I say, a truth in that, grounded in the nature of things. Oh my poor bairn, be not faithless, but believing. Do not fling life away as insupportable, despicable, but let us work it out and rest it out together, like a true *two*, though under sore obstructions. Fools in all circumstances, short of Tophet, very probably in Tophet itself, have one way of doing; wise men have a different, infinitely better. I say 'infinitely,' for that also is a fact; and so God di-

rect us and help us! God send thee soon, and safe back again; and so ends my sermon.

It has pleased Carlyle to admit the world behind the scenes of his domestic life. He has allowed us to see that all was not as well there as it might have been, and in his own generous remorse he has taken the blame upon himself. No one, however, can read these letters, or ten thousand others like them, without recognising the affectionate tenderness which lay at the bottom of his nature. No one also can read between the lines without observing that poverty and dispiritment and the burden of a task too heavy for him was not all that Carlyle had to bear. She on her part, no doubt, had much to put up with. It was not easy to live with a husband subject to strange fits of passion and depression; often as unreasonable as a child, and with a Titanesque power of making mountains out of molehills. But she might have seen more clearly than she did, in these deliberate expressions of his feeling, the soundness of his judgment, and the genuine simple truth and loyalty of his heart. Let those married pairs who never knew a quarrel, whose days run on unruffled by a breeze, be grateful that their lot has been cast in pleasant circumstances, for otherwise their experience will have been different. Let them be grateful that they are not persons of 'genius' or blessed or cursed with sarcastic tongues. The disorder which had driven Mrs. Carlyle to Scotland was mental as well as bodily. The best remedy for it lay, after all, at home; and she came back, as she said, after two months' absence, 'a sadder and a wiser woman.' Carlyle had gone off intending to meet her at the office, but the coach was before its time, or he had mistaken the hour.

I had my luggage (she said) put on the backs of two porters, and walked on to Cheapside, when I presently found a Chelsea omnibus. By-and-by the omnibus stopped, and amid cries of 'No

room, sir; can't get in,' Carlyle's face, beautifully set off by a broad-brimmed white hat, gazed in at the door like the Peri 'who, at the gate of Heaven, stood disconsolate.' In hurrying along the Strand, his eye had lighted on my trunk packed on the top of the omnibus, and he recognised it. This seems to me one of the most indubitable proofs of genius which he ever manifested.

She had returned mended in spirits. John had gone two days before, and was on his way to Italy again, but the effects remained of his cheery presence, and all things were looking better. The article on Mirabeau was printed, and had given satisfaction. The 'Diamond Necklace' was to come out in parts in Fraser, and bring in a little money. Carlyle had never written anything more beautiful; and it speaks indifferently for English criticism that about this, when it appeared, the newspapers were as scornful as they had been about 'Sartor'—a bad omen for the 'French Revolution,' for the 'Diamond Necklace' was a preliminary chapter of the same drama. But the opinions of the newspapers had long become matters of indifference. The financial pressure would be relieved at any rate, and the air in Cheyne Row, within doors and without, was like a still autumn afternoon, when the equinoctials have done blowing. The book was nearly finished. John Carlyle had read the MS. and had criticised. The style had startled him, as the style of 'Sartor' had startled Sterling. Carlyle had listened patiently, and had made some change in deference to his brother's opinion.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: September 12, 1836.

As to what you admonished about style, though you goodnaturedly fall away from it now, there actually was some profit in it, and some effect. It reminds me once more that there are always two parties to a good style—the contented writer and the contented reader. Many a little thing I propose to alter with an eye to greater clearness; but the grand point at present is to get done briefly. I find I have only eighty-eight pages in all, and infinite

matter to cram into them. I purpose investigating almost no farther, but dashing in what I already have in some compendious, grandiose, massive way. I really feel very well at present. The joy I anticipate in finishing this book is considerable. Go, thou unhappy book! Thou hast nearly wrung the life out of me. Go in God's name or the Devil's; one will be free after that, and look abroad over the world to see what it holds for one. I am reading Eckermann's 'Conversations with Goethe,' borrowed from Mrs. Austin. It does me great good for the time: such a clear serene enjoyment, so different from this Revolution one; and yet it is not my environment now—will not yield me *Obdach* (shelter) here and now. Goethe is great, brown-visaged, authentic-looking, in this book, yet *räthselhaft* (enigmatic) here and there to me. . . . Enough, enough. Do not conjugate *ennuyer*, dear Jack, if you can help it; conjugate *espérer* rather. Depend upon it, working, trying, is the only remover of doubt. It is an immense truth that. The stream looks so cold, dreary, dangerous. You stand shivering. You plunge in. Behold, it carries you: you can swim. Take my blessing and brotherly prayers with you. T. C.

As the end of the book came in view, the question—what next? began to present itself. It was as morning twilight after a long night, and surrounding objects showed in their natural form. Evidently Carlyle did not expect that it would bring him money or directly better his fortunes. All that he looked for was to have acquitted his conscience by writing it: he would then quit literature and seek other work. The alternative, indeed, did not seem to be left to him—literature as a profession, followed with a sacred sense of responsibility (and without such a sense he could have nothing to do with it), refused a living to himself and his wife. For her sake as well as his own, he must try something else. He was in no hurry to choose. His plan, so far as he could form one, was that, as soon as the book was published, his wife should return for a while to her mother. He, like his own Teufelsdröckh, would take staff in hand, travel on foot about the world like a mediæval monk, look about him,

and then decide. Ten years before, he had formed large hopes of what he might do and become as a man of letters. He concluded now that he had failed, and the language in which he wrote about it is extremely manly.

Journal.

October 23.—Nothing noted here for a long time. It has grown profitless, wearisome, to write or speak of one so sick, forlorn as myself. Cap. 3 (Girondins) finished about a week ago. Totally worthless, according to my feeling of it. I persist, nevertheless. 'Diamond Necklace' to be printed in 'Fraser.' Sitting for my picture to a man named Lewis, who begged it, 'that it might do him good.' Jane insisted. I at length assented. *Cui bono?* Empty as I am in purse and in hope, what steads the oil shadow of me in these circumstances? Rather let such a man be altogether suppressed.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: October 29.

Our life is all hanging in the wind—for me, however, against the next spring I have it all so cunningly arranged that, as it were, neither ill luck nor good luck can be other than welcome to me. This is really true and very curious. Such an infinitude of different annoyances and menaces come pressing on me from all points of the compass, that I merely fortify my own chest and rib work, and say, 'Messrs. the Annoyances, do, if you please, make out the result among yourselves; my ribs with heaven's help will not yield, and I shall cheerfully be ready to move whichever way the current goes.' Here, with only literature for shelter, there is, I think, no continuance. Better to take a stick in your hand, and roam the earth Teufelsdröckhish; you will get at least a stomach to eat bread—even that denied me here. *Es wollte kein Hund so leben* (no dog would lead such a life). Nor will I. The only rule is silence, uttermost composure, and open eyes. The beggarly economical part of this existence on earth seems to me the more beggarly the longer I look at it; the existence itself the more tragical, sublime. Not a hair of our heads but was given to us by a God.

My chief pity in general, in these circumstances of mine, is for Jane. She hoped much of me; had great faith in me; and has endured much beside me, not murmuring at it. I feel as if I had

to swim both for her deliverance and my own. Better health will be granted me; better days for us both.

It is my fixed hope at present either to go to Scotland or to Italy next summer, stick in hand. If any offer occur to detain me here, it shall be well; if none, it shall be almost better. This is what I meant above by being balanced amid annoyances and menaces. Therefore be of good cheer, my brave brother. The world shall not beat us, much as it may try. We will make a wrestle or two first at any rate. Thou see'st I am to have done with this sorrowful enterprise of a book, with France and Revolutions for evermore. Then I take stick in hand, silently go to compose my body and soul a little, and so take the world on the other side. I feel strong yet; as if I had years of strength in me. London has been like a course of mercury to body and mind; hard enough, but not unmedicative. We will not complain of London, not fear it, not hope from it; let it go its way, we going ours. If thou prosper at Rome, I may come to thee. If not, why then come thou hither. It shall be good either way.

So the year wore out, and in this humour the 'History of the French Revolution' was finished. The last sentence was written on the 12th of January, 1837, on a damp evening, just as light was failing.[1] Carlyle gave the MS. to his wife to read, and went out to walk. Before leaving the house he said to her: 'I know not whether this book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do, as is likeliest; but this I could tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man. Do what you like with it, you—.' Five days later he announced the event to Sterling, who was spending the winter at Bordeaux.

To John Sterling.

Chelsea: January 17, 1837.

Five days ago I finished about ten o'clock at night, and was ready both to weep and pray, but did not do either, at least not

[1] So Carlyle said later; but in the letter to Sterling he says ten o'clock at night. Perhaps he added a word or two.

visibly or audibly. The bookseller has it, and the printer has it; I expect the first sheet to-morrow. In not many more weeks I can hope to wash my hands of it for ever and a day. It is a thing disgusting to me by the faults of it: the merits of which—for it is not without merit—will not be seen for a long time. It is a wild savage book, itself a kind of French Revolution, which perhaps, if Providence have so ordered, the world had better not accept when offered it. With all my heart. What I do know of it is that it has come hot out of my own soul, born in blackness, whirlwind, and sorrow; that no man for a long while has stood, speaking so completely alone, under the eternal azure in the character of man only, or is likely for a long while so to stand: finally, that it has gone as near to choking the life out of me as any task I should like to undertake for some years to come, which also is an immense comfort, indeed the greatest of all.

The Mason's ways are
A type of existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.

The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorough,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us, onward.

And solemn before us
Veiled the dark Portal,
Goal of all Mortals;
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sage's,
The world's, and the age's.
Choose well: your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness,
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave to reward you.
Work and despair not.[1]

Is not that a piece of psalmody? It seems to me like a piece of marching music to the great brave Teutonic kindred as they march through the waste of time—that section of eternity they were appointed for. *Oben die Sterne und unten die Gräber, &c.* Let us all sing it and march on cheerful of heart. 'We bid you to hope.'[2] So say the voices, do they not?

This poem of Goethe's was on Carlyle's lips to the last days of his life. When very near the end he quoted the last lines of it to me when speaking of what might lie beyond. 'We bid you to hope.'

[1] Goethe's song—

'Die Zukunft decket
Schmerzen und Glück.'

Carlyle gives the original in writing to Sterling. I take Carlyle's own translation from 'Past and Present.'

[2] The literal translation of the last line,

'Wir heissen euch hoffen.'

CHAPTER IV.

A.D. 1837. ÆT. 42.

Character of Carlyle's writings—The 'French Revolution' as a work of art—Political neutrality—Effect of the book on Carlyle's position—Proposed lectures—Public speaking—Delivery of the first course—Success, moral and financial—End of money difficulties—Letter to Sterling—Exhaustion—Retreat to Scotland.

I HAVE been thus particular in describing the conditions under which the 'History of the French Revolution' was composed, because this book gave Carlyle at a single step his unique position as an English man of letters, and because it is in many respects the most perfect of all his writings. In his other works the sense of form is defective. He throws out brilliant detached pictures, and large masses of thought, each in itself inimitably clear. There is everywhere a unity of purpose, with powerful final effects. But events are not left to tell their own story. He appears continually in his own person, instructing, commenting, informing the reader at every step of his own opinion. His method of composition is so original that it cannot be tried by common rules. The want of art is even useful for the purposes which he has generally in view; but it interferes with the simplicity of a genuine historical narrative. The 'French Revolution' is not open to this objection. It stands alone in artistic regularity and completeness. It is a prose poem with a distinct beginning, a middle, an end. It opens with the crash of a corrupt system, and a dream of liberty which was to bring with it a

reign of peace and happiness and universal love. It pursues its way through the failure of visionary hopes into regicide and terror, and the regeneration of mankind by the guillotine. It has been called an *epic*. It is rather an Æschylean drama composed of facts literally true, in which the Furies are seen once more walking on this prosaic earth and shaking their serpent hair.

The form is quite peculiar, unlike that of any history ever written before, or probably to be written again. No one can imitate Carlyle who does not sincerely feel as Carlyle felt. But it is complete in itself. The story takes shape as it grows, a definite organic creation, with no dead or needless matter anywhere disfiguring or adhering to it, as if the metal had been smelted in a furnace seven times heated, till every particle of dross had been burnt away. As in all living things, there is the central idea, the animating principle round which the matter gathers and developes into shape. Carlyle was writing what he believed would be his last word to his countrymen. He was not looking forward to fame or fortune, or to making a position for himself in the world. He belonged to no political party, and was engaged in the defence of no theory or interest. For many years he had been studying painfully the mystery of human life, wholly and solely that he might arrive at some kind of truth about it and understand his own duty. He had no belief in the virtue of special 'Constitutions.' He was neither Tory, nor Whig, nor Radical, nor Socialist, nor any other 'ist.' He had stripped himself of 'Formulas' 'as a Nessus shirt,' and flung them fiercely away from him, finding 'Formulas' in these days to be mostly 'lies agreed to be believed.' In the record of God's law, as he had been able to read it, he had found no commendation of 'symbols of faith,' of church organisation, or methods of government. He wrote, as he said to Sterling, 'in the character of a man' only; and of a man without

earthly objects, without earthly prospects, who had been sternly handled by fate and circumstances, and was left alone with the elements, as Prometheus on the rock of Caucasus. Struggling thus in pain and sorrow, he desired to tell the modern world that, destitute as it and its affairs appeared to be of Divine guidance, God or justice was still in the middle of it, sternly inexorable as ever; that modern nations were as entirely governed by God's law as the Israelites had been in Palestine—laws self-acting and inflicting their own penalties, if man neglected or defied them. And these laws were substantially the same as those on the Tables delivered in thunder on Mount Sinai. You shall reverence your Almighty Maker. You shall speak truth. You shall do justice to your fellow-man. If you set truth aside for conventional and convenient lies; if you prefer your own pleasure, your own will, your own ambition, to purity and manliness and justice, and submission to your Maker's commands, then are whirlwinds still provided in the constitution of things which will blow you to atoms. Philistines, Assyrians, Babylonians, were the whips which were provided for the Israelites. Germans and Huns swept away the Roman sensualists. Modern society, though out of fear of barbarian conquerors, breeds in its own heart the instruments of its punishment. The hungry and injured millions will rise up and bring to justice their guilty rulers, themselves little better than those whom they throw down, themselves powerless to rebuild out of the ruins any abiding city; but powerful to destroy, powerful to dash in pieces the corrupt institutions which have been the shelter and the instrument of oppression.

And Carlyle *believed* this—believed it singly and simply as Isaiah believed it, not as a mode of speech to be used in pulpits by eloquent preachers, but as actual literal fact, as a real account of the true living relations between man and his Maker. The established forms, creeds, liturgies,

articles of faith, were but as the shell round the kernel. The shell in these days of ours had rotted away, and men supposed that, because the shell was gone, the entire conception had been but a dream. It was no dream. The kernel could not rot. It was the vital force by which human existence in this planet was controlled, and would be controlled to the end.

In this conviction he wrote his spectral 'History of the French Revolution.' Spectral, for the actors in it appear without their earthly clothes: men and women in their natural characters, but as in some vast phantasmagoria, with the supernatural shining through them, working in fancy their own wills or their own imagination; in reality, the mere instruments of a superior power, infernal or divine, whose awful presence is felt while it is unseen.

To give form to his conception, Carlyle possessed all the qualities of a supreme dramatic poet, except command of metre. He has indeed a metre, or rather a melody, of his own. The style which troubled others, and troubled himself when he thought about it, was perhaps the best possible to convey thoughts which were often like the spurting of volcanic fire; but it was inharmonious, rough-hewn, and savage. It may be said, too, that he had no 'invention.' But he refused to allow that any real poet had ever 'invented.' The poet had to represent truths, not *lies*, or the polite form of lies called fiction. Homer, Dante, believed themselves to be describing real persons and real things. Carlyle 'created' nothing; but with a real subject before him he was the greatest of historical painters. He took all pains first to obtain an authentic account of the facts. Then, with a few sharp lines, he could describe face, figure, character, action, with a complete insight never rivalled except by Tacitus, and with a certain sympathy, a perennial flashing of humour, of which Tacitus has none. He produces a gallery of human por-

traits each so distinctly drawn, that whenever studied it can never be forgotten. He possessed besides another quality, the rarest of all, and the most precious, an inflexible love of truth. It was first a moral principle with him; but he had also an intellectual curiosity to know everything exactly as it was. Independently of moral objections to lies, Carlyle always held that the fact, if you knew it, was more interesting than the most picturesque of fictions, and thus his historical workmanship is sound to the core. He spared himself no trouble in investigating; and all his effort was to delineate accurately what he had found. Dig where you will in Carlyle's writings, you never come to water. Politicians have complained that Carlyle shows no insight into constitutional principles, that he writes as if he were contemptuous of them or indifferent to them. Revolutionists have complained of his scorn of Robespierre, and of his tenderness to Marie Antoinette. Catholics find Holy Church spoken of without sufficient respect, and Tories find kings and nobles stripped of their fine clothes and treated as vulgar clay. But Constitutions had no place in Carlyle's Decalogue. He did not find it written there that one form of government is in itself better than another. He held with Pope:—

> For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

His sympathies were with purity, justice, truthfulness, manly courage, on whichever side he found them. His scorn was for personal cowardice, or cant, or hollow places of any kind in the character of men; and when nations are split into parties, wisdom or folly, virtue or vice, is not the exclusive property of one or the other.

A book written from such a point of view had no 'public' prepared for it. When it appeared, partisans on both sides were offended; and to the reading multitude who

wish merely to be amused without the trouble of thinking, it had no attraction till they learned its merits from others. But to the chosen few, to those who had eyes of their own to see with, and manliness enough to recognise when a living man was speaking to them, to those who had real intellect, and could therefore acknowledge intellect and welcome it whether they agreed or not with the writer's opinions, the high quality of the 'French Revolution' became apparent instantly, and Carlyle was at once looked up to, by some who themselves were looked up to by the world, as a man of extraordinary gifts; perhaps as the highest among them all. Dickens carried a copy of it with him wherever he went. Southey read it six times over. Thackeray reviewed it enthusiastically. Even Jeffrey generously admitted that Carlyle had succeeded upon lines on which he had himself foretold inevitable failure. The orthodox political philosophers, Macaulay, Hallam, Brougham, though they perceived that Carlyle's views were the condemnation of their own, though they felt instinctively that he was their most dangerous enemy, yet could not any longer despise him. They with the rest were obliged to admit that there had arisen a new star, of baleful perhaps and ominous aspect, but a star of the first magnitude in English literature.

But six months had still to pass before the book could be published, and I am anticipating. Carlyle had been so long inured to disappointment, that he expected nothing from the world but continued indifference. His only anxiety was to be done with the thing, and it had still to be printed and corrected. The economical crisis had been postponed. Life could be protracted at Cheyne Row for another six months on the proceeds of 'Mirabeau' and the 'Diamond Necklace,' and he wrote in fair spirits to his mother, enclosing a printed page from a proof sheet.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Jan. 22, 1837.

The book is actually done; all written to the last line; and now, after much higgling and maffling, the printers have got fairly afloat, and we are to go on with the wind and the sea. There is still a good deal of constant business for me in correcting the press—as much as I can do, we will hope, for they are to print with all the rapidity they are capable of; and I make a good many improvements as we go on, especially in the first volume. It will be six weeks yet, and then the book will be about ready. Take this scrap of print meanwhile as a good omen, like the leaf that Noah's dove brought in the bill of it. I have had a very sore wrestle for two years and a half, but it is over, you see, and the thing is there. I finished on Friday gone a week, really with a feeling of thankfulness, of *waeness* and great gladness. I could have *grat*, but did not. Jane treated me to a bread-pudding next day, which bread-pudding I consumed with an appetite got by walking far and wide, I dare say about twenty miles over this 'large and populous city.' My health is really better than anybody could expect. The foundations of this lean frame of mine must be as tough as wire. If I were rested a little, I shall forget the whole thing, and have a degree of freedom and a lightness of heart unknown to me for a long while.

As to the reception the book is like to meet with, I judge that there will be ten enemies of it for one friend; but also that it will find friends by-and-by; in fine, that, as brave old Johnson said, 'useful diligence will at last prevail.' It is not altogether a bad book. For one thing I consider it to be the sincerest book this nation has got offered to it for a good few years, or is like to get for a good few. And so I say to them: 'Good Christian people, there it is. Shriek over it, since ye will not shout over it. Trample it and kick it, and use it all ways ye judge best. If ye can kill it and extinguish it, then in God's name do. If ye cannot, why then ye will not. My share in it is done.' That is the thing I propose to say within my own mind. One infallible truth, precious for us all, is that I am *shot* of it, and you are shot of it.

Printing a book is like varnishing a picture. Faults and merits both become more conspicuous. Carlyle, who was hard to please with his own work, and had called it

worth nothing while in progress, found it in the proofs better than he expected.

It is a book (he said of it again) that makes no complaint about itself, but steps out in a quite peaceable manner, hoping nothing, fearing nothing. Indeed I never knew, till looking at it this second time, what a burly *torque* of a thing it was: a perfect oak clog, which all the hammers in the world will make no impression on. Of human things it is perhaps likest a kind of civilised Andrew Bishop, the old crier of ballads; the same invincible breadth of body, a shaggy smile on its face, and a depth of voice equal to that of Andrew. Many a man will find it a hard nut to crack; but it is they that will have to crack it, not I any more.

He made no foul copy of this or of anything that he wrote in these early days. The sentences completed themselves in his head before he threw them upon paper, and only verbal alterations were afterwards necessary; but he omitted many things in his proof sheets, redivided his books and chapters, and sharpened the lights and shadows.

To John Carlyle, Rome.

Chelsea: Feb. 17, 1837.

We are got near the hot work of the taking of the Bastille. I call each chapter that was, a book, and have subdivided all these into chapters. The longest list of chapters as yet is *ten*, the shortest *four*. Each chapter has a brief (briefest) title, generally with something of the epigrammatic character in it. Each book, too, has a title, and each volume. The list of these will be the table of contents, without other index or appendage. The notes are merely references. I do not add anything beyond the text. On the other hand I am really conscientious in cutting out. You will be delighted to miss not a few of your old friends. I have divided many a paragraph, many a sentence; and so with chaptering too; have let in a great deal of daylight (of blank, at least) into it; and on the whole it seems to me incredibly improved. I find on a general view that the book is one of the *savagest* written for several centuries. It is a book written by a *wild man*, a man disunited from the fellowship of the world he lives in, looking king and beggar in the face with an indifference of brotherhood and an indifference of contempt. That is really very extraordinary in a respect-

able country. The critic of a respectable nature cannot but be loud, *falls er nicht schweigt* (unless he says nothing), which really I shall be well content that he do. But I think he will not. In that case I will grant him free scope. There is no word in his belly harder than the words it utters, by implication or directly, about him and his . . . A wild man—pray God it be *a man*, and then buff away, smite and spare not. The thing you can kill, I say always, deserves not to live. On the whole I think it is not Naught, and have it there as a thing done by me. The critics are welcome to lay on. There is a kind of Orson life in it which they will not kill.

Meantime the economic problem, though postponed, was still unsolved. The book was finished, but no money could be expected from it, at least for a considerable time; and, unless something could be done, it was likely that London, and perhaps England, would lose Carlyle just at the moment when they were learning the nature of the man to whom they were refusing ordinary maintenance. His circumstances were no secret. His friends were doubtless aware that he had been invited to lecture in America. A large number of persons, more or less influential, knew vaguely that he was a remarkable man, and some of them cast about for means to prevent such a scandal. One of the most anxious and active, be it recorded to her honour, was Harriet Martineau. This lady had introduced herself into Cheyne Row in the preceding November, as Carlyle had informed his mother.

Two or three days ago (he wrote) there came to call on us a Miss Martineau, whom you have perhaps often heard of in the 'Examiner.'[1] A hideous portrait was given of her in 'Fraser' one month. She is a notable literary woman of her day, has been travelling in America these two years, and is now come home to write a book about it. She pleased us far beyond expectation. She is very intelligent-looking, really of pleasant countenance, was full of talk, though unhappily deaf almost as a post, so that

[1] The 'Examiner' was sent regularly to Carlyle, and by him forwarded to Scotsbrig.

you have to speak to her through an ear-trumpet. She must be some five-and-thirty. As she professes very 'favourable sentiments' towards this side of the street, I mean to cultivate the acquaintance a little.

To Miss Martineau, to Miss Wilson, another accomplished lady friend, and to several more, it occurred that if Carlyle could be wanted to lecture in Boston, he might equally well lecture in London. If he could speak as well in public as he could talk in private, he could not fail of success; and money, a little, but enough, might be realised in this way. The Royal Institution was first thought of, but the pay at the Royal Institution was small, and the list, besides, was full for the year. The bold ladies turned their disappointment to better advantage. Carlyle gave a grumbling consent. They canvassed their acquaintance. They found two hundred persons ready each to subscribe a guinea to hear a course of lectures from him in a room engaged for himself only. The 'French Revolution' was not to appear till the summer. That so many lords and ladies and other notabilities should have given their names for such a purpose implies that Carlyle's earlier writings had already made an impression. London society loves novelties, but it expects that the novelties shall be entertaining, and does not go into a thing of this kind entirely on hazard. Carlyle was spared all trouble. All that he had to do was to prepare something to say; and Willis's Rooms were engaged for him, the lectures to begin on May 1. He shuddered, for he hated display, but he felt that he must not reject an opening so opportunely made for him. He had no leisure for any special study, but he was full of knowledge of a thousand kinds. He chose the subject which came most conveniently for him, since he had worked so hard upon it at Craigenputtock—German literature. There were to be six lectures in all. A prospectus was drawn up and printed, intimating that

on such and such days Thomas Carlyle would deliver addresses—

1. On the Teutonic People, the German Language, Ulfilas, the Northern Immigration, and the Niebelungen Lied.

2. On the Minnesinger, Tauler, Reineke Fuchs, the Legend of Faust, the Reformation, Luther, Ulrich von Hutten.

3. On the Master Singers, Hans Sachs, Jacob Böhme, Decay of German Literature, Anton Ulrich Duke of Brunswick, Opitz, Leibnitz.

4. On the Resuscitation of German Literature, Lessing, Klopstock, Gellert, Lavater, Efflorescence of German Literature, Werther, Goetz.

5. On the Characteristics of New-German Literature, Growth and Decay of Opinion, Faust, Philosophy, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Art and Belief, Goethe.

6. On the Drama, Schiller: Pseudo-Drama, Klinger, Kotzebue, Werner: Romance, Tieck, Novalis, Pseudo-Romance, Hoffmann: Poetry and German Literature, Herder, Wieland, the Schlegels, Jean Paul: Results, Anticipations.

A copious bill of fare! A more experienced hand would have spread the subjects of any one of these lectures into the necessary six, watering them duly to the palate of fashionable audiences. But Carlyle, if he undertook anything, chose to do it in a way that he could think of without shame. He was sulky and even alarmed, for he did not intend to *read*. He had undertaken to *speak*, and speak he would, or else fail altogether.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: March 21.

The grand news of all. I am to lecture on German literature in May next. *Ach Gott!* It makes my heart tremble when I think of it; but it is to be done. The Royal Institution having failed,

the Wilsons (it was Miss Wilson, mainly) determined that we would get an audience of our own, and a Willis's Rooms of our own. So they have tickets printed, and a book open at Saunders and Ottley's; and the Marchioness of Lansdowne and honourable women have their names down, and prospectuses circulate; and on the whole, on Monday, May 1, from 3 to 4 o'clock, and five lectures after that, two each week, I am to commence and speak. Heaven knows what I shall say. There will not, with those dilatory printers, be a single moment devotable rightly to preparation. I feel as if I were to be flung overboard and bid swim or drown. On the whole, however, it is best. I have long wished to try that thing, and now it is to be tried. Nay, I am sure farther I can succeed in it with a fair chance. Courage! Swim or drown. . . . This year we are in will probably settle something as to me. I seem as if I were going to make what a servant of ours called 'an *explosure* in the Kent Road, ma'am.' I am driven not to care two straws whether or not. Fortune has had me *aux abois* for a good while, and I have looked defiance in the teeth of her. The longer I live, fame seems to me a more wretched '*Kimmera*,' really and truly a thing to be shied of if it came. I think of Rousseau's case sometimes, and pray God I might be enabled to break whinstone rather, or cut peats, and maintain an unfevered heart. God keep us all, I pray again, from the madness of popularity. I never knew one whom it did not injure. I have known strong men whom it killed.

The mother, of course, had to be informed.

I am to lecture (he wrote to her), actually and bodily to make my appearance. They are gathering an audience of Marchionesses, Ambassadors, ah me! and what not: all going like a house on fire. The comfort is that I know something about the subject, and have a tongue in my head; one way or another doubtless I shall come through.

There was additional anxiety. Mrs. Carlyle in the cold spring weather had caught an influenza, and was seriously ill again.

She has lain there six days (the same letter continued) in great distress, with very little, sometimes with no sleep, coughing considerably. My poor Goody! We have a doctor, a skilful sort of man, I think, the Sterlings' doctor. He looks grave about it, says

that at present there is no alarm, but that we must take care. You can fancy me sitting up to the neck in books and papers, and hearing the sore cough on the other side of the wall. I have sent for Mrs. Welsh, or rather I have told her to be getting ready. She will probably come very soon. It is a great blessing that my own health holds out so well.

The alarm about Mrs. Carlyle passed off; a change of weather carried away the influenza; Mrs. Welsh came up, and was most welcome, though the occasion of the summons was gone. All thoughts in Cheyne Row were now directed to the lectures. Carlyle had never spoken in public, save a few words once at a dinner at Dumfries. With all his self-assertion he was naturally a shy man, and only those who are either perfectly un-selfconscious or perfectly impudent can look without alarm to a first appearance on a platform. As the appointed day approached there was a good deal of anxiety among his friends. Men of high sincerity seldom speak well. It is an art to which they do not incline, being careful about truth, and knowing how difficult it is to adhere to truth in rapid and excited delivery. With skill and training even a sincere man can speak tolerably without telling many lies; but he is weighted heavily against competitors who care for nothing but effect. Carlyle, quoting Goethe, compared speech-making to swimming. It is more like skating. When a man stands on skates upon ice for the first time, his feet seem to have no hold under him; he feels that if he stirs he will fall; he does fall; the spectators laugh; he is ashamed and angry at himself; he plunges off somehow, and finds soon that if he is not afraid he can at least go forward. This much the sincere man arrives at on the platform without extraordinary difficulty; and if he has any truth to utter he can contrive to utter it, so that wise hearers will understand him. The curving and winding, the graceful sweeps this way and that way in endless con-

volutions, he leaves to the oratorical expert, with whom he has no desire to put himself in competition.

I lie quiet (Carlyle wrote to his mother three days before the exhibition), and have the greatest appetite in the world to do nothing at all. On Monday at three o'clock comes my first lecture, but I mean to take it as coolly as possible. It is neither death nor men's lives, whether I speak well or speak ill or do nothing but gasp. One of my friends was enquiring about it lately. I told him some days ago I could speak abundantly and cared nothing about it. At other times I felt as if, when the Monday came, the natural speech for me would be this: 'Good Christians, it has become entirely impossible for me to talk to you about German or any literature or terrestrial thing; one request only I have to make, that you would be kind enough to cover me under a tub for the next six weeks and to go your ways with all my blessing.' This were a result well worth remarking; but it is not likely to be this. On the whole, dear mother, fear nothing. One great blessing is that in three weeks it must be done one way or another. It will be over then, and all well.

Nobody could feel assured that something strange might not happen. One acquaintance was afraid he would spoil all by beginning with 'Gentlemen and ladies,' putting the ladies last. It was more likely, his wife said, that he would begin with 'Men and women,' or with 'Fool creatures come hither for diversion.'

In point of fact, Carlyle acted like himself—not like other people, for that he could not do. He had the usual difficulties. Even when he was at ease, his speech, if he was in earnest, was not smooth and flowing, but turbid like a river in a flood. In the lecture-room he had the invariable preliminary fear of breaking down. He had to pause often before words would come, for he was scrupulous to say nothing which he did not mean. When he became excited, he spoke with a broad Annandale accent and with the abrupt manners which he had learnt in his father's house. But the end of it was that the lectures were excellent in themselves and delivered with strange

impressiveness. Though unpolished, he was a gentleman in every fibre of him, never to be mistaken for anything else; and the final effect was the same as that which was produced by his writings, that here was a new man with something singular to say which well deserved attention. Of the first lecture Carlyle writes:—

> There was plenty of incondite stuff, and a furious determination on the poor lecturer's part not to break down. I pitied myself, so agitated, terrified, driven desperate and furious; but I found I had no remedy, necessity compelling.

When all was over, he sent a full account to his brother.

To John Carlyle, Rome.

Chelsea: May 30, 1837.

As to the lectures the thing went off not without effect, and I have great cause to be thankful I am so handsomely quit of it. The audience, composed of mere quality and notabilities, was very humane to me. They seemed indeed to be not a little astonished at the wild Annandale voice which occasionally grew high and earnest. In these cases they sate as still under me as stones. I had, I think, two hundred and odd. The pecuniary net result is 135*l.*, the expenses being great; but the ulterior issues may be less inconsiderable. It seems possible I may get into a kind of way of lecturing, or otherwise speaking direct to my fellow-creatures, and so get delivered out of this awful quagmire of difficulties in which you have so long seen me struggle and wriggle. Heaven be thanked that it is done this time so tolerably, and we here still alive. I hardly ever in my life had such a moment as that of the commencement when you were thinking of me at Rome. My printers had only ceased the day before. I was wasted and fretted to a thread. My tongue, let me drink as I would, continued dry as charcoal. The people were there; I was obliged to tumble in and start. *Ach Gott!* But it was got through, and so here we are. Our mother was *black-baised*, though I had written to her to be only *white-baised*. But she read the notice in the 'Times,' and 'wept,' she tells me, and again read it. Jane went to the last four lectures and did not faint.

And now I am delving in the garden to compose myself, and meaning to have things leisurely settled up here, and then start

for Scotland. I should much approve of your scheme of our going all in a body. Indeed I have tried it every way, but it will not do. Quiet observation forces on me the conclusion that Jane and her mother *cannot* live together. Very sad and miserable, you will say. Truly, but so it is; and I am further bound to say that the chief blame does verily not lie at our side of the house. Nay, who would be in haste to lay any blame anywhere? But poor Mrs. Welsh, with literally the best intentions, is a person you cannot live with peaceably on any other terms I could ever discover than those of disregarding altogether the whims, emotions, caprices, and conclusions she takes up chameleonlike by the thousand daily. She and I do very well together on these terms: at least I do. But Jane and she cannot live so. Mrs. Welsh seems to think of going off home in a short time. Jane prefers being left here, and thinks that she could even do better without the perpetual pouting and fretting she is tried with.

My own health is not fundamentally hurt. Rest will cure me. I must be a toughish kind of a lath after all; for my life here these three years has been sore and stern, almost frightful; nothing but eternity beyond it, in which seemed any peace. Perhaps better days are now beginning. God be thanked we can still do without such; still and always if so it be. . . . I grow better daily; I delve, as you heard; I walk much, generally alone through the lanes and parks; I have lived much alone for a long time, refusing to go anywhere; finding no pleasure in going anywhere or speaking with anyone.

Mrs. Carlyle was allowed to read this letter with the remarks on her mother, for she adds a P.S.

I do not find that my husband has given you any adequate notion of the success of his lectures; but you will make large allowance for the known modesty of the man. Nothing that he has ever tried seems to me to have carried such conviction to the public heart that he is a real man of genius, and worth being kept alive at a moderate rate. Lecturing were surely an easier profession than authorship. We shall see. My cough is quite gone, and there is no consumption about me at present. I expect to grow strong, now that he has nothing more to worry him.

Miss Wilson and Miss Martineau had done well for Carlyle with their lecture adventure. They had brought

him directly under the public eye at an important moment of his life; but far more than that, they had solved the problem whether it was possible for him to continue in London and follow his trade. 135*l.*, to the modest household in Cheyne Row, was not only, as Carlyle called it, 'financial safety' for a year to come, but it was wealth and luxury. Another course had been promised for the season following, the profits of which could hardly be less, and with a safe income of 150*l.* a year the thrifty pair would feel superior to fortune. At all events the heavy veil on the future had now lifted. There would be no more talk of the American backwoods, or of a walk over Europe like Teufelsdröckh. No 'roup' need be feared in Cheyne Row, or even such pinch of penury as had been already experienced there. Life and labor were now made possible on honest terms, and literary recognition, if it was to come at all, could be waited for without starvation. It was as if some cursed enchanter's spell had been broken. How the fetters had galled, Carlyle hardly knew till he began to stretch his limbs in freedom. The 'French Revolution' was published immediately afterwards. It was not 'subscribed for' among the booksellers. The author's name was unknown to most of them, and the rest had no belief in him. The book itself, style and matter, was so new, so unlike anything that had ever been seen before, that the few who read it knew not what to say or think. The reviewers were puzzled. Such a fabric could not be appraised at once like a specimen from a familiar loom. The sale at first was slow, almost nothing; but Carlyle was not dissatisfied with the few opinions which reached him. 'Some,' he said, 'condemn me, as is very natural, for affectation; others are hearty, even passionate [as Mill], in their estimation; on the whole, it strikes me as not unlikely that the book may take some hold of the English people, and do them and itself a little good.'

One letter especially pleased him. 'Jeffrey,' he said, writes to me full of good augury, of praise and blame, and how I shall infallibly be much praised and much blamed, and, on the whole, carry my point: really a kind hearty letter from the little man.' This was well enough, but months would pass before anything could be gathered like a general verdict; and Carlyle, after the long strain, was sinking into lassitude.

To John Sterling.

Chelsea: June 7, 1837.

Reviews and magazines, and the other Egyptian plagues of what is called literature, do in these days fill me with a kind of sacred horror, equal at least to the plague of frogs; intrusive into your very bread-oven. Seriously, however, I am heartily glad to know that you are writing, publishing in this vehicle or the other. One must take such vehicles as there are. Lay thy manna on the dog's-meat tray, since there is no other, and let the hawker hawk it among his quadrupeds. If by chance a biped pass that way, he will snatch it and appropriate it, thou knowest not how. . . . Verily, this whole world grows magical and hyper-magical to me: death written on all, yet everlasting life also written on all. How Homers, and Mahomets, and Bulwers, and snuffy Socinian preachers, and all people and things that sojourned on earth, go marching, marching, towards the Inane, till, as your boys say, Flop! they are not. I have done nothing of late but dig earth and brick rubbish in this little garden so called, and walk solitary in the lanes, avoiding rather than seeking the face of man. Very spectral I am every way.

Your father and I go along very lovingly, with a certain broadside of logic now and then, each to show the other that he does carry gunpowder. Smoke over the masthead on these occasions; but it seems to purify the air between us, and then we sail along in the sweetest manner, gentle as babes in the wood.

I met Maurice in the Strand yesterday. He is growing broader, thicker, and gets a clerical air. I know not why I should not wish him clerical as an English clergyman, yet I never do. His vehement earnestness in twisting such a rope of sand as I reckon that to be, occasions me at times a certain misgiving—written very legible to my eyes stands the doom of that thing.

I cannot say a word to you of the book or of the lectures, except that by the unspeakable blessing of Heaven they are finished. My hearers were mixtiform dandiacal of both sexes, Dryasdustical (Hallam, &c.), ingenuous, ingenious, and grew, on the whole, more and more silent. As to the book, I rather avoid hearing about it; what clash there may be about it, of lamentation, admonition. The style! oh the style!!

You announce that you are rather quitting philosophy and theology—I predict that you will quit them more and more. I give it you as my decided prognosis that the two provinces in question are become Theorem, brain-web and shadow, wherein no earnest soul can find solidity for itself. Shadow, I say; yet the shadow projected from an everlasting reality that is within ourselves. Quit the shadow, seek the reality.

Mill is in better health, still not in good. The set of people he is in, is one that I have to keep out of. No class of mortals ever profited me less. There is a vociferous platitude in them, a mangy hungry discontent; their very joy like that of a thing scratching itself under disease of the itch. Mill was infinitely too good for them; but he would have it, and his fate would. I love him much as a friend frozen in ice for me.[1]

A few days after the date of this letter, Carlyle fled to Scotland fairly broken down. He had fought and won his long battle. The reaction had come, and his strangely organised nervous system was shattered. He went by sea from Liverpool to Annan. His brother Alick had come to meet him at Annan pier, and together they walked up to Ecclefechan. The view from the road across the Solway to the Cumberland mountains is one of the most beautiful in the island. The brother having some business in a cottage, Carlyle was left alone leaning on a milestone and looking back on the scene. 'Tartarus itself,' he says, 'and the pale kingdoms of Dis, could not have been more preternatural to me—most stern, gloomy, sad, grand yet terrible, yet steeped in woe.' The spot had been familiar to him from childhood. The impression was not

[1] The last two paragraphs are taken from another letter to Sterling, and are added here for brevity.

a momentary emotion, but abode with him for many years. Let not the impatient reader call it affectation or exaggeration. If he does, he will know nothing of Carlyle. These spectral visions were part of his nature, and always haunted him when his mind had been overstrained. He stayed at Scotsbrig two months, wholly idle, reading novels, smoking pipes in the garden with his mother, hearing notices of his book from a distance, but not looking for them or caring about them. 'The weather,' he says in a letter, 'after a long miserable spring, is the beautifullest I ever saw. The trees wave peaceful music in front of my window, which is shoved up to the very top. Mother is washing in the kitchen to my left. The sound of Jamie building his peat-stack is audible, and they are storing potatoes down below. . . . My soul's one wish is to be left alone, to hear the rustle of the trees, the music of the burn, and lie vacant, as ugly and stupid as I like. There is soothing and healing for me in the green solitude of these simple places. I bless myself that the broiling horror of London is far away. A favourable review in the "Chronicle;" a favourable review in the "London and Westminster," &c., &c.—no one of these have I yet set eyes on. I find it at bottom hurtful to look after the like—one has a prurient titillability of that kind extremely despicable, which it is better wholly to steer clear of.'

A very beautiful letter follows, to Sterling.

To John Sterling.

Scotsbrig: July 28, 1837.

There is no idler, sadder, quieter, more *ghostlike* man in the world even now than I. Most weary, flat, stale, seem to me all the electioneerings, and screechings, and jibberings, that the earth is filled with, in these, or indeed in any days. Men's very sorrows, and the tears one's heart weeps when the eye is dry, what is in that either? In an hour, will not death make it all still again? Nevertheless the old brook—Middlebie Burn we call it—still leaps into

its '*caudron*' here, gushes clear as crystal through the chasms and dingles of its '*Linn*,' singing me a song with slight variations of score these several thousand years—a song better for me than Pasta's! I look on the sapphire of St. Bees head and the Solway mirror from the gable window. I ride to the top of Blaweery, and see all round from Ettrick Pen to Helvellyn, from Tyndale and Northumberland to Cairnsmuir and Ayrshire. *Voir c'est avoir.* A brave old earth after all, in which, as above said, I am content to acquiesce without quarrel, and, at lowest, hold my peace. One night, late, I rode through the village where I was born. The old kirkyard tree, a huge old gnarled ash, was nestling itself softly against the great twilight in the north. A star or two looked out, and the old graves were all there, and my father and my sister; and God was above us all.'

To his wife he wrote regularly, but in a tone somewhat constrained.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: July 22, 1837.

Many thanks, my dear Bairn, for thy two long lively letters, the faithful reflex of that cockney-land phantasmagory, all glittering and whirling with changeful sights and sounds, from opera soirées to madhouse cells, in which, however, this one satisfactory fact evinces itself, that my poor Jeannie is tolerably well in it, and enjoys herself a little there. *Suave mari magno.* I, sitting here on the safe brink, have not had two gladder hours than thy two franks gave me. It is a pity, and perhaps not a pity, that so lively a pen did not turn itself to writing of books. My *cogitor*, too, might become a distinguished female. Nay, after all, who knows? But perhaps we are better as we are, 'probably just as well.' I know not why, did pure Utilitarian intellect rule us, I should write a letter to-day. A newspaper, and two strokes to indicate from the bottom of my ditch that nothing is wrong with me, and a third, if that were at any time needful, to indicate that I do with my whole soul wish you well—this really is the amount of all that, with quires of paper, I could write. I am doing nothing: witnessing nothing. My stupidity is great, my sadness, my tranquillity. Nothing more ghostlike diversifies anywhere the green surface of July in this world. But yet if to anybody on earth, then surely to thee, its partner of good and evil, does the poor worn-out soul of me turn. I will clatter and croak with thee for

an hour. They say I am growing better, looking better. I do believe it is a kind of road towards betterness that I am travelling. This is the sum of all my news. Very generally the history of my day is somewhat thus: Breakfast shortly after such hour as I awake at, any time from seven till nine; shaving, dawdling, reading, smoking, till dinner about two or three; a ride on a little violent walking pony of Jamie's, oftenest to the top of Blaweery, where I have the benefit of total solitude, and a prospect of wide miles of sea and air; then tea, succeeded again by dawdling, smoking, reading, and clatter, till porridge come, and eleven o'clock and sleep. No man need do less. I cannot be said to think of anything. I merely look and drowsily muse. When tide and weather serve, I ride down to bathe. Alick or Mary gets me up some victual, I smoke a pipe, and amble home again.

Spenser's knight, sorely wounded in his fight with the dragon, fell back under the enchanted tree whence

> flowed, as from a well,
> A trickling stream of balm most sovereign.
> Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
> And deadly wounds could heal, and rear again
> The senseless corse appointed for the grave.
> Into that same he fell which did from death him save.

What that tree was to the bleeding warrior, the poor Annadale farmhouse, its quiet innocence, and the affectionate kindred there, proved then as always to Carlyle, for he too had been fighting dragons and been heavily beaten upon. One more letter may be given, which explains the tone in which he had written to Chelsea.

To John Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: August 12.

Our good mother keeps very well here. She and I have been out once or twice for two hours, helping Jamie with his hay. She is 'waul as an eel' while working. She cooks our little meal which we eat peaceably together. She mends clothes, bakes scons, is very fond of newspapers, especially Radical ones, and stands up for the rights of man. She has toiled on into near the end of the second volume of the 'French Revolution,' not without consider-

able understanding of it, though the French names are a sad clog. She will make it out pretty completely by-and-by.

Jane represents herself as better than she was, but far enough from well. I do not at all like the state she is in, but I cannot alter it. I try always to hope it will alter. She writes in great spirits; but there is no fund of real cheerfulness. There is not even a serious melancholy visible. My poor Jane!

Cavaignac is angry with me for my treatment of the Sea-green man[1] and *impartialité* generally. I take no side in the matter. How very singular! As to the success of the book I know almost nothing, but suppose it to be considerably greater than I expected. I understand there have been many reviews of a very mixed character. I got one in the 'Times' last week. The writer is one Thackeray, a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent, who is now writing for his life in London. I have seen him at the Bullers' and at Sterling's. His article is rather like him, and I suppose calculated to do the book good.

[1] Robespierre.

CHAPTER V.

A.D. 1837–8. ÆT. 42–43.

Effects of the book—Change in Carlyle's position—Thoughts on the cholera—Article on Sir Walter Scott—Proposals for a collection of miscellanies—Lord Monteagle—The great world—T. Erskine—Literature as a profession—Miss Martineau—Popularity—Second course of lectures—Financial results—Increasing fame.

AUTUMN, as usual, brought back the migratory London flocks, and among them Carlyle. He found his wife better in health, delighted to have him again at her side, and in lightened humour altogether. She knew, though he, so little vain was he, had failed as yet to understand it, that he had returned to a changed position, that he was no longer lonely and neglected, but had taken his natural place among the great writers of his day. Popular he might not be. Popularity with the multitude he had to wait for many a year; but he was acknowledged by all whose judgment carried weight with it to have become actually what Goethe had long ago foretold that he would be—a new moral force in Europe, the extent of which could not be foreseen, but must be great and might be immeasurable. He was still poor, wretchedly poor according to the modern standard. But the Carlyles did not think about standards, and on that score had no more anxieties. He had no work on hand or immediate desire for any. He was able to tell his brother John that, 'having no book to write in the coming year, he would

not feel so fretted and would fret no one else: there would be a cheerfuller household than of old.' An article on Sir Walter Scott had been promised to Mill, and a subject had to be thought of for the next Spring's lectures. Both of these would be easy tasks. Meanwhile, he discovered that his wife was right. 'He was to be considered as a kind of successful man. The poor book had done him real service in truth, had been abundantly reviewed and talked about and belauded; neither, apparently, had it yet done.' He sent to Scotsbrig cheery accounts of himself. 'I find John Sterling here,' he said, 'and many friends, all kinder each than the other to me. With talk and locomotion the days pass cheerfully till I rest and gird myself together again. They make a great talk about the book, which seems to have succeeded in a far higher degree than I looked for. Everybody is astonished at every other body's being pleased with this wonderful performance.'

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: October 9, 1837.

People all say, 'How much better you look!' The grand improvement I trace is that of being far calmer than I was, the immense fuff having subsided into composure. . . . I have seen most of my friends that are here. All people are very good to me. Doubt not, dear mother, I shall be able to do better now, have a far better chance. My book has been abundantly reviewed, praised, and discussed. Fraser also tells me it is steadfastly making way. Also I must mention a strange half-daft Edinburgh gentleman that called here last week to congratulate. He however went upon the old article 'Characteristics,' and *illustrified* us at a great rate; an elder of the Kirk, brimful of religion, a very queer man indeed. At bottom I fancy you, dear mother, apprehensive now that we shall err in the other way, that it will '*tak hal' o' thee, Tom.*' No fear, no fear at all! When one is turned of forty and has almost twenty years of stomach disease to draw upon, there is great safety as to that. A voice from the interior of the liver cries out too sternly 'What's ta use on't?'

In his extremest poverty Carlyle had always contrived his little presents to give his mother comforts which she would never have allowed to herself. Now, feeling himself easy and on the way to what, in his estimate of such things, would be riches, he sent her a more generous offering. 'And what *picture* is this, dear mother?' he said, enclosing a bank note. 'It is to buy you a little keg of ale, and some warm things through the winter. The money I gave you last you gave wholly away again, or almost wholly. It is a thing totally absurd. I beg you to accept this, and I insist upon it; and write me, when you next take up the pen, not useless speech, but an account of all the warm clothings and furnishings Jenny[1] and you have laid in by my order.' Then, as always, Carlyle's generosity was in an 'inverse ratio' to his means. His expenditure on himself was to the last thrifty, even to parsimony, while he scarcely seemed to know what he gave away to others.

John Carlyle, not finding sufficient occupation in attending on Lady Clare, was practising as a physician at Rome on his own account. The cholera had broken out there, and he was giving his service gratis among the poor. There were universal terror, selfishness, and inhumanity; the Pope and the Monsignori had shown particular cowardice; the inferior priests had been brave and devoted. John had written about all this to Chelsea.

Men are great blockheads (Carlyle answered) and very miserable. Your letter is a true emblem of a country suffering dreadfully by Heaven's visitation, and still more by its own folly and frenzy. We remember well enough how it was in Dumfriesshire, yet with this difference in our favour, that village was not shut against village, and we had only the madness of fear in an isolated inorganic shape. God preserve you, dear brother, in the midst of these perils! As I used to say to myself, 'Are we not at all times near to *death*, separated from us by a mere film?' God will preserve us till our

[1] The youngest sister, still living at Scotsbrig.

days and their work are done. Therefore, at least, we will not live in bondage to the vile tyranny of fear. Expose not yourself without duty to do; but with duty again one will dread no exposure. As for you, you had a distinct call to go and seek your daily bread. Would to Heaven it were well over for you all!

Another interesting letter came about the heroism of the poorer clergy, which led to a long reply.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: November 7, 1837.

Danger of death is something; but the madness of mortals under base panic storming round one is more insupportable than any danger. We had reports last week that cholera was in London too; but the news did not take. Indeed Cockneydom is too busy to yield lightly to panic. Cholera, as I used to tell the gabbling blockheads, holds nothing in it that the pitifullest catarrh, the fall of a roof, the breakdown of a hackney-coach may not hold. Death! That is the utmost the crash of the whole solar and stellar system could bring on us; and to that we have been used for 6,000 years now, or nearly so. For the rest we will honour the Jesuits and other poor priests, and pity the Monsignori and the 'Holiness of our Lord,' to whom the faith of a common Russian soldier does not seem to have been vouchsafed in this instance. But it was so at Dumfries too. Only one clergyman dared enter their horror of a hospital there, and he was an old Roman Catholic. Walter Dunlop carried it at length so far that he ventured on praying through a window, with or without benefit. . . . For myself (he goes on now to speak of other things) there is little to be bragged of, but yet nothing specially to be complained of. I feel a great change in me accomplished and going on; a state of humour in many points new, unnamed, of which in its present state it is above all unpleasant and useless to *speak*. My life is full of sadness, streaked with wild gleamings of a very strange joy, but habitually sad enough. The dead seem as much my companions as the living; death as much present with me as life. The only wise thing I can do is to hold my tongue and see what will come of it. In regard to temporals, I believe if I had these two, health and impudence, I might make great way here; but having neither of them, one sees not so well how it will be; one knows not which may be best. Alas! I trace in myself such a devilish dispo-

sition on many sides, such abysses of self-conceit, disgust, and insatiability, I think many times it were better and safer I were kept always sunk, pinched in the ice of poverty and obscurity till death quietly received me and I were at rest. If you call this hypochondriacal, consider the unutterable discrepancy that lies in these two facts; a man becoming notable as a light or rushlight of his generation, and possessed of resources to serve him three or four months without an outlook beyond. I suppose I shall have to lecture again in spring, God knows on what. No blessing in the world were dearer to me than that of being allowed now to hold my peace for a twelvemonth. If I had wings I would fly to Italy, fly to Saturn, somewhither where I could be let alone. And yet, dear Jack, through all this black weather of sorrow and imbecility there is verily one glance of improvement very generally discernible, the deep settled invincible determination to be at rest. In my saddest moments I say, 'Well, then, we shall go to ruin, to death if thou wilt. But we will not rage about it; we will rest. There will be rest then; I hope, and really almost believe, there is the beginning of a new life for me in this symptom, which is a deep and genuine one.'

His mother need not have been afraid that 'it would tak' hal' o' thee, Tom.' In spite of the 'devilish disposition,' the 'abysses of conceit,' that he spoke of, Carlyle did not mean to be spoilt by becoming notable.

There is nothing I am thankfuller for (he said) than to feel myself pretty well assured that neither the staying out of fame, nor still more the coming of it in any quantity, can at this time do me much mischief. The liveliest image of hell on earth that I can form to myself is that of a poor bladder of a creature, blown up by popular wind, and bound to keep himself blown under pain of torment very severe, and with torment all the while, and the cracking to pieces of all good that was in him. I have looked on this close at hand, and do shudder at it as the sternest doom that can befall a son of Adam. Let me break stones on the highway rather, and be in my own heart at peace. It is this that I reckon to be the great reward of my fierce fight of these later years. I do feel peaceable, and with a peace not dependent on other men or outward things, but on myself. God be thanked for it, and make it grow!

The Journal, which had been silent for almost a year, now begins to speak again.

Journal.

November 15, 1837.—Not a word written here till now. Jane fell sick (to the extent of terrifying me) in the saddest circumstances every way, directly after lecture on German literature, in the first week in May. Horrid misery of that in my then state of nerves! Book out about 1st of June. Jane's mother here. I off to Scotland on the 20th of that month, where I lay like one buried alive till the middle of September, when I returned hither in a kind of dead-alive state, for which there was no name, of which there was no writing. Why chronicle it? The late long effort had really all but killed me; not the writing of the book, but the writing of it amid such sickness, poverty, and despair. The reception of it, everyone says, is good, and *so* good. It may be so; but to me the blessing of blessings is that I am free of it.

Did I not need humbling? Have I not got it? Have I yet got enough of it? That last is the question. I have felt in a general way as if I should like never to write any line more in the world. Literature! Oh Literature! Oh that Literature had never been devised! Then, perhaps, were I a living man, and not a half-dead enchanted spectre-hunted nondescript.

On the whole, however, resting and 'lazily simmering' will no longer do. This day I must begin writing again—article—bad luck to it—on Sir Walter Scott, for Mill's Review. I return, not like a warrior to his battle-field, but like a galley-slave scourged back by the whip of necessity. Surely in a few years I shall either get out of this dreadful state by some alleviation, or else die and sink under it. I feel in general that my only hope is to die. Take up the oar, however, and tug, since it must be so.

The Scott article was written as it appears unaltered in the 'Miscellanies.' Carlyle was not himself pleased with it, and found the task at one moment *disgusting*. He began it with indifference. The 'steam got up,' and he fell into what he called 'the old, sham happy, nervously excited mood too well known to him.' The world was satisfied, and what such a man as Carlyle had deliberately to say about Scott will always be read with interest; but he

evidently did not take to the subject with cordial sympathy. A man so sternly in earnest could never forgive Sir Walter for squandering such splendid gifts on amusing people, and for creating a universal taste for amusement of that description. He did not perhaps improve his humour by reading, while he was writing the paper, the strongest imaginable contrast to the 'Waverley Novels,' Dante's 'Inferno.' He found Dante 'uphill work,' 'but a great and enduring thing.' 'It is worth noting,' he says with a glance at Scott, 'how loth we are to read great works; how much more willingly we cross our legs, back to candles, feet to fire, over some "Pickwick" or lowest trash of that nature. The reason is, we are very indolent, very wearied, and forlorn, and read oftenest chiefly that we may forget ourselves. Consider what popularity in that case must mean.'

Signs appeared, nevertheless, that the public could now find something, either amusement or instruction, or pleasure of some kind, in Carlyle's own writings. The 'French Revolution' had made an alteration in this respect. The publishers spoke to him about reprinting 'Sartor,' about an edition of his collected articles.' The question had become one of terms only, for the risk could be ventured. 'Changed times,' as he half bitterly observed to his mother. 'Fraser sent for me the other day to propose that he should reprint Teufelsdröckh and my review articles collected into volumes. The wind has changed there at any rate. The last time he heard of Teufelsdröckh he shrieked at the very notion. Seriously it is good news this, an infallible sign that the other book prospers—nay, still better, a sign that I shall either now or at some time get a little cash by these poor scattered papers. I have resolved that Fraser, for his old *scream's* sake and for my own sake, shall not have the printing of the volumes without some very respectable sum of money now, and not screams.'

Sterling had gone abroad again for the winter, and with him the correspondence was renewed. He was deeply attached to Sterling, and his letters to him are always characteristic. They had disputed, it seems, about Goethe, Sterling refusing, as it seemed, to see Goethe as Carlyle saw him, and holding to the theory common in England about a great intellect with a depraved heart, &c.

To John Sterling.

Chelsea: December 25, 1837.

Nothing can equal my languor, my silent stagnation. In this state I wrote a long rigmarole on Walter Scott, a thing deserving instant fire-death. No mortal could have less wish to speak a syllable about Scott, or indeed about anything in heaven or in earth, than I then and now. But the will of destiny must be obeyed. My sole wish is that I could get to hold my tongue for twelve months to come. It is a wish and almost a necessity, for which I am occasionally devising schemes.

We will go on hoping—the thing that I used to call 'desperate hope.' Nay, on the whole, I really do always believe that I am on the way towards peace and health, both of body and mind. I go along like a planet Jupiter with his five belts, which are supposed to be five storm-zones full of tempests, rain, and thunder and lightning, Jupiter himself very tranquilly progressing in the middle of them. There! see if you can do the like. Yon clear Phosphorus smiling always in the sun's face, clear Mercury living always in the Sun's arms, and at a temperature, they say, hotter than redhot iron. Such planets, are they not extremely peculiar in the world? . . . As to Goethe, no other man whatever, as I say always, has yet ascertained what Christianity is to us, and what Paganity is, and all manner of other *anities*, and been alive at all points in his own year of grace with the life appropriate to that. This, in brief, is the definition I have always given of the man since I first knew him. The sight of such a man was to me a Gospel of Gospels, and did literally, I believe, save me from destruction outward and inward. We are far parted now, but the memory of him shall be ever blessed to me as that of a deliverer from death. But on the whole—oh John!—what a belief thou hast *in the devil!* I declare myself an entire sceptic in that faith. Was there, is there, or will there be a great intellect ever heard tell of without first a

true and great heart to begin with? Never, if my experience and faith in this God's world have taught me anything at all. Think it not, suspect it not. Worse *blasphemy* I could not readily utter. Nay, look into your own heart, and consider if the devil's name is *darkness*, and that only—*Eigendünkel:* the blackest kind of darkness, and wicked enough for any purpose.

Fear no *seeing* man, therefore. Know that *he* is in heaven, whoever else be not; that the arch-enemy, as I say, is the arch-stupid. I call this my fortieth Church Article, which absorbs into it and covers up in silence all the other thirty-nine.

Internally at his own home things were going brightly with Carlyle. It was the coldest winter remembered in England, Murphy's winter, when the Thames was frozen from Oxford to Reading; but his wife remained well without signs of cough, and from all sides came signs of goodwill for the 'great writer' who was now become famous. Scotsbrig sent its barrels of meal and butter. 'Alick,' who, farming having gone ill with him, had started a shop in Ecclefechan, sent an offering of first-rate tobacco. 'Poor Alick!' his brother said, 'the first of his shop goods: we received them with a most wistful thankfulness glad and wae.' This was no more that usual; but Peers and Cabinet Ministers began to show a wish for a nearer acquaintance with a man who was so much talked of, and a singular compliment was paid him which later history makes really remarkable. 'Some people,' he said, 'are beginning to imitate my style and such like. The "French Revolution" I knew from the first to be savage, an Orson of a book; but the people have seen that it has a genuineness in it, and in consideration of that have pardoned all the rest. Cœur-de-Lion in the "Times" newspaper, whom some thought me, proves to be Ben Disraeli, they say. I saw three of his things, and thought them rather good, of the grotesque kind.'

Among the established 'great,' the first who held out a hand was Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Monteagle, afterwards

Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Liberal Ministry. Spring Rice was a statesman of the strict official school, not given to Carlylean modes of thinking; but he was ready to welcome a man of genius, however little he might agree with him. His eldest son, Stephen Spring Rice, who died before his father, being untied to officiality, could admire more freely; and one at least of his sisters had been a subscriber to the lectures on German literature. Accordingly there came an invitation to Cheyne Row to an evening party. Carlyle would have refused, but his wife insisted that he should go. 'A brilliant-looking thing it was,' he said, 'all very polite, Marchionesses, &c.,' with feelings exactly like ours, 'as my dear mother said of the foreign persons in Wilhelm Meister.'

But he thought that Scotsbrig would be interested in hearing about the 'fine folks' among whom 'Tom' was beginning to move; so he sent a particular account of the adventure.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: February 15, 1838.

We live quite quietly among a small circle of people who see us from time to time, yet not so often as usual in the bitter weather. I do not go out much to dinners or soirées; Jane does not go out at all, not even in the daytime, and accordingly has grown very impatient for mild weather again. However, she takes really handsomely to her indoor life, and has not been better, I think, these good many winters. We are generally alone in the evenings, tranquil over our books and papers. What visitors and visiting we have are in the middle of the day. With my will I would go out nowhere in the evening. It never fails to do me more or less harm. My most remarkable party for a great while was at no smaller personage's than—who think you?—the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I went for the curiosity, for the honour of the thing. I could not help thinking: 'Here is the man that disposes annually of the whole revenue of England; and here is another man who has hardly enough cash to buy potatoes and onions for himself. Fortune has for the time made these two

tenants of one drawing-room.' The case, I believe, is that Miss Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's eldest daughter, was one of my German hearers last year, and took a fancy for my notability; so her mother, Lady Theodosia, was obliged to be 'at home' for me. The people were very kind; Spring Rice himself a substantial good-humoured shifty-looking man of fifty. The rooms were genial with heat and light as the sun at noon. There were high dames and distinguished males simmering about like people in the press of a June fair. The whole thing went off very well, and I returned about one in the morning with a headache that served me for more than a day after. 'It will help your lectures,' Jane said. May be so; but in the mean time it has quite hindered my natural sleep and composure.

Windsor Castle was another novelty with which Carlyle made acquaintance, having gone to visit a young Mr. Edgeworth[1] there. I mention this merely for his characteristic comment.

The Castle and outside are very beautiful indeed, and sufficient to lodge a much larger figure than poor little Queen Victory. The kings hang there all in rows, with their gauderies about them, poor old King William the last, like so many shadows of a dream. Each hovers there for a year or two, and then eternity swallows him, and he lies as straight as old Wull Moor, the Galloway Hushel.[2]

Various other persons he fell in with, some of whom he had known before, some whom he met for the first time. His likes and dislikes of particular individuals throw marked light upon his own character. What he thought of Frederick Maurice has been already seen.

The Maurices (he says again) are wearisome and happily rare. All invitations 'to meet the Maurices' I, when it is any way possible, make a point of declining. One of the most entirely uninteresting men of genius that I can meet in society is poor Maurice to me; all twisted, screwed, wiredrawn, with such a restless sensitiveness, the utmost inability to let nature have fair play with him. I do not remember that a word ever came from him betokening clear recognition or healthy free sympathy with any-

[1] Frank Edgeworth. See *Life of Sterling*, p. 160.

[2] *Hushel*, 'an old worn-out person or implement.'

thing. One must really let him alone till the prayers one does offer for him (pure-hearted, earnest creature as he is) begin to take effect.

It was not for his *belief* that Carlyle felt misgivings about Maurice, nor for want of personal respect, but for the strange obliquity of intellect which could think that black was white, and white because it was black, and the whiter always, the blacker the shade. Genuine belief Carlyle always loved wherever he found it.

Did you ever see Thomas Erskine, the Scotch saint? (he says in writing to his brother John). I have seen him several times lately, and like him as one would do a draught of sweet rustic *mead*, served in cut glasses and a silver tray; one of the gentlest, kindliest, best bred of men. He talks greatly about 'Symbols,' and other Teufelsdröckhiana; seems not disinclined to let the Christian religion pass for a kind of mythus, provided men can retain the spirit of it. . . . On the whole I take up with my old love for the Saints. No class of persons can be found in this country with so much humanity in them, nay, with as much tolerance as the better sort of them have. The tolerance of others is but doubt and indifference. *Touch the thing they do believe and value, their own self-conceit: they are rattlesnakes then.*[1]

Carlyle's regard for Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, and Erskine's for him, ripened into an affection which was never clouded as long as they both lived. Each felt that, however they seemed to differ, they were at one in the great battle of the spirit against the flesh. Mrs. Carlyle admired Erskine too, but scarcely with so entire a regard. She spoke of him generally, in half-playful mockery, as St. Thomas.

On the whole, in this beginning of the year 1838, Carlyle could say of himself: 'I lead a strange dreamy dawnering life at present; in general not a little relieved and quieted, yet with all the old features of Burton's "melan-

[1] The italics are mine, for the words—true as any Carlyle ever spoke—deserve them.

cholie man:" to-day full of peaceable joy (ah, no! not peaceable entirely; there is a black look through it still), then to-morrow, for no assignable cause, sunk into sadness and despondency. But verily the book has done me great good. It was like a load of fire burning up my heart, which, by Heaven's favour, I have got thrown out of me. Nay, even in my blackest despondencies, when utter obstruction and extinction seem to threaten me, I say, "Well, it shall take my life, but my quiescence it shall spare."' And again, a few days later, to his brother: 'Blessed be God, there is a kind of light-gleam in the inner man of me which whoso will quietly, humbly, silently follow, it shall be well with him. Silently above all. Why, therefore, do I now speak? In a word, oh brother Jack, I do endeavour to thank Heaven for much mercy to me on this side also. Yes, these long years of martyrdom and misery, which I would not suffer again to buy the world, were not utterly in vain. My mood of mind at present is not nearly so wretched. I am *wae*, very *wae* and sad, but entirely peaceable; and such sadness seems almost as good as joy. Deliver me, ye Supreme Powers, from self-conceit; ah! do this, and then what else is your will.'

'Literature,' so the fates had decided, was to remain Carlyle's profession. He had meant to abandon it, but the cord which held him to his desk, though strained, had not broken. Yet it was a 'bad best,' he thought, for any man, more trying to the moral nature, and in his own case, so modestly he rated his powers, less likely to be useful, than any other honest occupation. He would still have gladly entered the public service if employment had been offered him, as offered it would have been, in any country but England, to a man who had shown ability so marked. He was acknowledged as a man of genius, and in England it is assumed that for a man of genius no place can be

found. He is too good for a low situation. He is likely to be troublesome in a higher one, and is thus the one man distinctly unpromotable. *Fœnum habet in cornu*—avoid him above all men. Carlyle had to accept his lot, since such had been ordered for him. But his distaste continued, and extended to other members of the craft who were now courting his acquaintance. He found them *bores*, a class of persons for whom he had the least charity. Even poor Miss Martineau, sincerely as he at heart respected her, was not welcome if she came too often.

Journal.

February 19.—All Saturday sick and nervous. At night Miss Martineau and Darwin. The visit, as most of those from that too happy and too noisy distinguished female, did nothing but make me miserable. She is a formulist, limited in the extreme, and for the present altogether triumphant in her limits. The all-conquering *smallness* of that phenomenon, victorious mainly by its smallness, and which not only waves banners in its own triumph, but insists on your waving banners too, is at all times nearly insupportable to me. She said among other things that Jesus Christ had lived, she thought, one of the most 'joyous' lives; that she had once met a man who seemed not to believe fully in immortality. The trivial impious sayings of this extraordinary man were retailed to us at boundless length. Then the martyr character, the hyper-prophetic altogether splendid and unspeakable excellence of Dr. Priestley; the regiment of American great men; the &c., &c. *Ach Gott!* I wish this good Harriet would be happy by herself. . . . A small character, *totus teres atque rotundus*, is at all times very wearisome. Fill it with self-conceit, at least with an expectation of praise greater far than you can give it; with a notion of infallibility which you are forced to contradict inwardly at every turn, and outwardly as often as the necessity of conversation forces you to speak, a character withal that never by any chance utters anything that is new or interesting to you—it may be good, or it may be better and best, but you have a right to say 'it tires me to death. *Schaff es mir vom Halse.*' The good Harriet admires *me* greatly, and is very friendly to me. This is the only contradictory circumstance. The whole cackle and rigmarole of such an existence is absurd to me whenever I see it.

The Speddings[1] here told me of Hartley Coleridge, whom they esteemed a man of real genius—of his falling out of one high possibility down through another lower, till he had become a poor denizen of tap-rooms in the village of Ambleside—sad to hear of. It often strikes me as a question whether there ought to be any such thing as a literary man at all. He is surely the wretchedest of all sorts of men. I wish with the heart occasionally I had never been one. I cannot say I have seen a member of the guild whose life seems to me enviable. A *man*, a Goethe, will be a man on paper too; but it is a questionable life for him. Canst thou alter it? Then act it. Endure it. On with it in silence.

Let young men who are dreaming of literary eminence as the laurel wreath of their existence reflect on these words. Let them win a place for themselves as high as Carlyle won, they will find that he was speaking no more than the truth, and will wish, when it is too late, that they had been wise in time. Literature—were it even poetry—is but the shadow of action; the action the reality, the poetry an echo. The 'Odyssey' is but the ghost of Ulysses—immortal, but a ghost still; and Homer himself would have said in some moods with his own Achilles—

> *Βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητεύεμεν ἄλλῳ*
> *Ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ᾧ μὴ βίοτος πολὺς εἴη,*
> *Ἢ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν.*
>
> Rather would I in the sun's warmth divine
> Serve a poor churl who drags his days in grief,
> Than the whole lordship of the dead were mine.

Jeffrey, while congratulating his friend on the success of the 'French Revolution,' yet could see 'that the business of an author was not the happiest or the most healthful for a person of Carlyle's temper. Contact with the common things of life would make him more tolerant of a world which if not perfect was better than it had ever

[1] Tom and James, sons of Mr. Spedding, of Mirehouse, in Cumberland. Tom Spedding succeeded his father in the family property. James, a friend of Sterling, whose splendid gifts were never adequately unfolded, is known only to the world as the biographer of Bacon.

been before, and would give him a better chance of mending it, while he despised it less.' But it was not to be, and even to Carlyle authorship was better than idleness. When he was idle the acids ate into the coating of his soul.

He did nothing all the winter. With the spring he had to prepare his second course of lectures.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: March 8, 1838.

Lecturing is coming on. I am to start and try myself again. We have a far better room than last year: an unexceptionable room, all seated for the purpose, quiet, and lighted from the roof. The only drawback is the distance—three miles from me, and rather out of the beat of our fashionable patrons.[1] I am to give twelve lectures this year, and charge two guineas. If I have a good audience, it will mount up fast—one cannot say as to that—we must just try. The subject is to be the history of literature. I shall have to speak about Greeks and Romans first, then about other nations—in short, about the most remarkable books and persons that I know. . . . Wish me good speed, dear mother, and do not fear but I shall get through it not unhandsomely. I have many a good friend here, I do believe. The proportion of scoundrels in London is great; but likewise there is a proportion of better people than you can easily find in the great world. Let us keep our hearts quiet, as I say. Let us give no ear to vainglory, to self-conceit, the wretchedest of things, the devil's chief work, I think, here below.

I yesterday dined with Mr. Erskine, a very notable man among the religious people of Scotland, who seems to have taken a considerable fancy for me. He is one of the best persons I have met with for many a long year. We were very cheerful, a small quiet party, and had blithe serious talk. I afterwards, on the way home, went to a *soirée* of Miss Martineau's. There were fat people and fair people, lords and others, fidgeting, elbowing, all very braw and hot. 'What's ta use on't?' I said to myself, and came off early, while they were still arriving, at eleven at night. I go as rarely as I can to such things, for they always do me ill. A book at home is suitabler, with a quiet pipe twice in the evening, innocent

[1] The room was in Edward Street, Portman Square.

spoonful of porridge at ten, and bed at eleven, with such composure as we can.

To the Same.

Chelsea: March 30, 1838.

As for me, I have but one interest in the wind at present, that of my lectures. It is like the harvest of the whole year. I am not quite in such a dreadful fuff about it as I was this time twelvemonths; but it is again agitating enough, and I think often that if I had any money to live upon, there is no power in the world that would tempt me to such a feat in such circumstances. Perhaps it is so ordered that I have no money, in order to oblige me to open my jaw—I cannot say. I can say only I had infinitely rather continue keeping it shut. But on the whole they have got me a lecture-room, and I have drawn up a scheme of my twelve lectures —two lectures a week, six weeks instead of four. The subject is about all things in the world; the whole spiritual history of man, from the earliest times till now. Among my audience I am likely to have some of the cleverest people in this country; and *I* to speak to *them*. We will fight it through one way or another. The very pain of it and miserable tumbling connected with it is a kind of schooling for one. Thou must not '*tine heart*,' thou must gird thyself into forced composure. This is the season, this and onwards till midsummer, when London is most thronged with people, with meetings and speeches, with dinners, parties, balls, and doings. I know not what I should do if I were to become an established *popular*. With the popularity I have it is almost like to be too hard for me at times. Nothing naturally seems to me more entirely wretched and barren than the life of people literary and others, that give themselves up to that sort of matter here. I firmly believe it to be the darkest curse God lays upon a man or woman. Carrying the beggar's wallet I take to be bad, but far from *so* bad. The very look of the face of one of these people seems to say, 'Avoid me if thou be wise.' 'Dinna gang to dad tysel' a' abroad,' said Lizzie Herd to Wull once, and I many times remember the precept here. 'To be dadded a' abroad' is precisely the thing I want above all things to avoid.

As to the people I see, the best class of all are the religious people, certain of whom have taken, very strangely, a kind of affection for me, in spite of my contradictions toward them. It teaches me again that the best of this class is the best one will find in any class whatsoever. The Radical members, and ambitious vain

political people, and literary people, and fashionable people are to be avoided in comparison. One of the best men I have seen for many a year is Thomas Erskine, a gentleman of great fortune and celebrated in the religious world. Most strange it is how such a man has taken to me. Nay, he has been heard to say that 'very few of them are at bottom so orthodox as Carlyle.' What think you of that?

I tell you nothing of the things they continue to tell me about my book. When grand people and beautiful people pay me grand beautiful compliments, and I grope in my pocket and find that I have so few pounds sterling there to meet my poor wants with, I can but say with Sandy Corrie 'What's ta use on't?' or with the cow in the fable,

Gie me a pickle pease straa.

The first set of lectures Carlyle had been obliged to deliver out of his acquired knowledge, having no leisure to do more. For the second he prepared carefully, especially the Greek and Roman parts. Classics are not the strong point of an Edinburgh education, and the little which he had learned there was rusty. 'I have read Thucydides and Herodotus,' he wrote in April, 'part of Niebuhr, Michelet, &c., the latter two with small fruit and much disappointment, the former two *not*. I should have several good things to say and do very well were I in health, were I in brass.' But trouble had come into Cheyne Row again. Without any definite ailment, Mrs. Carlyle seemed unwell in mind and body. There was even a thought of sending her to Italy when the lectures were over, if there were means to do it. Carlyle even thought of going thither himself, or at any rate of leaving London altogether.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: April 12, 1838.

Jane keeps very quiet, and suffers what is inevitable as well as possible. I fancy Italy, as you say, might be of real service to her. To me also the one thing needful seems that of getting into any tranquil region under or above the sun. Positively at times the

whirl of this dusty deafening chaos gets into the insupportable category. There is a shivering precipitancy in me which makes *emotion* of any kind a thing to be shunned. It is my nerves, my nerves. The poor chaos is bad enough, but with nerves one might stand it. There are symptoms of capability to grow a lion by-and-by. *Fluch dem!* Good never lay *there*, lie where it might. Also I imagine it possible I might learn to subsist myself here, earning the small needful of money literally with my heart's blood. You can fancy it with such a nervous system as I have; the beautiful and brave saying in their sumptuosity here and there, 'Oh Thomas, what an illustrious character thou art!' and Thomas feeling in his breast for comfort and finding bilious fever; in his pocket, and finding emptiness; round him for fellowship, and finding solitude, ghastly and grinning masks. But I do on the whole adhere to one thing, that of *holding my peace*. I really am better too in the inward heart of me. There is no danger of man, I feel always, while his heart is not mad.

Going through the Green Park yesterday, I saw her little Majesty taking her bit of departure for Windsor. I had seen her another day at Hyde Park Corner, coming in from the daily ride. She is decidedly a pretty-looking little creature: health, clearness, graceful timidity, looking out from her young face, 'frail cockle on the black bottomless deluges.' One could not help some interest in her, situated as mortal seldom was.

In the evening a Bullerian rout. 'Dear Mrs. Rigmarole, the distinguished female; great Mr. Rigmarole, the distinguished male.' Radical Grote was the only novelty, for I had never noticed him before—a man with strait upper lip, large chin, and open mouth (spout mouth); for the rest, a tall man with dull thoughtful brows and lank dishevelled hair, greatly the look of a prosperous Dissenting minister.

Your notions about Rome for us are in their vagueness quite analogous to mine. Jane takes very kindly to your scheme. As for me, I know only that I should infinitely rejoice to be quiet anywhere. I think I will not stay here to have the brain burnt out of me. I will go out of this. Jane likes it far better than I. Indeed, was it not for her, I might quite easily cut and run before long; which at bottom, I admit, were perhaps not good for me.

This letter indicates no pleasant condition of mind, not a condition in which it could have been agreeable to take

to the platform again and deliver lectures. But Carlyle could command himself when necessary, however severe the burden that was weighing upon him. This time he succeeded brilliantly, far better than on his first experiment. The lectures were reported in the 'Examiner' and other papers, and can be recovered there by the curious. He did not himself reprint them, attaching no importance to what he called 'a mixture of prophecy and play-acting.' It will suffice here to observe what he said himself on the subject at the time.

Journal.

May 15, 1838.—Delivered yesterday, at the Lecture Rooms, 17 Edward Street, Portman Square, a lecture on Dante, the fifth there. Seven more are yet to come. A curious audience; a curious business. It has been all mismanaged; yet it prospers better than I expected once. The conditions of the thing! Ah, the conditions! It is like a man singing through a fleece of wool. One must submit; one must struggle and sing even *so*, since not otherwise. I sent my mother off a newspaper. Hunt's criticism no longer friendly; not so in spirit, though still in letter; a shade of spleen in it; very natural, flattering even. He finds me grown to be a something now. His whole way of life is at death-variance with mine. In the 'Examiner' he expresses himself afflicted with my eulogy of *thrift*, and two days ago he had *multa gemens* to borrow two sovereigns of me. It is an unreasonable existence *ganz und gar*. Happily I have next to nothing to do with Hunt, with him or with his. *Felix sit!*

Saturday, May 20.—Yesterday lectured on Cervantes and the Spaniards, a hurried loose flowing but earnest wide-reaching sort of thing, which the people liked better than I. The business is happily half done now. That is the happiest part of it.

May 31.—Lecture on Luther and the Reformation; then on Shakespeare and John Knox, my best hitherto; finally on Voltaire and French scepticism, the worst, as I compute, of all. To-morrow is to be Lecture 10, on Johnson, &c. There are then but two remaining. On the Voltaire day I was stupid and sick beyond expression; also I did not *like* the man, a fatal circumstance of itself. I had to hover vaguely on the surface. The people seemed

content enough. I myself felt sincerely disgusted. That is the word. To-morrow perhaps we shall do better. It is one of the saddest conditions of this enterprise to feel that you have missed what you meant to say; that your image of a matter you had an image of remains yet with yourself, and a false impotent scrawl is what the hearers have got from you. This too has to be suffered, since the attempt was necessary and not possible otherwise. Our audience sits entirely attentive—a most kind audience—and seems to have almost doubled since we began. Courage! On the Shakespeare day I entered all palpitating, fluttered with sleeplessness and drug-taking, with visitors, and the fatal *et cætera* of things.

News from Jack above a week ago that probably he is not coming to us this summer. Alas! alas! I had counted on the true brother to commune with a little; to break the utter solitude of heart in which I painfully live here. Lonelier probably is no man. *Ay de mi!* and now he is not coming. This also is not to be granted us. He says we must come to Italy for the winter. We think of it. My unhappy sick wife might be benefited by it. For me the cry of my soul is, 'For the love of God let me alone;' or rather it has ceased to be a cry, and sunk down into a voiceless prayer, which knows it will not be granted. Hardly a day has passed since I returned hither in autumn last, in which I have not stormfully resolved to myself that I would go out of this dusty hubbub, should I even walk off with the staff in my hands, and no loadstar whatever. My wife, herself seemingly sinking into weaker and weaker health, points out to me always that I cannot go; that I am tied here, seemingly as if to be tortured to death. So in my wild mood I interpret it. Silence on such subjects! Oh! how infinitely preferable is silence! Perhaps, too, my wife is right. Indeed, I myself feel dimly that I have little to look for else than here. Be still, thou wild weak heart, convulsively bursting up against the bars. Silence alone can guide me. Suffer, suffer, if it be necessary so to learn. Last night, weary and worn out with dull blockheadism, chagrin (next to no sleep the night before), I sate down in St. James's Park and thought of these things, looking at the beautiful summer moon, and really quieted myself, became peaceable and submissive for the time—for the time; and afterwards, alas! I was provoked, and in my weak state said foolish words and went sorrowful to bed. I am a feeble fool. Fool, wilt thou never be wise?

The excitement of lecturing, so elevating and agreeable to most men, seemed only to depress and irritate Carlyle. He was anxious about many things, his brain was overwrought, his nerves set on edge. In this condition even his dearest friends ceased to please him. He goes on:—

Breakfast one morning lately at Milnes's, with Landor, Rogers, T. Moore, &c. A brilliant firework of wits, worth being fretted into fever with for once. Dinner that same day, if I remember, 22nd of May, at Marshall's, Grosvenor Street, the wealthiest of houses, the people hearers of mine. Empson, the Spring Rices, there; Miss Spring Rice, especially, very brilliant, exciting. Such happiness is purchased too dear. Dull dinner the day before yesterday—indeed, *hinc illæ lacrymæ*, for I had a cup of green tea too—at the Wilsons'; Spedding, Maurice, John Sterling, and women. Ah me! Sterling particularly argumentative, babblative, and on the whole unpleasant and unprofitable to me. Memorandum not to dine where he is soon, without cause. He is much spoiled since last year by really no great quantity of praise and flattery; restless as a whirling *tormentum*; superficial, ingenious, of endless semifrothy utterance and argument. Keep out of his way till he mend a little. A finer heart was seldom seen than dwells in Sterling, but, alas! under what conditions? *Ego et Rex meus.* That is the tune we all sing. Down with ego! Enough written for one day. I am very sickly, but silent.

The lecture course was perhaps too prolonged. Twelve orations such as Carlyle was delivering were beyond the strength of any man who meant every word that he uttered. It ended, however, with a blaze of fireworks—'people weeping' at the passionately earnest tone in which for once they heard themselves addressed. The money result was nearly 300*l.*, after all expenses had been paid. 'A great blessing,' as Carlyle said, 'to a man that had been haunted by the squalid spectre of beggary.' There were prospects of improved finances from other quarters too. Notwithstanding all the talk about the 'French Revolution,' nothing yet had been realized for it in England, but Emerson held out hopes of remittances on the

American edition. 'Sartor,' 'poor beast,' as Mrs. Carlyle called it, was at last coming out in a volume, and there was still a talk of reprinting the essays. But Carlyle was worn out. Fame brought its accompaniments of invitations to dinner which could not be all refused; the dinners brought indigestions; and the dog days brought heat, and heat and indigestion together made sleep impossible. His letters to his brother are full of lamentation, and then of remorse for his want of patience. At the close of a miserable declamation against everything under the sun, he winds up:—

Last night I sat down to smoke in my night-shirt in the back yard. It was one of the beautifullest nights; the half-moon clear as silver looked out as from eternity, and the great dawn was streaming up. I felt a remorse, a kind of shudder, at the fuss I was making about a sleepless night, about my sorrow at all, with a life so soon to be absorbed into the great mystery above and around me. Oh! let us be patient. Let us call to God with our silent hearts, if we cannot with our tongues.

The Italian scheme dissolved. It had been but a vapour which had taken shape in the air for a moment. Cooler weather came. The fever abated, and he was able to send a pleasant account of the finish to his mother the day after all was over. From her he was careful to conceal his unquiet thoughts.

To Margaret Carlyle.

Chelsea: June 12, 1838.

The lectures went on better and better, and grew at last, or threatened to grow, quite a flaming affair. I had people *greeting* yesterday. I was quite as well pleased that we *ended* then and did not make any further racket about it. I have too good evidence (in poor Edward Irving's case) what a racket comes to at last, and want for my share to have nothing at all to do with such things. The success of the thing, taking all sides of it together, seems to have been very considerable, far greater than I at all expected. My audience was supposed to be the best, for rank, beauty, and intelligence, ever collected in London. I had bonnie braw dames,

Ladies this, Ladies that, though I dared not look at them for fear they should put me out. I had old men of four score; men middle-aged, with fine steel-grey beards; young men of the Universities, of the law profession, all sitting quite mum there, and the Annandale voice gollying at them. Very strange to consider. They proposed giving me a dinner, some of them, but I declined it. 'Literary Institutions' more than one expressed a desire that I would lecture for them, but this also (their wages being small and their lectures generally despicable) I decline. My health did not suffer so much as I had reason to dread. I was awaking at three in the morning when the thing began, but afterwards I got to sleep till seven, and even till eight, and did not suffer nearly so much. I am no doubt shaken and stirred up considerably into a 'raised' state which I like very ill, but in a few days I shall get still enough, and probably even too still. One must work either with long moderate pain or else with short great pain. The short way is best according to my notion.

As usual, the first thought with Carlyle when in possession of his 'riches' was to send a present to Scotsbrig. He enclosed 5*l.* to his mother, to be divided among his sisters and herself, a sovereign to each. They were to buy bonnets with it, or any other piece of finery, and call them 'The Lecture.' On July 27th he wrote at length to his brother John.

Chelsea: July 27, 1838.

The lectures terminated quite triumphantly. Thank Heaven! It seems pretty generally expected that I am to lecture next year again, and subsequent years, having, as they say, made a new profession for myself. If dire famine drive me, I must even lecture, but not otherwise. Whoever he may be that wants to get into the centre of a fuss, it is not I. Freedom under the blue sky—ah me! with a bit of brown bread and peace and pepticity to eat it with, this for my money before all the glory of Portman Square, or the solar system itself. But we must take what we can get and be thankful. After the lectures came a series of dinner-work and racketings; came hot weather, coronation uproars, and at length sleeplessness, collapse, inertia, and at times almost the feeling of nonentity. I like that existence very ill; my nerves are not made for it. I corrected a few proof sheets. I read a few books, dull

as Lethe. I have done nothing else whatever that I could help, except live. Frequently a little desire for some travel, a notion that change of scene and objects would be wholesome, has come upon me; but in my condition of absolute imbecility, especially in the uncertainty we stood in as to your movements, nothing could be done. The weather has now grown cool. I find it tolerable enough to lounge at Chelsea for the time. My digestion is very bad; I should say, however, that my heart and life is on the whole sounder than it was last year. Now, too, all is getting very quiet; streets quite vacant within these two weeks. I am not like to stir from this unless driven. As for Jane, she is much improved; indeed, almost well since summer came. She does not wish to stir from her quarters at all.

The Americans are getting out 'Carlyle's miscellanies.' I know not whether I shall not import two hundred copies or so of this edition and save myself the trouble of editing here. The matter is as good as obsolete to me. There is no bread or other profit in it. The Swedenborgians have addressed a small book and letters to me here. The New Catholics are making advances. Jane says I am fated to be the nucleus for all the mad people of my generation.

John Sterling wanted me to accept a dinner from some Cambridge men, then to go with him to Cambridge for three days, then to &c., &c.; lastly, to go this same week down to Julius Hare's and bathe in the sea. The sea was tempting. Hare too, whom I have seen, is a likeable kind of man. But *vis inertiæ* prevailed, and to this, as to all the rest, I answered: 'Impossible, dear Sterling.' Indeed, John is dreadfully locomotive since his return. Some verses printed in Blackwood, and a considerable bluster of Wilson's about them, have sorrowfully discomposed our poor John, and proved what touchy and almost flimsy stuff there must be in him. I love him as before, but keep rather out of his way at present.

Mill is plodding along at his dull Review under dull auspices, restricts himself to the Fox Taylor circle of Socinian Radicalism—a lamed cause at this time—and very rarely shows face here. His editor, one Robertson, a burly Aberdeen Scotchman of seven-and-twenty, full of laughter, vanity, pepticity, and hope, amuses me sometimes considerably more. He 'desires exceedingly that I would do something for the October number.' My desire that way is faint indeed. How many things in this world do not smell

sweet to me! To how many things is one tempted to say with emphasis, '*Du Galgenaas!*' (Thou gallows-carrion). There is some relief to me in a word like that. But *pauca verba*, as Nym has it. I told all the people in those lectures of mine that no speech ever uttered or utterable was worth comparison with silence. John Sterling in particular could not understand it in the least, but has it still sticking in him indigestible.

Your affectionate brother,

T. CARLYLE.

CHAPTER VI.

A.D. 1838–9. ÆT. 43–44.

Visit to Kirkcaldy—Sees Jeffrey—'Sartor'—Night at Manchester—Remittances from Boston—Proposed article on Cromwell—Want of books—London Library—Breakfast with Monckton Milnes—Third course of Lectures—Chartism—Radicalism—Correspondence with Lockhart—Thirlwall—Gift of a horse—Summer in Scotland—First journey on a railway.

CARLYLE'S annual migrations were like those of Mrs. Primrose from the blue room to the brown—from London to Scotland. Thither almost always, seldom anywhere else. He had meant to stay all through the summer in Chelsea, but an invitation from his friends, the Fergusses at Kirkcaldy, tempted him, and in the middle of August he went by Leith steamer to the old place where he had taught little boys, and fallen in love with Miss Gordon, and rambled with Edward Irving. It was 'melodiously interesting,' he said. He bathed on the old sands. He had a horse which carried him through the old familiar scenes. While at Kirkcaldy he crossed to Edinburgh and called on Jeffrey.

He sat waiting for me at Moray Place. We talked long in the style of literary and philosophic clitter-clatter. Finally it was settled that I should go out to dinner with him at Craigcrook, and not return to Fife till the morrow. At the due hour I joined the Duke[1] at his town house, and we walked out together as in old times. The Empsons were still there. Mrs. Jeffrey and they welcomed me all alone. The evening was not, on the whole, equal

[1] The Carlyle name for Jeffrey was Duke of Craigcrook.

to a good solitary one. The Duke talked immensely, and made me talk; but it struck me that he was grown weaker. We seemed to have made up our minds not to contradict each other; but it was at the expense of saying nothing intimate. My esteem for Jeffrey could not hide from me that at bottom our speech was, as I said, clatter. In fact, he is becoming an amiable old fribble, very cheerful, very heartless, very forgettable and tolerable.

After a week or too in Fife he made for Scotsbrig, where news met him that 50*l.* had been sent from America as a royalty on the edition of the 'French Revolution,' and that more would follow. 'What a touching thing is that!' he said. 'One prays that the blessing of him that was *rather ill off* may be with them, these good friends. Courage! I feel as if one might grow to be moderately content with a lot like mine.'

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: September 15, 1838.

Many thanks for those bright little letters you sent me. They are the liveliest of letters, which gives me pleasure, because it shows a lively Goody, cheerful and well. They send good news otherwise too, and seem to have the faculty of finding good news to send. Our mother charges me to thank you most emphatically for your letters to her, which made her 'as light as a feather all day.' She says, 'Whatever sort of mother-in-law she be, you are the best of daughters-in law.' Such a swift-despatching little Goody! Drive about while you can, and keep your heart light, and be well when I come.

At Edinburgh I wanted a copy of 'Sartor,' 'poor beast!' They had got no copy, had never heard of it, and only then wrote off for some. Depend on it, therefore, my bonny little Bairn, all these vague things they tell thee about 'Sartor' are mere vague blarney; and think further that we will not care a straw whether they are or not. No. A certain fair critic long ago, among the peat bogs, declared 'Sartor' 'to be a work of genius;' and such it is, and shall continue, though no copy of it should be seen these hundred years. Alick is not altogether right yet, but much better than formerly. His traffic prospers beyond what could be looked for, and he seems more quieted, reconciled to his allotment. It

gives me the strangest feeling to plump suddenly into view of these conditions of existence—hearts so kind, a lot so sequestered, the sweep of Time passing on in these little creeks too, as on the wide sea where I have to navigate. One can say nothing; one's heart is full of unutterabilities. But our whole life is all great and unutterable; the little Ecclefechan shop, as the grand Napoleon Empire, is embosomed in eternity; a little dream and yet a great reality, one even as the other. Adieu, dear life partner! dear little Goody of me. Be well, and love me.

Thine, T. CARLYLE.

To the Same.

Scotsbrig: September 27, 1838.

MacDiarmid[1] has faithfully paid me nine sovereigns for you for Puttock, which coins I have, or will account for. He has not succeeded well this year for the letting of Puttock, but has a better outlook for a near future. A colonel somebody, of Mabie, has the house and game this season, at the easy rate of 4*l.*, there being no game. But he will *preserve* the game this year, and in future years give 10*l.*, and perhaps plague us less about it. As for Goody, she, with MacDiarmid's instalments in her pocket, will really be in funds for the present, able to bind 'Revolution' books and what not—considering the savings bank, too—according to her own sweet will. Nay, there are other funds too, I guess—a letter from your mother, *un*refusable, but which seemed to me to hold cash—a truly monied Goody. . . . I saw Burns's house; the little oblique-angled hut, where the great soul had to adjust itself, and be a king without a kingdom. It seems vacant since the widow's death. Some dirty children sat on the door-sill, and the knocker seemed torn half off. The soul of the man is now happily far away from all that. Jean and Jamie are both as kind as could be. They are prosperous both, I think. Jean received your parcel with great expressions of thankfulness. Mary, too, at Annan was emphatic in her gratitude, in her affectionate remembrance of you—all which was pleasant to hear. At Annan I found Goody's letter, review of 'Sartor,' gift to my mother—all as right as it could be. Thanks to thee, my good wife—though very hot-tempered one. Oh, my dear Jeanie, I have more regard for thee than, perhaps, thou wilt ever rightly know. But let that pass. The Angel, as thou sayest, does stir the waters more ways

[1] Agent for Craigenputtock.

than one. Surely our better days are still coming. All here salute you right heartily. My mother is proud of her gifts.

Ever your own,

T. CARLYLE.

On his way home, in October, he spent a day or two with a sister who had married a Mr. Hanning, in Manchester, and met with an adventure there. He had been put to sleep in an old bed, which he remembered in his father's house.

I was just closing my senses in sweet oblivion (he said), when the watchman, with a voice like the deepest groan of the Highland bagpipe, or what an ostrich corncraik might utter, groaned out Groo-o-o-o close under me, and set all in a gallop again. Groo-o-o-o; for there was no articulate announcement at all in it, that I could gather. Groo-o-o-o, repeated again and again at various distances, dying out and then growing loud again, for an hour or more. I grew impatient, bolted out of bed, flung up the window. Groo-o-o-o. There he was advancing, lantern in hand, a few yards off me. 'Can't you give up that noise?' I hastily addressed him. 'You are keeping a person awake. What good is it to go howling and groaning all night, and deprive people of their sleep?' He ceased from that time—at least I heard no more of him. No watchman, I think, has been more astonished for some time back. At five in the morning all was as still as sleep and darkness. At half-past five all went off like an enormous mill-race or ocean-tide. The Boom-m-m, far and wide. It was the mills that were all starting then, and creishy[1] drudges by the million taking post there. I have heard few sounds more impressive to me in the mood I was in.

At home he found all well. He arrived at midnight, finding Mrs. Carlyle improved in health, and sitting up for him; himself quite rested, and equal to work again.

I have been eight weeks in Scotland (he noted in his Journal), looked on the stones of Edinburgh city, wondered whether it was solid or a dream; then to Annandale, finally drifted back hither—foolish drift log on the sea of accident, where I since lie high and dry not a whit wiser. How many tragedies, epics, Haynes Baily

[1] *Creishy*, 'greasy.'

ballads, and 'bursts of Parliamentary eloquence' would it take to utter this one tour by an atrabilian lecturer on things in general?

Evidences were waiting for him that he was becoming a person of consequence notwithstanding. Presents had been sent by various admirers. There was good news from America. The English edition of the 'French Revolution' was almost sold, and another would be called for, while there were numberless applications from review editors for articles if he would please to supply them. Another 50*l.* had come from Boston, and he had been meditating an indulgence for himself out of all this prosperity in the shape of a horse, nothing keeping him in health so much as riding; but his first thought was of Scotsbrig and a Christmas gift to his mother, which he sent with a most pretty letter.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: December 29, 1838.

I have realised my American draft of dollars into pounds sterling. I send my dear Mother five off the fore end of it. The kitlin ought to bring the auld cat a mouse in such a case as that—an American mouse. It is very curious that cash should come in that way to good Annandale industry across 3,000 miles of salt water from kind hands that we never saw. 'French Revolution' is going off briskly, and a new edition required. Both from the 'Miscellanies' and it I hope to make a little cash. I understand the method of bargaining better now, and the books do sell—no thanks to booksellers, or even in spite of them. It does not seem at all likely that I shall ever have much money in this world; but I am not now so terribly hard held as I used to be. Such bitter thrift may perhaps be less imperative by-and-by.

Out of the suggestions made by editors for articles one especially had attracted Carlyle. Mill had asked him to write on Cromwell for the 'London and Wesminster.' There is nothing in his journals or letters to shows that Cromwell had been hitherto an interesting figure to him. An allusion in one of his Craigenputtock papers shows that

he then shared the popular prevailing opinions on the subject. He agreed, however, to Mill's proposal, and was preparing to begin with it when the negotiation was broken off in a manner specially affronting. Mill had gone abroad, leaving Mr. Robertson to manage the Review. Robertson, whom Carlyle had hitherto liked, wrote to him coolly to say that he need not go on, for 'he meant to do Cromwell himself.' Carlyle was very angry. It was this incident which determined him to throw himself seriously into the history of the Commonwealth, and to expose himself no more to cavalier treatment from 'able editors.' His connection with the 'London and Westminster' at once ended.

Have nothing to do with fools (he said). They are the fatal species. Nay, Robertson, withal, is fifteen years younger than I. To be 'edited' by him and by Mill and the Benthamic formula! Oh heavens! It is worse than Algiers and Negro Guiana. Nothing short of death should drive a white man to it.

From this moment he began to think seriously of a life of Oliver Cromwell as his next important undertaking, whatever he might have to do meanwhile in the way of lectures or shorter papers.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: January 13, 1839.

I dare say I mentioned that I was not intending to work any further at present in the 'Westminster Review,' but to write by-and-by something more to my mind. I have my face turned partly towards Oliver Cromwell and the Covenant time in England and Scotland, and am reading books and meaning to read more for the matter, for it is large and full of meaning. But what I shall make of it, or whether I shall make anything at all, it would be premature to say as yet. The only thing clear is that I have again some notion of writing, which I had not at all last year or the year before—a sign doubtless that I am getting into heart again, and not so utterly bewildered and beaten down as I was at the conclusion of the 'Revolution' struggle. Anything that I write now would tell better than former things, and I think indeed would be pretty

sure to bring me in a trifle of money in the long run. . . . You may picture us sitting snug here most evenings in 'stuffed chairs,' in this warm little parlour, reading, or reading and sewing, or talking with some rational visitor that has perhaps dropped in. Some people say I ought to get a horse with my American money before lecture-time, and ride, that I might be in a better bodily condition for that enterprise. I should like it right well *if* it were not so dear. We shall see.

Want of books was his great difficulty, with such a subject on hand as the Commonwealth. His Cambridge friends had come to his help by giving him the use of the books in the University Library, and sending them up for him to read. Very kind on their part, as he felt, 'considering what a sulky fellow he was.' But he needed resources of which he could avail himself more freely. The British Museum was, of course, open to him; but he required to have his authorities at hand, where his own writing-tackle lay round him, where he could refer to them at any moment, and for this purpose the circulating libraries were useless. New novels, travels, biographies, the annual growth of literature which to-day was and to-morrow was cast into the oven—these he could get; but the records of genuine knowledge, where the permanent thoughts and doings of mankind lay embalmed, were to be found for the most part only on the shelves of great institutions, could be read only there, and could not be taken out. Long before, when at Craigenputtock, it had occurred to him that a county town like Dumfries, which maintained a gaol, might equally maintain a public library. He was once at Oxford in the library of All Souls' College, one of the best in England, and one (in my day at least) so little used that, if a book was missed from its place, the whole college was in consternation.[1] Carlyle, looking wistfully at the ranged folios, exclaimed: 'Ah, books,

[1] The Fellows might take books to their rooms, but so seldom did take them there that any other explanation seemed more likely.

books! you will have a poor account to give of yourselves at the day of judgment. Here have you been kept warm and dry, with good coats on your backs, and a good roof over your heads; and whom have ye made any better or any wiser than he was before?' Cambridge, more liberal than Oxford, did lend out volumes with fit securities for their safety, and from this source Carlyle obtained his Clarendon and Rushworth; but he determined to try whether a public lending library of authentic worth could not be instituted in London. He has been talked of vaguely as 'unpractical.' No one living had a more practical business talent when he had an object in view for which such a faculty was required. He set on foot an agitation.[1] The end was recognised as good. Influential men took up the question, and it was carried through, and the result was the infinitely valuable institution known as the 'London Library' in St. James's Square. Let the tens of thousands who, it is to be hoped, are 'made better and wiser' by the books collected there remember that they owe the privilege entirely to Carlyle. The germ of it lay in that original reflection of his on the presence of a gaol and the absence of a library in Dumfries. His successful effort to realise it in London began in this winter of 1839.

Meanwhile a third remittance from America on the 'Revolution' brought the whole sum which he had received from his Boston friends to 150*l*. He felt it deeply, for as yet 'not a penny had been realised in England.' In acknowledging the receipt, he said that he had never received money of which he was more proud. 'It had been sent almost by miracle.' He showed the draft to Fraser, his English publisher, and told him he ought to blush.

[1] Among the persons whom he tried to interest was Babbage, whom he did not take to. 'Did you ever see him?' he writes to his brother; 'a mixture of craven terror and venomous-looking vehemence; with no chin too—cross between a frog and a viper, as somebody called him.'

The poor creature did blush, but what could that serve? He has done with his edition too, all but seventy-five copies. Above a thousand pounds has been gathered from England from that book, but none seems to belong to the writer; it all belongs to other people—the sharks. They charge above 40 per cent., I find, for the mere function of selling a book, the mere *fash* of handing it over the counter.

A strange reflection, to which, however, the publishers have an answer; for, if some books sell, others fail, and the successful must pay for the unsuccessful. Without publishers and without booksellers, books could not be brought out at all; and they, too, must 'earn their living.'

Few men cared less about such things than Carlyle did as long as penury was kept from his door. Apart from his business with the London Library, he was wholly occupied with the records of the Commonwealth, and here are the first impressions which he formed.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: February 15, 1839.

I have read a good many volumes about Cromwell and his times; I have a good many more to read. Whether a book will come of it or not—still more, when such will come—are questions as yet. The pabulum this subject yields me is not very great. I find it far inferior in interest to my French subject. But, on the whole, I want to get acquainted with England—a great secret to me always hitherto—and I may as well begin here as elsewhere. There are but two very remarkable men in the period visible as yet—Cromwell and Montrose. The rest verge towards wearisomeness. Indeed, the whole subject is Dutch-built: heavy-bottomed, with an internal fire and significance indeed, but extremely wrapped in buckram and lead. We shall see. In the meanwhile, I have got a large portmanteau of books about the thing from Cambridge. Here they actually stand, sent me by persons whom I never saw; a most handsome and encouraging phenomenon. The visible agent is one Douglas Heath, a promising young barrister, who sometimes comes here; is a Cambridge man, and a zealous reader of mine. . . . . 150*l.* sent by Emerson for the 'French Revolution!' Was any braver thing ever heard of? 150*l.* from

beyond the salt sea, while not a sixpence could be realised here in one's own country by the thing! I declare my American friends are right fellows, and have done their affairs with effect. It seems I am going to make some cash after all by these books of mine. *Tout va bien;* neither need we now add, *le pain manque.*

Seldom had Carlyle seemed in better spirits than now. For once his outer world was going well with him. He had occasional fits of dyspepsia, which, indeed, seemed to afflict him most when he had least that was real to complain of. He was disappointed about Montrose for one thing. He had intended, naturally enough as a Scotchman, to make a principal figure of Montrose, and had found that he could not, that it was impossible to discover what Montrose was really like. But the dyspepsia was the main evil—dyspepsia and London society, which interested him more than he would allow, and was the cause of the disorder. He was plagued, too, with duties as a citizen.

Journal.

February 22, 1839.—The day is rainy and bad. Jane gone out, perhaps not very prudently. At seven o'clock I am to dine with the Marshalls. *Me miserum!* Why do I ever agree to go and dine? Were it revealed to me as tuft-hunting, I would instantly give it up for ever. But it seems to be the only chance of society one has. In this kind I have too much already. Lectures coming too, and on Monday I am to dine with a certain Baring; and last week, for two days, I was a special juryman. I am a poor creature. I am no longer so poor, but I do not feel any happiness. I must start up and try to help myself. *Gott hilf mir!*

Monckton Milnes had made his acquaintance, and invited him to breakfast. He used to say that, if Christ was again on earth, Milnes would ask Him to breakfast, and the Clubs would all be talking of the 'good things' that Christ had said. But Milnes, then as always, had open eyes for genius, and reverence for it truer and deeper than most of his contemporaries.

A month ago (Carlyle writes to his brother) Milnes invited me to breakfast to meet Bunsen. Pusey [1] was there, a solid, judicious Englishman, very kind to me. Hallam was there, a broad, old, positive man, with laughing eyes. X. was there, a most jerking, distorted, violent, vapid, brown-gipsy piece of self-conceit and green-roomism. Others there were; and the great hero Bunsen, with red face large as the shield of Fingal—not a bad fellow, nor without talent; full of speech, Protestantism—Prussian Toryism—who zealously inquired my address.

More important by far than any of these to Carlyle was the 'certain Baring' with whom he was to dine at Bath House. It is the first notice of his introduction to the brilliant circle in which he was afterward to be so intimate. Mr. Baring, later known as Lord Ashburton, became the closest friend that he had. Lady Harriet became his Gloriana, or Queen of Fairy Land, and exercised a strange influence over him for good and evil. But this lay undreamed of in the future, when he wrote his account of the dinner. Bunsen was again one of the guests.

It was one of the most elevated affairs I had ever seen; lords, ladies, and other like high personages, several of them auditors of mine in the last lecturing season. The lady of the house, one lady Harriet Baring, I had to sit and talk with specially for a long, long while—one of the cleverest creatures I have met with, full of mirth and spirit; not very beautiful to look upon.

And again, in another letter:—

Lord Mahon was there, a small, fashionable Tory, with a beautiful wife. The dinner was after eight, and ruined me for a week. Bunsen did not shine there. The lady hardly hid from him that she feared he was a *bore*. She kept me talking an hour or more upstairs; a clever devil, as Taylor calls her, *belle laide*, full of wit, and the most like a dame of quality of all that I have yet seen.

Even in Carlyle's own home dissipation pursued him. Mrs. Welsh was staying there, and she and her daughter took it into their heads to have an evening party of the

[1] Not Dr. Pusey, but his elder brother.

established sort, the first and last time, I believe, that such a thing was attempted in that house.

The other week (he says on the 8th of March) Jane audaciously got up a thing called a soirée one evening—that is to say, a party of persons who have little to do except wander through a room or rooms, and hustle and simmer about, all talking to one another as they best can. It seemed to me a most questionable thing for the *Leddy* this. However, she was drawn into it insensibly, and could not get retreated; so it took effect—between twenty and thirty entirely brilliant bits of personages—and really, it all went off in a most successful manner. At midnight I smoked a peaceable pipe, praying it might be long before we saw the like again.

Serious work was somewhat disturbed by these splendours; but, in fact, he was taking life easy, and was not disinclined to enjoy himself.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: March 11, 1839.

I am reading a great many books, in a languid way, about Cromwell and his time, but any work on this matter seems yet at a great distance from me. The truth is, I have arrived at the turning of a new leaf, and right thankful am I that Heaven enables me to pause a little, and I willingly follow the monition or permission of Heaven. From my boyhood upwards I have been like a creature breathlessly 'climbing a soaped pole;' ruin and the bottomless abyss beneath me, and the pole quite slippery soaped. But now I have got to a kind of notch on the same, and do purpose, by Heaven's blessing, to take my breath a moment there before adventuring further. If I live, I shall probably have farther to go; if not, not—we can do either way. In biliary days (I am apt to be biliary), the devil reproaches me dreadfully, but I answer, 'True, boy; no sorrier scoundrel in the world than lazy I! But what help? I *love* no subject so as to give my life for it at present. I will not write on any subject, seest thou? but prefer to ripen or rot for a while.'

The lectures had to be provided for, but the subject chosen, the Revolutions of Modern Europe, was one on which Carlyle could speak without special preparation. An English edition of the 'Miscellanies' was coming out at

last, and money was to be paid for it. He was thus able to lie upon his oars till Cromwell or some other topic took active possession; and, meanwhile, he had to receive the homage of the world, which began to be offered from unexpected quarters. An account of Count d'Orsay's visit to Cheyne Row is amusingly told by Mrs. Carlyle in the Letters and Memorials. Here is her husband's version of the same sumptuous phenomenon. After speaking of the favourable arrangements for the publication of the 'Miscellanies,' he says:—

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: April 16, 1839.

My heart silently thanks Heaven that I was not tried beyond what I could bear. It is quite a new sensation, and one of the most blessed, that you will actually be allowed to live *not* a beggar. As to the praise, &c., I think it will not hurt me much; I can see too well the meaning of what that is. I have too faithful a dyspepsia working continually in monition of me, were there nothing else. Nevertheless, I must tell you of the strangest compliment of all, which occurred since I wrote last—the advent of Count d'Orsay. About a fortnight ago, this Phœbus Apollo of dandyism, escorted by poor little Chorley, came whirling hither in a chariot that struck all Chelsea into mute amazement with splendour. Chorley's under jaw went like the hopper or under riddle of a pair of fanners, such was his terror on bringing such a splendour into actual contact with such a grimness. Nevertheless, we did amazingly well, the Count and I. He is a tall fellow of six feet three, built like a tower, with floods of dark-auburn hair, with a beauty, with an adornment unsurpassable on this planet; withal a rather substantial fellow at bottom, by no means without insight, without fun, and a sort of rough sarcasm rather striking out of such a porcelain figure. He said, looking at Shelley's bust, in his French accent, 'Ah, it is one of those faces who weesh to swallow their chin.' He admired the fine epic, &c., &c.; hoped I would call soon, and see Lady Blessington withal. Finally he went his way, and Chorley with reassumed jaw. Jane laughed for two days at the contrast of my plaid dressing-gown, bilious, iron countenance, and this Paphian apparition. I did not call till the other day, and left my card merely. I do not see well what good I can

get by meeting him much, or Lady B. and demirepdom, though I should not object to see it once, and then oftener if agreeable.

May brought the lectures at the old rooms in Edward Street. They did not please Carlyle, and, perhaps, were not really among his fine utterances. In the 'French Revolution' he had given his best thoughts on the subject in his best manner. He could now only repeat himself, more or less rhetorically, with a varying text. Mrs. Carlyle herself did not think that her husband was doing justice to himself. He was unwell for one thing. But the success was distinct as ever; the audience bursting into ejaculations of surprise and pleasure. The 'Splendids!', 'Devilish fines!', 'Most trues!', &c., all indicating that on their side there was no disappointment. His own account of the matter indicates far less satisfaction.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: May 26, 1839.

The lectures are over with tolerable *éclat*, with a clear gain of very nearly 200*l.*, which latter is the only altogether comfortable part of the business. My audience was visibly more numerous than ever, and of more distinguished people. My sorrow in delivery was less; my remorse after delivery was much greater. I gave one very bad lecture (as I thought); the last but one. It was on the French Revolution. I was dispirited—in miserable health. My audience, mainly Tory, could not be expected to sympathise with me. In short, I felt, after it was over, like a man that had been robbing henroosts. In which circumstances, I, the day before my finale, hired a swift horse, galloped out to Harrow like a Faust's flight through an ocean of green, went in a kind of rage to the room the next day, and made on Sansculottism itself very considerably the nearest approach to a good lecture they ever got out of me, carried the whole business glowing after me, and ended half an hour beyond my time with universal decisive applause sufficient for the situation.

The 'remorse' was genuine, for Carlyle in his heart disapproved of these displays and detested them. Yet he, too, had become aware of the strange sensation of

seeing a crowd of people hanging upon his words, and yielding themselves like an instrument for him to play upon. There is an irresistible feeling of proud delight in such situations. If not intoxicated, he was excited; and Emerson writing at the same moment to press him to show himself in Boston, he did think for a second or two of going over for the autumn 'to learn the art of extempore speaking.' Had he gone it might have been the ruin of him, for he had all the qualities which with practice would have made him a splendid orator. But he was wise in time, and set himself to a worthier enterprise —not yet Cromwell, but something which stood in the way of Cromwell—and insisted on being dealt with before he could settle upon history. All his life he had been meditating on the problem of the working-man's existence in this country at the present epoch; how wealth was growing, but the human toilers grew none the better, mentally or bodily—not better, only more numerous, and liable, on any check to trade, to sink into squalor and famine. He had seen the Glasgow riots in 1819. He had heard his father talk of the poor masons, dining silently upon water and water-cresses. His letters are full of reflections on such things, sad or indignant, as the humour might be. He was himself a working-man's son. He had been bred in a peasant home, and all his sympathies were with his own class. He was not a revolutionist; he knew well that violence would be no remedy; that there lay only madness and deeper misery. But the fact remained, portending frightful issues. The Reform Bill was to have mended matters, but the Reform Bill had gone by and the poor were none the happier. The power of the State had been shifted from the aristocracy to the millowners, and merchants, and shopkeepers. That was all. The handicraftsman remained where he was, or was sinking, rather, into an unowned Arab, to whom 'free-

dom' meant freedom to work if the employer had work to offer him conveniently to himself, or else freedom to starve. The fruit of such a state of society as this was the Sansculottism on which he had been lecturing, and he felt that he must put his thoughts upon it in a permanent form. He had no faith in political remedies, in extended suffrages, recognition of 'the rights of man,' &c.—absolutely none. That was the road on which the French had gone; and, if tried in England, it would end as it ended with them—in anarchy, and hunger, and fury. The root of the mischief was the forgetfulness on the part of the upper classes, increasing now to flat denial, that they owed any duty to those under them beyond the payment of contract wages at the market price. The Liberal theory, as formulated in Political Economy, was that everyone should attend exclusively to his own interests, and that the best of all possible worlds would be the certain result. His own conviction was that the result would be the worst of all possible worlds, a world in which human life, such a life as *human* beings ought to live, would become impossible. People talked of Progress. To him there was no progress except 'moral progress,' a clearer recognition of the *duties* which stood face to face with every man at each moment of his life, and the neglect of which would be his destruction. He was appalled at the contrast between the principles on which men practically acted and those which on Sundays they professed to believe; at the ever-increasing luxury in rich men's palaces, and the wretchedness, without hope of escape, of the millions without whom that luxury could not have been. Such a state of things, he thought, might continue for a time among a people naturally well disposed and accustomed to submission; but it could not last for ever. The Maker of the world would not allow it. The angry slaves of toil would rise and burn the palaces,

as the French peasantry had burnt the châteaux. The only remedy was the old one—to touch the conscience or the fears of those whom he regarded as responsible. He felt that he must write something about all that, though it was not easy to see how or where. Such a message as he had to give would be welcome neither to Liberals nor Conservatives. The Political Economists believed that since the Reform Bill all was going as it should do, and required only to be let alone; the more the rich enjoyed themselves, the more employment there would be, and high and low would be benefited alike. The Noble Lords and gentry were happy in their hounds and their game-preserves, and had lost the sense that rank and wealth meant anything save privilege for idle amusement. Not to either of these, nor to their organs in the press, could Carlyle be welcome. He was called a Radical, and Radical he was, if to require a change in the souls, and hearts, and habits of life of men was to be a Radical. But perhaps no one in England more entirely disbelieved every single article of the orthodox Radical creed. He had more in common with the Tories than with their rivals, and was prepared, if such a strange ally pleased them, to let it so appear. 'Guess what immediate project I am on,' he wrote to his brother, when the lectures were over: 'that of writing an article on the working-classes for the "Quarterly." It is verily so. I offered to do the thing for Mill about a year ago. He durst not. I felt a kind of call and monition of duty to do it, wrote to Lockhart accordingly, was altogether invitingly answered, had a long interview with the man yesterday, found him a person of sense, good-breeding, even kindness, and great consentaneity of opinion with myself on the matter. Am to get books from him to-morrow, and so shall forthwith set about telling the Conservatives a thing or two about the claims, condition, rights, and mights of the working order of men.

Jane is very glad, partly from a kind of spite at the *Blödsinnigkeit* of Mill and his wooden set. The Radicals, as they stand now, are dead and gone, I apprehend, owing to their heathen stupidity on this very matter. It is not to be out till autumn, that being the time for things requiring thought, as Lockhart says. I shall have much to read and inquire, but I shall have the thing off my hands, and have my heart clear about it.'

What came of this project will be seen. One result of it, however, was a singular relation which grew up between Carlyle and Lockhart. They lived in different circles; they did not meet often, or correspond often; but Carlyle ever after spoke of Lockhart as he seldom spoke of any man; and such letters of Lockhart's to Carlyle as survive show a trusting confidence extremely remarkable in a man who was so chary of his esteem.

In general society Carlyle was mixing more and more, important persons seeking his acquaintance. He met Webster, the famous American, at breakfast one morning, and has left a portrait of this noticeable politician. 'I will warrant him,' he says, 'one of the stiffest logic buffers and parliamentary athletes anywhere to be met with in our world at present—a grim, tall, broad-bottomed, yellow-skinned man, with brows like precipitous cliffs, and huge, black, dull, wearied, yet unweariable-looking eyes, under them; amorphous projecting nose, and the angriest shut mouth I have anywhere seen. A droop on the sides of the upper lip is quite mastiff-like—magnificent to look upon; it is so quiet withal. I guess I should like ill to be that man's nigger. However, he is a right clever man in his way, and has a husky sort of fun in him too; drawls in a handfast didactic manner about "our republic institutions," &c., and so plays his part.' Another memorable notability Carlyle came across at this time, who struck him much, and the attraction was mutual—Connop Thirl-

wall, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, then under a cloud in the ecclesiastic world, as 'suspect' of heresy. Of this great man more will be heard hereafter. Their first meeting was at James Spedding's rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields; 'very pleasant, free and easy, with windows flung up, and tobacco *ad libitum*.' He found the future bishop 'a most sarcastic, sceptical, but strong-hearted, strong-headed man, whom he had a real liking for.' The orthodox side of the conversation was maintained, it seems, by Milnes, 'who gave the party dilettante Catholicism, and endured Thirlwall's tobacco.'

One more pleasant incident befell Carlyle before the dog-days and the annual migration. He was known to wish for a horse, and yet to hesitate whether such an indulgence was permissible to a person financially situated as he was. Mr. Marshall, of Leeds, whose name has been already mentioned, heard of it; and Mr. Marshall's son appeared one day in Cheyne Row, with a message that his father had a mare for which he had no use, and would be pleased if Carlyle would accept her. The offer was made with the utmost delicacy. If he was leaving town, and did not immediately need such an article, they would keep her at grass till he returned. It was represented, in fact, as a convenience to them, as well as a possible pleasure to him. The gift was nothing in itself, for Mr. Marshall was a man of vast wealth; but it was a handsome sign of consideration and good-feeling, and was gratefully recognised as such. The mare became Carlyle's. She was called 'Citoyenne,' after the 'French Revolution.' The expense would be something, but would be repaid by increase of health. Mrs. Carlyle said, 'It is like buying a *laying hen*, and giving it to some deserving person. Accept it, dear!'

A still nearer friend had also been taking thought for his comfort. He was going to Scotland, and this year his

wife was going with him. The faithful, thoughtful John had sent 30*l.* privately to his brother Alick at Ecclefechan, to provide a horse and gig, that Carlyle and she might drive about together as with the old *clatch* at Craigenputtock—a beautiful action on the part of John. They went north in the middle of July, going first to Nithsdale to stay with Mrs. Welsh at Templand. Mrs. Welsh, too, had been considering what she could do to gratify her son-in-law, and had invited his mother over from Scotsbrig to meet him. Mrs. Carlyle was not well at Templand, and could not much enjoy herself; but Carlyle was like a boy out of school. He and his old mother drove about in John's gig together, or wandered through the shrubberies, smoking their pipes together, like a pair of lovers—as indeed they were. Later on, when he grew impatient again, he called the life which he was leading 'sluggish ignoble solitude,' but it was as near an approach as he ever knew to what is meant by happiness. This summer nothing went wrong with him. When the Templand visit was over, he removed to Scotsbrig and there stayed, turning over his intended article. Of letters he wrote few of any interest—chiefly to his brother John, who was thinking of leaving Lady Clare, and of settling in London to be near Cheyne Row. Carlyle's advice to him shows curious self-knowledge.

To John Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: August 13, 1839.

If your lot brought you near me, it would, of course, be a blessing to me—to us both, I dare say; for, though we chaffer and argue a good deal—a good deal too much—yet surely there is good brotherly agreement between us. A brother is a great possession in this world—one of the greatest; yet it would be unwise to make great sacrifices of essentials for the advantage of being close together. Ah me! I am no man whom it is desirable to be too close to—an unhappy mortal—at least, with nerves that preappoint me to continual pain and loneliness, let me have what

crowds of society I like. To work is the sole use of living. But we will speculate no longer; above all, we will not complain.

The holiday lasted two months only. 'Wilhelm Meister' was now to be republished, and he was wanted at home. The railway had just been opened from Preston to London; and on this return journey he made his first experience of the new mode of locomotion.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: September 13, 1839.

The whirl through the confused darkness, on those steam wings, was one of the strangest things I have experienced—hissing and dashing on, one knew not whither. We saw the gleam of towns in the distance—unknown towns. We went over the tops of houses—one town or village I saw clearly, with its chimney heads vainly stretching up towards us—*under* the stars; not under the clouds, but among them. Out of one vehicle into another, snorting, roaring we flew: the likest thing to a Faust's flight on the Devil's mantle; or as if some huge steam night-bird had flung you on its back, and was sweeping through unknown space with you, most probably towards London. At Birmingham, an excellent breakfast, with deliberation to eat it, set us up surprisingly; and so, with the usual series of phenomena, we were safe landed at Euston Square, soon after one o'clock. We slept long and deep. It was a great surprise the first moment to find one did not waken at Scotsbrig. Wretched feelings of all sorts were holding carnival within me. The best I could do was to keep the door carefully shut on them. I sate dead silent all yesterday, working at 'Meister;' and now they are gone back to their caves again.

CHAPTER VII.

A.D. 1839–40. ÆT. 44–45.

Review of Carlyle by Sterling—Article on Chartism offered to Lockhart—Expanded into a book—Dinner in Dover Street—First sight of Dickens—Lectures on Heroes—Conception of Cromwell—Visit from Thirlwall—London Library—Impressions of Tennyson—Reviews—Puseyism—Book to be written on Cromwell.

A PLEASANT surprise waited for Carlyle on his return to London—an article upon him by Sterling in the 'Westminster Review.' Sterling's admiration was steadily growing—admiration alike for his friend's intellect and character. It was the first public acknowledgment of Carlyle's 'magnitude' which had been made. He perhaps remembered that he had expressed some spleen at Sterling in the summer, and a little penitence may have been mixed with his gratitude.

To John Sterling.

Chelsea: September 29, 1839.

. . . Mill says it is the best thing you ever wrote; and, truly, so should I, if you had not shut my mouth. It is a thing all glaring and boiling like a furnace of molten metal:[1] a brave thing, nay a vast and headlong, full of generosity, passionate insight, lightning, extravagance, and Sterlingism—such an article as we have not read for some time past. It will be talked of; it will be admired, condemned, and create astonishment and give offence far and near. My friend, what a notion you have got of me! I discern certain natural features, the general outline of shape; but it is as one would in the Air Giant of the Hartz, huge as Opheneus,

[1] Sterling's article is reprinted by Hare, vol. i., p. 252.

painted there as one finds by sunrise and early vapour—*i.e.* by Sterling's heart impinging on you between himself and the 'Westminster Review.' I do not thank you, for I know not whether such things are good; nay, whether they are not bad and poison to one; but I will still say, there has no man in these islands been so reviewed in my time. It is the most magnanimous eulogy I ever knew one man utter of another man, whom he knew face to face, and saw go grumbling about in coat and breeches, a poor concrete reality very offensive now and then. God help you, my man, with such a huge Brocken Spectre Chimæra, and a lot of cub chimæras sucking at her. I would not be in your shoes for something!

Sterling's appreciation, when read now, rather seems to fall short of the truth than to exceed it. But now is now, and then was then—and a man's heart beats when he learns, for the first time, that a brother man admires and loves him. If Carlyle was proud, he had no vanity, and he allowed no vanity to grow in him. He set himself to his article for Lockhart. He sent for Citoyenne, which had remained till now with Mr. Marshall.

I go out to ride daily (he reported on October 8), sometimes in the Park, sometimes over the river, or somewhere else into the country—sometimes I fall in with some other friend, also riding, and then it is quite cheerful to go trotting together through green lanes, from one open common, with its whin-bushes and high trees, to another. My horse is in the best order, and does seem to do me good. I will try it out, and see what good comes of it, dear though it be.

Journal.

October 23, 1839.—My riding keeps me solitary. It is all executed at *calling* hours; the hours I used to spend in visiting or wandering about the crowded thoroughfares, looking at the noisy and, to me, irrational, inarticulate spectacle of the streets. Green lanes, swift riding, and solitude—how much more delightful! For two hours every day I have almost an immunity from pain. My poverty, contrasted with the expensiveness of riding, makes me enjoy the thing more; joy on a basis of apprehension; thankfulness kept constantly alive by the insecurity of the thing one is thankful for. My health is not greatly, yet it is perceptibly, im-

proved. I have distinctly less pain in all hours. Had I work to keep my heart at rest, I should be as well off as I have almost ever been. Much solitude is good for me here. Society enough comes to me of its own accord. Too much society is likely to sweep me along with it, ever and anon, that I, too, become a vain repeater of its hearsays, and have no thought or knowledge of my own. How did Goethe work? One should get into a way of profitably occupying every day, even in the vague, uncommanded, unlimited condition I now stand in. Articles, reviews, have lost their charm for me. It seems a mere threshing of dusty straw. This last year, it is very strange, I have for the first time these twelve years—I may say in some measure the first time in my life—been free, almost as free as other men perhaps are, from the bewildering terror of coming to actual want of money. Very strange! a very considerable alleviation. It now seems as if I actually might calculate on contriving some way or other to make bread for myself without begging it.

Under these conditions, and riding every day, Carlyle contrived to finish without fret or fume the hypothetical article for the 'Quarterly'—for the 'Quarterly' as had been proposed, yet, as it grew under his hand, he felt but too surely that in those pages it could find no place. Could the Tory party five-and-forty years ago have accepted Carlyle for their prophet, they would not be where they are now. Heat and motion, the men of science tell us, are modes of the same force, which may take one form or the other, but not both at once. So it is with social greatness. The Noble Lord may live in idleness and luxury, or he may have political power, but he must choose between them. If he prefer the first, he will not keep the second. Carlyle saw too plainly that for him in that quarter there would be no willing audience.

I have finished (he wrote, November 8) a long review article, thick pamphlet, or little volume, entitled 'Chartism.' Lockhart has it, for it was partly promised to him; at least the refusal of it was, and that, I conjecture, will be all he will enjoy of it. Such an article, equally astonishing to Girondins, Radicals, do-nothing Aristocrats, Conservatives, and unbelieving dilettante Whigs, can

hope for no harbour in any Review. Lockhart refusing it, I mean to print it at my own expense. The thing has been in my head and heart these ten, some of it these twenty, years. One is right glad to be delivered of such a thing on any terms. No sect in our day has made a wretcheder figure than the Bentham Radical sect. Nature abhors a vacuum—worthy old girl! She will not make a wretched, unsympathetic, scraggy Atheism and Egoism fruitful in her world, but answers to it—'Enough, thou scraggy Atheism! Go thy way, wilt thou?"

It proved as he expected with the 'Quarterly.' Lockhart probably agreed with every word that Carlyle had written, but to admit a lighted rocket of that kind into the Conservative arsenal might have shattered the whole concern. Lockhart 'sent it back after a week, seemingly not without reluctance, saying he dared not.' It was then shown to Mill, who was unexpectedly delighted with it. The 'Westminster Review' was coming to an end. Mill was now willing to publish 'Chartism' in his last number as 'a kind of final shout, that he might sink like the *Vengeur* with a broadside at the water's edge.' Carlyle might have consented; but his wife, and his brother John, who was in England, insisted that the thing was too good for a fate so ignoble. The 'Westminster Review' was nothing to him, that he should sink along with it. This was his own opinion too, which for Mill's sake he had been ready to waive.

I (he said) offered them this very thing two years ago, the blockheads, and they dared not let me write it then. If they had taken more of my counsel, they need not perhaps have been in a sinking state at present. But they went their own way, and now their Review is to cease; and their whole beggarly unbelieving Radicalism may cease too, if it likes, and let us see whether there be not a believing Radicalism possible. In short, I think of publishing this piece, which I have called 'Chartism,' about the poor, their rights and their wrongs, as a little separate book. Fraser will print it, halving the profits. It may be out probably the end of this month (December 1).

The book was not long, the printers were expeditious, and before the year was out 'Chartism' was added to the list of Carlyle's published works. The sale was rapid, an edition of a thousand copies being sold immediately—and the large lump of leaven was thrown into the general trough to ferment there and work as it could. 'Meister,' the most unlike it of all imaginable creations, was republished at the same time. The collected 'Miscellanies' were also passing through the press.

It is strange work with me (he said) studying these essays over again. Ten years of my life lie strangely written there. It is I, and it is not I, that wrote all that. They are as I could make them among the peat bogs and other confusions. It rather seems the people like them, in spite of all their crabbedness.

'Chartism' was loudly noticed; 'considerable reviewing, but very daft reviewing.' Men wondered; how could they choose but wonder, when a writer of evident power stripped bare the social disease, told them that their remedies were quack remedies, and their progress was progress to dissolution? The Liberal journals, finding their 'formulas' disbelieved in, clamoured that Carlyle was unorthodox; no Radical, but a wolf in sheep's clothing. Yet what he said was true, and could not be denied to be true. 'They approve generally,' he said, 'but regret very much that I am a Tory. Stranger Tory, in my opinion, has not been fallen in with in these later generations.' Again a few weeks later (February 11): 'The people are beginning to discover that I am not a Tory. Ah, no! but one of the deepest, though perhaps the quietest, of all the Radicals now extant in the world—a thing productive of small comfort to several persons. They have said, and they will say, and let them say.'

He, too, had had his say. The burden on his soul which lay between him and other work had been thrown off. Now was time to take up the Commonwealth in

earnest; but other subjects were again rising between Carlyle and the Commonwealth. One more, and this the final, course of lectures was to be delivered this spring; and it was to contain something of more consequence than its predecessors, something which he could wish to preserve. By the side of *laissez-faire* and 'democracy' in politics there was growing up a popular philosophy analogous to it. The civilisation of mankind, it was maintained (though Mr. Buckle had not yet risen to throw the theory into shape), expanded naturally with the growth of knowledge. Knowledge spread over the world like light, and though great men, as they were called, might be a few inches taller than their fellows, and so catch the rays a few days or years before the rest, yet the rays did not come from them, but from the common source of increasing illumination. Great men were not essentially superior to common men. They were the creatures of their age, not the creators of it, scarcely even its guides; and the course of things would have been very much the same if this or that person who had happened to become famous had never existed. Such a view was flattering to the millions who were to be invited to self-government. It was the natural corollary of the theory that all men were equal and possessed an equal right to have their opinions represented. It was the exact opposite of the opinion of Carlyle, who held that the welfare of mankind depended more on virtue than on scientific discoveries; and that scientific discoveries themselves which were worth the name were achievable only by truthfulness and manliness. The immense mass of men he believed to be poor creatures, poor in heart and poor in intellect, incapable of making any progress at all if left to their own devices, though with a natural loyalty, if not distracted into self-conceit, to those who were wiser and better than themselves. Every advance which humanity had made was

due to special individuals supremely gifted in mind and character, whom Providence sent among them at favoured epochs. It was not true, then or ever, that men were equal. They were infinitely unequal—unequal in intelligence, and still more unequal in moral purpose. So far from being able to guide or govern themselves, their one chance of improvement lay in their submitting to their natural superiors, either by their free will, or else by compulsion. This was the principle which he proposed to illustrate in a set of discourses upon 'Heroes and Hero-Worship.' In the autumn he had been reading about the Arabs, which perhaps suggested the idea to him.

Journal.

October, 1839.—Arabian Tales by Lane; very pious. No people so religious, except the English and Scotch Puritans for a season. Good man Mahomet, on the whole; sincere; a fighter, not indeed with perfect triumph, yet with honest battle. No mere sitter in the chimney-nook with theories of battle, such as your ordinary 'perfect' characters are. The 'vein of anger' between his brows, beaming black eyes, brown complexion, stout middle figure; fond of cheerful social talk—wish I knew Arabic. Cromwell! How on earth could he be treated? Begin to see him at times in some measure, even to like him and pity him. *Voyons!* Is the drama altogether dead? I fear so; for me at any rate.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: February 27, 1840.

I am beginning seriously to meditate my course of lectures, and have even, or seem to have, the *primordium* of a subject in me, though not 'nameable' as yet; and the dinners, routs, callers, confusions inevitable to a certain length. *Ay de mi!* I wish I was far from it. No health lies for me in that for body or for soul. Welfare, at least the absence of *ill* fare and semi-delirium, is possible for me in solitude only. Solitude indeed is sad as Golgotha, but it is not mad like Bedlam. Oh, the devil burn it! there is no pleasing of you, strike where one will.

'The devil burn it, there is no pleasing of you!' was the saying of an Irish corporal who was flogging some ill-

deserver. Whether he hit him high or hit him low, the victim was equally dissatisfied. Carlyle complained when alone, and complained when driven into the world; dinner parties cost him his sleep, damaged his digestion, damaged his temper. Yet when he went into society no one enjoyed it more or created more enjoyment. The record of adventures of this kind alternates with groans over the consequent sufferings. He was the keenest of observers; the game was not worth the candle to him, but he gathered out of it what he could. Here is an account of a dinner at the Stanleys' in Dover Street.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: March 17, 1840.

There, at the dear cost of a shattered set of nerves and head set whirling for the next eight-and-forty hours, I did see lords and lions—Lord Holland and Lady, Lord Normanby, &c.—and then, for soirée upstairs, Morpeth, Lansdowne, French Guizot, the Queen of Beauty, &c. Nay, Pickwick, too, was of the same dinner party, though they do not seem to heed him over-much. He is a fine little fellow—Boz, I think. Clear blue, intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large protrusive rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme *mobility*, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth and all—in a very singular manner while speaking. Surmount this with a loose coil of common-coloured hair, and set it on a small compact figure, very small, and dressed à la D'Orsay rather than well—this is Pickwick. For the rest a quiet, shrewd-looking, little fellow, who seems to guess pretty well what he is and what others are. Lady Holland is a brown-skinned, silent, sad, concentrated, proud old dame. Her face, when you see it in profile, has something of the falcon character, if a falcon's bill were straight; and you see much of the white of her eye. Notable word she spake none—sate like one wont to be obeyed and entertained. Old Holland, whose legs are said to be almost turned to *stone*, pleased me much. A very large, bald head, small, grey, invincible, composed-looking eyes, the immense tuft of an eyebrow which all the Foxes have, stiff upper lip, roomy mouth and chin, short, angry, yet modest nose. I saw there a fine old *Jarl*—an honest, obstinate, candid, wholesomely limited, very effectual and estimable old man. Of the rest I will not say a syl-

lable, not even of the Queen of Beauty, who looked rather withered and unwell.

Such scenes might amuse while they lasted; but shattered nerves for forty-eight hours were a heavy price to pay for them, and they brought no real pleasure. To Mr. Erskine he writes in the middle of it:—

Time does not reconcile me to this immeasurable, soul-confusing uproar of a life in London. I meditate passionately many times to fly from it for life and sanity. The sound of clear brooks, of woody solitudes, of sea-waves under summer suns; all this in one's fancy here is too beautiful, like sad, forbidden fruit. *Cor irrequietum est.* We will wait and see.

More really interesting were letters which came to him from strangers low and high, who were finding in his writings guidance through their own intellectual perplexities. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, wrote that 'since he had read the "French Revolution" he had longed to become acquainted with its author. He had found in that book an understanding of the true nature of history, such as it delighted his heart to meet with. The wisdom and eloquence of it was such a treasure to him as he had rarely met with, and was not often likely to meet with again.' A poor Paisley weaver thanked him, in a yet more welcome if ill-spelt missive, for having taught him that 'man does not live by demonstration, but by faith. The world had been to him for a long time a deserted temple. Carlyle's writings had restored the significance of things to him, and his voice had been as the voice of a beneficent spiritual father.' This was worthier homage than the flattering worship of London frivolity which injured health and temper.

March 30, 1840.—I pass my days under the abominable pressure of physical misery—a man foiled. I mean to ride diligently for three complete months, try faithfully whether in that way my insupportable burden and imprisonment cannot be alleviated into

at least the old degree of endurability. And failing that, I shall pray God to aid me in the requisite decisive measures, for positively my life is black and hateful to me. Spent as I am forced to spend it here, I once for all must not and will not continue so. I have serious thoughts of writing my lectures down, then flaming about over both hemispheres with them (too like a Cagliostroccio), to earn so much as will buy the smallest peculium of annuity, whereon to retire into some hut by the seashore, and there lie quiet till my hour come.

'Physical misery' was not the worst, for it was an old failing of Carlyle's that when he was uncomfortable he could not keep it to himself, and made more of it than the reality justified. Long before, when with the Bullers at Kinnaird, he had terrified his family with accounts of his tortures from dyspepsia, and had told them afterwards they should have known that when he cried 'murder' he was not always being killed. His wife suffered perhaps more than he from colds and pains and sleeplessness; when her husband was dilating upon his own sorrows, he often forgot hers, or made them worse by worry. Charming, witty, brilliant, affectionately playful as she naturally was, she had 'a hot temper,' as Carlyle had said, and a tongue, when she was angry, like a cat's, which would take the skin off at a touch. Here is a brief entry in Carlyle's Journal significant of much.

April 23, 1840.—Work ruined for this day. Imprudently expressed complaints in the morning filled all the sky with clouds—portending grave issues? or only inane ones? I am sick and very miserable. I have kept riding for the last two months. My health seems hardly to improve. I have been throwing my lectures upon paper—lectures on Heroes. I know not what will come of them. In twelve days we shall see. 'Miscellanies' out, and 'Chartism' second thousand. If I were a little healthier—ah me! all were well.

Among such elements as these grew the magnificent addresses on great men and their import in this world. Fine flowers will grow where the thorns are sharpest; and

the cactus does not lose its prickles, though planted in the kindliest soil. London did not suit Carlyle, but would any other place have suited him better?

Of the delivery of this course of lectures we have a more particular account than of the rest, for he wrote regularly, while they were proceeding, to his mother. The first was on the Hero as God, Odin being the representative figure; Odin, and not Another, for obvious reasons; but in this, as in everything, Carlyle was Norse to the heart.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: May 6, 1840.

First lecture over. I thought I should get something like the tenth part of my meaning unfolded to the good people, and I could not feel that I had got much more. However they seemed content; sate silent, listening as if it had been gospel. I strive not to *heed* my own notion of the thing, *to keep down the conceit and ambition of me*, for that is it. I was not in good tune. I had awoke at 4¼. My room was considerably fuller than even before—the bonniest and brawest of people. What more could the human mind require of such a business? I fancy, being once fairly *into* the subject, I shall do a thought better, perhaps, on Friday, though Mahomet is not a very intimate friend to any of us. I will make a book of it perhaps, and be hanged to them! What the newspapers say for or against, or whether they say anything, appears to be of no consequence at all.

May 9.—I gave my second lecture yesterday[1] to a larger audience than ever, and with all the success, or more, that was necessary for me. It was on Mahomet. I had bishops and all kinds of people among my hearers. I gave them to know that the poor Arab had points about him which it were good for all of them to imitate; that probably *they* were more of quacks than he; that, in short, it was altogether a new kind of thing they were hearing to-day. The people seemed greatly astonished and greatly pleased. I vomited forth on them like wild Annandale grapeshot. They laughed, applauded, &c. In short, it was all right, and I suppose it was by much the best lecture I shall have the luck to give this time; for really it all depends on what we call luck. I cannot say

[1] The Hero as Prophet; Mahomet.

in the least whether my lecture will be good or bad when I begin to deliver it. So far it is well enough. And now, alas! as the price of a good lecture my nerves are thrown into such a flurry that I got little sleep last night, and am all out of sorts to-day. Two weeks more and the sore business is done, and perhaps I shall never try it another time. My audience is between two and three hundred, and grew a great deal larger after the first lecture. I expect to clear 200*l.* out of it. That is the result, and next year I hope I may be able to dispense with that aid, since it must be purchased with *such a tirrivee*, which I like so ill.

The third and fourth lectures were on the Hero as Poet, Dante and Shakespeare being the representatives; and the Hero as Priest, with Luther and Knox.

May 20.—Fifth lecture[1] delivered yesterday. Jane says, and indeed I rather think it is true, that these last two lectures are among the best I ever gave. She says the very best, but I do not think that; and certainly they have not done me nearly so much mischief as the others were wont. I feel great pain and anxiety till I get them done on the day when they are to be done; but no excessive shattering of myself to pieces in consequence of that. The thing seems a thing I could learn to stand by-and-by. Besides I am telling the people matters that belong much more to myself this year, which is far more interesting to me. I fancy myself to be perhaps offending this man to-day, and that man another day, but I say, 'No help for it, friends; you must just wait; see how it will turn, and adjust yourselves; if it do not turn well for you, the story must be told,' and so it goes along tolerably well.

May 23.—I got through the last lecture yesterday in very tolerable style,[2] seemingly much to the satisfaction of all parties; and the people all expressed in a great variety of ways much very genuine-looking friendliness for me. I contrived to tell them something about poor Cromwell, and I think to convince them that he was a great and true man, the valiant soldier in England of what John Knox had preached in Scotland. In a word, the people seemed agreed that it was my best course of lectures, this. And now you see I am handsomely through it, and ought to be very thankful. I will not be in haste to throw myself into such a

[1] The Hero as Man of Letters. [2] The Hero as King.

tumble again. It stirs me all up into ferment, fret, and confusion, such as I hate altogether; and now that I have got some fraction of cash one way and another I can wait. I will keep my horse a while longer, dear as it is, and try a little further whether there is not some good use in it—worth 25 shillings a week—yea or no.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: May 26, 1840.

The lecturing business went off with sufficient *éclat*. The course was generally judged, and I rather join therein myself, to be the bad *best* I have yet given. On the last day—Friday last—I went to speak of Cromwell with a head *full of air;* you know that wretched physical feeling; I had been concerned with drugs, had awakened at five, &c. It is absolute martyrdom. My tongue would hardly wag at all when I got done. Yet the good people sate breathless, or broke out into all kinds of testimonies of good-will; seemed to like very much indeed the huge ragged image I gave them of a believing Calvinistic soldier and reformer. 'Sun-clear, nucleus of intellect and force and faith, in its wild circum-ambient element of darkness, hypochondriac misery and quasi-madness, in direct communication once more with the innermost deep of things.' In a word, we got right handsomely through. My health is certainly, one would think, better than it was last year; at least, I have far more clearness, vigour of mind; but all secondary symptoms seem as bad as ever—want of sleep, &c. I rush out into the solitary woods and green places. The air is odorous with blossoms; the sight reposes itself on a world of bursting greenness. Three times out in the Wimbledon region I have heard the cuckoo almost with tears. Thank God I feel as if there did lie a little more in me, as if my continued life and misery was not for no purpose.

This was Carlyle's last appearance on the platform. He never spoke in public again till twenty-six years after, when he addressed the students in Edinburgh. His better nature disapproved of these exhibitions. Writing to Erskine, who had wished to be present at this final course, he said:—

Let all that love me keep far away on occasions of that kind. I am in no case so sorry for myself as when standing up there be-

wildered, distracted, nine-tenths of my poor faculty lost in terror and wretchedness, a spectacle to men. It is my most ardent hope that this exhibition may be my last of such; that Necessity, with her bayonet at my back, may never again drive me up thither, a creature more fit for uttering himself in a flood of inarticulate tears than any other way.

He had thought, as has been seen, of repeating the experiment in America. He knew well enough that if he resolutely tried he could succeed. But to succeed he knew also that he would have to part with his natural modesty, the noblest part of him, as of every man. He must part, too, with his love of truth. The orator, in the rush and flow of words, cannot always speak truth, cannot even try to speak truth; for he speaks to an audience which reacts upon him, and he learns as he goes on to utter, not the facts as he knows them to be, but the facts shaped and twisted to please his hearers. He shut his ears therefore to the treacherous siren, and turned back to his proper function. The lectures on Heroes were to be written out and made into a book. This was the occupation which he had laid out for himself for the summer; and there was to be no change to the North till 'this bit of work was accomplished.'

There was the usual relapse after the excitement, less extreme than in other years, but sufficient to call up his melancholy and morbid humor. On June 3 he writes:—

I rode with Fonblanque of the 'Examiner' one evening; rather poor company. I feel on the whole better alone. No man nor body of men can do much for me, not if they would take all the trouble in the world. Could the whole of them unwrap the baleful Nessus shirt of perpetual pain and isolation in which I am lamed, embated, and swathed as in enchantment till I quit this earth? Not they. Let them go their road. Go thou also in God's name!

Occasionally there came a friend to him of a better type. Under the same date he tells his mother that Thirl-

wall had been in Cheyne Row to have a talk and smoke with him—'the massive Cantabrigian Scholar and Sceptic,' whom he had twice already fallen in with. Thirlwall, after his difference with the authorities at Cambridge, was now on the eve of promotion to a bishopric. Carlyle was well acquainted with the condition of the 'massive scholar's' thoughts on theological mysteries. He told me that Thirlwall lay three nights awake when the see of St. David's was offered to him, considering whether he was fit for such a place, or the place for him. He did not himself approve of men acting parts which were not natural to them. How Thirlwall acted his part he had an opportunity of judging when he paid the bishop a visit at his palace. The English Church will probably never again have a prelate of Thirlwall's power or character, and I may mention here another small incident connected with his elevation to the bench. Charles Buller, who had known Thirlwall at Cambridge, told me that he among others had recommended him to Lord Melbourne. 'Yes,' Melbourne said, 'but hang it' (the real word was stronger), 'he is not orthodox in that preface to Schleiermacher.' Buller answered that he thought his friend sufficiently orthodox for the purpose. They adjourned to Melbourne's library, and spent a morning over 'the Fathers,' searching for precedents for Thirlwall's opinions.

Other intruders in Cheyne Row were treated with less respect; for instance—

A wretched Dud called ———, member, I think, for ———, called one day with his wife, a dirty little Atheistic Radical, living seemingly in a mere element of pretentious twaddle with ——— and ——— and the literary vapidities of his day. Jane says I treated him inhumanly, as a bulldog might some ill-favoured *messin*, for my nerves were shattered asunder by a gallop in the wind. The table lay covered for dinner, and ——— took to arguing about the Copyright Bill. One day there stepped in a very curi-

ous little fellow, Dr. Thomas Murray,[1] whom you recollect without the Doctor, as of Edinburgh and Literary Galloway. There is hardly any change in the little man. Worldly, egoistic, small, vain, a poor grub in whom perhaps was still some remnant of better instincts, whom one could not look at without impressive reminiscences. He did not come back to me, nor did I want it, though I asked him.

Shortly after Carlyle went to a party at the Dud's whom he had handled so roughly, perhaps to make up for his rudeness.

O'Connell, Bowring, Hickson, Southwood Smith—pinchbeck people all, what I called a literary political swell-mob. O'Connell is beginning to look very old. There was a celebrated Florentine, Signora Vespucci, there, very dashing in turban and stage-tragicalities, but she spoke only French, and I declined doing more than look. The earth has bubbles.

He was sadly wearied with London and its ways, and with himself most of all.

June 15, 1840.—My soul longs extremely to live altogether in the country again, and yet there, too, I should not be well. I shall never be other than ill, wearied, sickhearted, heavy-laden, till once we get to the final rest, I think. God is good. I am a poor poltroon to complain. Dinners I avoid as the very devil. 'What's ta use on 'em?' What are lords coming to call on one and fill one's head with whims? They ask you to go among champagne, bright glitter, semi-poisonous excitements which you do not like even for the moment, and you are sick for a week after. As old Tom White said of whisky, 'Keep it—Deevil a ever I'se better than when there's no a drop on't i' my weam.' So say I of dinner popularity, lords and lionism—Keep it; give it to those that like it.

The slightly happier side appears in a letter of the same date to his sister:—

I stay here because I am here, and see not on the whole where I could get forward with my work much better. The heat has never yet afflicted me much. The horse is of considerable use,

[1] Carlyle's early friend and correspondent. See *Forty Years of Carlyle's Life*, &c., vol. i. p. 37.

carries me out into the clear afternoon air. The bright greenness of the world shows me how like Elysium it is. Alas! I know well if I were there daily and always, I should care little for it, except on compulsion. I go little into the town, call on nobody there. They can come here if they want me; if not I shall like it still better. Our old wooden Battersea bridge takes me over the river; in ten minutes' swift trotting I am fairly away from the monster and its bricks. All lies behind me like an enormous world-filling *pfluister*, infinite potter's furnace, sea of smoke, with steeples, domes, gilt crosses, high black architecture swimming in it, really beautiful to look at from some knoll-top while the sun shines on it. I fly away, away, some half-dozen miles out. The monster is then quite buried, its smoke rising like a great dusky-coloured mountain melting into the infinite clear sky. All is green, musical, bright. One feels that it is God's world this; and not an infinite Cockneydom of *stoor* and din after all.

In the midst of his work he was still pushing forward the London Library. On June 24, a meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Lord Eliot was in the chair; Lords Montague, Howick, and Lyttelton—Milman, Milnes, Cornewall Lewis, John Forster, Helps, Bulwer, Gladstone, James Spedding, George Venables—all men who were then in the first rank, or afterwards rose into it, were gathered together by Carlyle's efforts. Thirlwall warmly interested himself. Carlyle represented that, of the innumerable evils of England, 'there was no remediable worse one than its condition as to books,' 'a condition worthier of Dahomey than of England.' He could bear his mournful testimony that he never, in his whole life, had for one month complete access to books—such access as he would have had in Germany, in France, or anywhere else in the civilized earth. Books were written, not for rich men, but for all men. Every human being had by the nature of the case a *right* to hear what other wise human beings had spoken to him. It was one of the rights of man, and a cruel injustice if denied.

The defect grew out of the condition of the English

mind. England hitherto had supposed that the Bible had contained everything which it was indispensable for man to know; and Bibles were within the reach of the humblest. But England was growing, growing it knew not into what, but visibly needing further help. The meeting agreed unanimously that a library should be established. Subscription lists were opened and swiftly filled. Competent persons were chosen to collect books; a house was purchased. The thing was done, and done most admirably, yet Carlyle himself remained miserable as ever. 'Alas!' he wrote on July 3, 'I get so dyspeptical, melancholic, half mad in the London summer: all courage to do anything but hold my peace fades away; I dwindle into the pusillanimity of the ninth part of a tailor, feel as if I had nothing I could do but "die in my hole like a poisoned rat."' It was true, indeed, that he had a special reason for lamentation at that particular moment. He had been summoned to serve as a special juryman at Westminster. He appealed to Buller to deliver him. Buller told him there *was* a way of escape if he liked to use it—'he could be registered as a Dissenting preacher.' He had to go, and the worst of it was he had to go for nothing, and the futility was a text for fresh indignation.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: July 1, 1840.

These three days I have been kept in quite special annoyance by two summonses to go up to Westminster and serve as a juryman, in two different courts—both at once, too. Is not that a peculiar beauty? The whole aspect of the thing, the maddest-looking stew of lies, and dust, and foul breath, fills me with despair. I attended two days, neither of my cases coming on. I inquired of all persons what I had to do or look for—in vain. There was no gleam of daylight in it for me, not so much as a seat to sit down upon. At length I followed the hest of nature, and came quietly away, out of the place which I could understand nothing of, except that I was very sick and miserable in it, determined to

let nature and accident work out an issue in it which I *could* understand. They have a power, it seems, of fining me to the extent of 100*l.*, but are not like to do it. The world I live in is too mad, and I am not patient enough of its madness. My soul is sick of it, impatient of it, contemptuous of it, desiring or expecting nothing more in general than to be well out of it, with my work well done. The latter is an important point; thank God! it grows to seem to me even more important.

If destiny in the shape of officials afflicted with one hand, it sometimes brought anodynes in the other. One evening, when he came home from his walk, he found Tennyson sitting with Mrs. Carlyle in the garden, smoking comfortably. He admired and almost loved Tennyson. He says:—

A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man is Alfred; dusty, smoky, free and easy, who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an inarticulate element of tranquil chaos and tobacco smoke. Great now and then when he does emerge—a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man.

Such a visit was the best of medicine.

July 15.—My health (he writes) continues very uncertain, my spirits fluctuating between restless flutter of a make-believe satisfaction, and the stillness of avowed misery, which latter I have grown by long practice to think almost the more supportable state. The meaning, I suppose, is that my nervous system is altogether weak, excitable—the nervous system and whatsoever depends on that.

Innocent affectionate letters came from Scotsbrig.

To Thomas Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: July 19, 1840.

My dear Son,—I received your letter and was very glad to see it, and hear that you were in your usual way—we are going on in our old way. We got little good of the sea; the weather was so cold. I saw Mary, however, and Jean was at Mary's also when I was there—all well, James and the children.

Oh, have we not great reason of thankfulness to the Giver of all

good? It was our sacrament last Sabbath, and many good things we heard, could we put them in practice; but of ourselves we can do nothing. May the Good Shepherd watch over us, and enable us to perform our vows made to Him! He will keep them in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him. For ever blessed is His name, and let all the people say Amen and Amen!

I hear you are very busy with your lectures. I wish you speedily and well through with them, and healthy in soul and body. I still hope to see you, if we are spared, this summer.

The weather here is at present very stormy and wet; but it is no wonder if we have unfruitful seasons, for we are a people laden with iniquity, like Israel of old. When God's judgments are abroad, we, the inhabitants of earth, should learn righteousness. May God enable us so to do, and to His name be all the praise!

Now, Tom, I am much gratified with your attention in writing so to me. Believe me I would also, if I could write. Give my kindest love to your dearest. Your own mother,

M. A. C.

He could not be wholly suffocated with the London miasma, when so fragrant a breath of pure air could blow in upon him. The summer number of the 'Edinburgh Review' was announced. He had heard that he was to be 'annihilated,' and that Macaulay was to be the executioner—the real writer was Herman Merivale—and it was under this false impression that he remarked on the article when he read it.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: July 24, 1840.

Macaulay's article is not so bad; on the whole, rather interesting to me, and flattering rather than otherwise. 'See,' I said to Jane, 'we have produced an effect even on Whiggery, awakened an appetite under the ribs of death.' 'Awakened an indigestion,' she answered. That really it is. One thing struck me much in this Macaulay, his theory of Liberal government. He considers Reform to mean a judicious combining of those that have any money to keep down those that have none. 'Hunger' among the great mass is *irremediable*, he says. *That the pigs be taught to die without squealing:* there is the sole improvement possible according to him. Did Whiggery ever express itself in a more damnable man-

ner? He and I get our controversy rendered altogether precise in this way.

His theory of Dumouriez's campaign is also altogether amazing from a man of any judgment—Whiggish to the backbone. And, lastly, Robespierre's Être Suprême being a religion of the same sort as that of Cromwell—oh Babington, what a cant! Didst thou ever see a cant in this world? No—a man in a jaundice never sees the colour yellow. At bottom, this Macaulay is but a poor creature with his dictionary literature and erudition, his saloon arrogance. He has no vision in him. He will neither see nor do any great thing, but be a poor Holland House unbeliever, with spectacles instead of eyes, to the end of him.

He was undeceived about the authorship of this article. 'I was heartily glad to hear this,' he said; 'of Macaulay I have still considerable hopes.' The 'Quarterly' had also an article, the writer being William Sewell, a High Church leader on his own account, and then a rising star in the Oxford world. Merivale had been ponderous and politico-economic; Sewell was astonishing, as indeed the whole Oxford movement was, to Carlyle.

Did you (he wrote to Sterling), in the course of your historical inquiries, ever fall in with any phenomenon adequately comparable to Puseyism? The Church of England stood long upon her tithes and her decencies; but now she takes to shouting in the market-place, 'My tithes are nothing, my decencies are nothing; I am either miraculous celestial or else nothing.' It is to me the fatallest symptom of speedy change she ever exhibited. What an alternative! Men will soon see whether you are miraculous celestial or not. *Were a pair of breeches ever known to beget a son?*

Reputation in America brought visitors to Cheyne Row from that country—a young, unnamed Boston lady, among others, whom he called a 'diseased rosebud.' Happily America yielded something else than 'sweet sensibility.' It yielded handsome sums of money; and, before the summer was over, he had received from that quarter as much as 400*l.* There was an honourable sense across the Atlantic that, although novelists, &c., might be fair prey,

Carlyle ought to be treated honestly. About money there was no more anxiety.

August 1, 1840.—I am not likely (he could say) to be in want of cash, for any time visible yet. Much cash, I feel often, would do me no good. I begin to grow more and more quiescent. The rule of heeding no hearsay of others, but minding more and more exclusively what *I* do like or dislike, what is really important for *me* or not for me, shows many things in a new light. I find in the British Empire astonishingly little that it would do me essential benefit to have. I sit in a sort of mournful inexpugnable acquiescence, and look at the green and paved world, really not very covetous of anything connected with the one or the other.

It was now August. The Lectures on Heroes were by this time nearly written out. He had taken no holiday; but, as the end was now in sight, he allowed himself a week's riding tour in Sussex on 'Citoyenne.' Hurstmonceaux and Julius Hare's parsonage was the furthest point which he reached, returning without misadventure by Tunbridge and Sevenoaks. He rode better than his loose seat seemed to promise. Mrs. Carlyle described to us, some years after, in her husband's presence, his setting out on this expedition; she drew him in her finest style of mockery—his cloak, his knapsack, his broad-brimmed hat, his preparation of pipes, &c.—comparing him to Dr. Syntax. He laughed as loud as any of us: it was impossible not to laugh; but it struck me, even then, that the wit, however brilliant, was rather untender. On August 23, late in the afternoon, he had substantially finished his work, and he went out, as he always did on these occasions, to compose himself by a walk.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: August 23, 1840.

The tea was up before I could stir from the spot. It was towards sunset when I first got into the air, with the feeling of a *finished* man—finished in more than one sense. Avoiding crowds and highways, I went along Battersea Bridge, and thence by a

wondrous path across cow fields, mud ditches, river embankments, over a waste expanse of what attempted to pass for country, wondrous enough in the darkening dusk, especially as I had never been there before, and the very road was uncertain. I had left my watch and my purse. I had a good stick in my hand. Boat people sate drinking about the Red House; steamers snorting about the river, each with a lantern at its nose. Old women sate in strange cottages trimming their evening fire. Bewildered-looking mysterious coke furnaces (with a very bad smell) glowed at one place, I know not why. Windmills stood silent. Blackguards, improper females, and miscellanies sauntered, harmless all. Chelsea lights burnt many-hued, bright over the water in the distance —under the great sky of silver, under the great still twilight. So I wandered full of thoughts, or of things I could not think.

Ruskin himself, when working most deliberately, never drew a more exquisite picture in words than this unstudied reflection of a passing experience. In such mood the lectures were completed, and, as usual, Carlyle was entirely dissatisfied with them.

Nothing (he said) which I have ever written pleases me so ill. They have nothing *new*, nothing that to me is not *old*. The style of them requires to be low-pitched, as like talk as possible. The whole business seems to me wearisome triviality, yet toilsome to produce, which I would like to throw into the fire; some ten days more will get me to the end of it. Ah me! I sometimes feel as if I had lost the art of writing altogether; as if I were a dumb man, whose thought could not so much as utter itself on paper now, not to speak of utterance by action. I do lead a most self-secluded, entirely lonesome existence. 'How is Each so lonely in the wide grave of the All?' says Richter. Jane comes here to take me out to walk. Adieu.

The hope had clung to him of being still able to go to Scotland in the early autumn. John Carlyle was there at this time—an additional attraction. His plan had been 'to take shipping, to find again there was an everlasting fresh sea water, rivers, mountains, simple peaceful men; that God's universe was not an accursed, dusty, deafening

distraction of a cockneydom.' But the weather broke up early this season, and he found that he must stay where he was.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: September 11, 1840.

On Monday last I was on the point of setting out, detained only by some washings of apparel and the like for a day or two. At that time my favourite speculation was through Liverpool towards Ardrossan, from which point I might accomplish a variety of travel —see my good mother beyond and before all. But the weather grew rainy, cold; I myself was bilious, heartless, and forlorn. I summed up all the smashing and exasperation a poor sleepless creature might count on in short days, long frosty nights. After sad silent meditation and computation, I have come to the result that actually *here* is the place wherein prudence bids me continue. The heat is quite out of the weather. I have books here: solitude here. My one sole palliation or remedy is sitting still; which, why should I not do *here* first of all? It gives me a right sore heart, but so I decide. I can't get out. I have taken to the reading of things needful, to solitary walks,[1] avoiding the pestiferous wen where my life is gaoled for these years. I take mostly to the lanes and fields, such as they are, 'grieving by the shore of the mother of dead dogs.' So stands it with me. I lament, above all, about my dear mother; but that also I must bear. When I go to her, she is old and weak; I am sick, sleepless, driven half mad. It is better that I stay here and have beautiful sorrow rather than ugly. I had a letter from her own good hand this morning. I could have *wept* over it; but there was no good in that.

In return for all these disappointments, I calculate all the more intensely that, if God spare me alive, I will spend the whole of next summer in the country, I—though I should even go to live at Puttock again for that purpose. I will stay in the peaceable country till I really want to come back to this, at present, abhorred tumult. I calculate that I shall be writing another book then, that it will be much easier to write anywhere than here. I am bound to save all the money I can, to effect this object. You would laugh, not perhaps with much *mirth*, if you knew all the schemes I turn over in my head for attaining this unattainable blessing. All country in this neighbourhood is nigh unbearable

[1] Citoyenne had been given up after the Sussex ride as too great an expense.

to me, defaced with green paint, cockneyism, dust and din, an abominable aping of country. I want to be far off, solitary, by the shore of the sea. I must have a cheap country, too. I should wish to be within a day's journey of my mother. I have thought of the Northumberland coast; I have thought of the Isle of Man. We shall think yet more about it; but if in silence, all the better.

Meanwhile, thank God! I have again some notions towards writing a book—let us see what comes of that. It is the one use of living, for me. Enough to-day, dear Jack; write to me what you are about, and continue loving me. Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

The book that was to be written was 'Cromwell.'

I have got lately, not till very lately (he tells Mr. Erskine), to fancy that I see in Cromwell one of the greatest tragic souls we have ever had in this kindred of ours. The matter is Past; but it is among the great things of the Past, which, seen or unseen, never fade away out of the Present.

Such an image he desired to draw, and to do it properly he had begun to wish passionately to have done with London, and live somewhere by the sea.

My heart (he said) sometimes struggles with a kind of convulsive eagerness towards that great presence. All *articulate* speech seems but a mockery of what one means. The everlasting Ocean voice, prophesying of Eternity, coming hither from Eternity, one thinks even better for one.

He would have gone, and London would have known him no more, except for Mrs. Carlyle, who knew that he would be restless anywhere. He himself partly felt that she might be right. 'Sick children,' he admitted, 'who long now for this, now for that, are not well off anywhere. The thing they so want, I suppose, is to get to sleep well on their mother's bosom.'

Money, at any rate, was to be saved for the next summer's migration; yet the anxiety to save it did not prevent Carlyle from calculating how much the abandoned visit to Scotland would have cost, and sending part of it to his mother to buy winter clothing.

It would all have been spent (he said) before I could have got up to you by the cheapest way; and now I fancy you all winter, *well wrapt up* on the produce of that. I know you do not need it—thank Heaven you do not!—but from me it will have a particular gusto, nevertheless. Get yourself over above, dear mother, something you wished to get—a little keg of beer; a little this, a little that. Stir yourself about more at ease than you would have done. It will be my greatest luxury.

Thus, when the winter set in, Carlyle was still at home, deep in Commonwealth tracts and history. It was stiff work; he did not find he could make great progress in this new enterprise. 'His interest in it even threatened sometimes to decline and die.' He found it 'not a tenth part such a subject as the "French Revolution," nor could the art of man ever make such a book out of it.'

We must hold on (he said). One dreadful circumstance is that the books, without exception, the documents, &c., one has to read, are of a dulness to threaten locked jaw. I never read such jumbling, drowsy, endless stupidities. Seventhly and lastly! Yet I say to myself, a great man does lie buried under this waste continent of cinders, and a great action. Canst thou not unbury them, present them visible, and so help, as it were, in the creation of them?

Again:—

November 16, 1840.—My reading goes on: my stupidity seems to increase with it more and more. I get to see that no history in the strict sense can be made of that unspeakable puddle of a time, all covered up with things entirely obsolete to us—a Golgotha of dead dogs. But some kind of a book can be made. That we are still looking to.

And again:—

November 26.—My reading progresses with or without fixed hope. I struggled through the 'Eikon Basilike' yesterday; one of the paltriest pieces of vapid, shovel-hatted, clear-starched, immaculate falsity and cant I have ever read. It is to me an amazement how any mortal could ever have taken that for a genuine book of King Charles's. Nothing but a surpliced Pharisee, sitting

at his ease afar off, could have got up such a set of meditations. It got Parson Gauden a bishopric. It remains as an offence to all genuine men—a small minority still—for some time yet. The writing of that book, if I ever write it, will be considerably the hardest feat I have attempted hitherto. Last night, greatly against wont, I went out to dine with Rogers, Milman, Babbage, Pickwick, Lyell the geologist, &c., with sundry indifferent-favoured women. A dull evening, not worth awakening for at four in the morning, with the dance of all the devils round you. Babbage continues eminently unpleasant to me, with his frog mouth and viper eyes, with his hide-bound, wooden irony, and the acridest egotism looking through it. Rogers is still brisk, courteous, kindly affectionate—a good old man, pathetic to look upon. On Sunday I walked three hours out Harrow-ward through the fields. A great deal of solitude I find indispensable for my health of mind. The generality of men have no sincerity in their speech, no sense or profit in it. You are better listening to the inarticulate winds, regulating if possible the dog-kennel of your own heart.

Finally, Carlyle thus winds up the year 1840 :—

Journal.

December 26.—World all lying bound in frost, sheeted in snow and rain. Venomous cold. Jane better than usual this winter. Yesterday a long walk with Mill, otherwise entirely lonely. The stillest Christmas a man could spend. Evening passed in reading Whitelocke. I did not go to Scotland or anywhither in autumn. My lectures, written out since the end of August, lie here still unpublished. Saunders & Ottley offer me 50*l.* for an edition of 750. Munificent! Fraser, consulted by my wife, did not definitely offer any cash at all, I think. For a famous man, my bookseller's economics seem singular enough. Yet what of economics? I happily do not need cash at present. If cash were my object in writing, I had made the lamentablest business of it. For these lectures I wanted an inward monition to publish. Outward there was none but a 50*l.*—rather weakish. And yet some inward monition, difficult to distinguish clearly from a mere prurient love of feeling myself busy, of hearing myself talk (*cavendum*), does begin to manifest itself at times. Perhaps we shall print after all before long. Not of much importance either way. Reviews by Whig,

Tory, by 'Deux Mondes'—plenty of reviewing. What is far better, I begin to get alive again! So much vitality recovered that I feel once more how miserable it is to be idle. After all I have seen and undergone here, flatteries, prospects, etc., I feel that the one felicity of my existence is that of *working at my trade*, working with or without reward. All life otherwise were a failure to me, a horrid incoherence in which there was no meaning or result. To work then! I often long to be in the country again; at Puttock again, that I might work and nothing else but work. Had not my wife opposed, I should probably have returned thither before now. Unlucky or lucky? One never knows. In sick seasons this practical question, hitherto insoluble for doubt, returns always on me in a most agitating, uncomfortable manner. Know thy own mind! I am sure to be sick everywhere. I am a little sicker here, and do thoroughly dislike the mud, smoke, dirt, and tumult of this place. Wherein, however, is decidedly a kind of possible, an actual association with my fellow-creatures, *never* granted elsewhere. Solitude would increase, perhaps twofold or more, my power of working. Shall I go, *carrying* and dragging all along with *me* into solitude? Alas! it is a dreary, desolate matter, go or stay. My one hope and thought for most part is that very shortly it will all be over, my very sore existence ended in the bosom of the Giver of it—at rest somehow. Things might be written here which it is considerably better not to write. As I live, and have long lived, death and Hades differ little to me from the earth and life. The human figure I meet is wild, wondrous, ghastly to me, almost as if it were a spectre and I a spectre—*Taisons.*

Oliver Cromwell will not prosper with me at all. I began reading about that subject some four months ago. I learn almost nothing by reading, yet cannot as yet heartily begin to write. Nothing on paper yet. I know not where to begin. I have not yet got through the veil, got into genuine sympathy with the thing. It is ungainly in the highest degree; yet I am loth to quit it. In our whole English history there is surely nothing as great. If one can delineate anything of England, then this thing. Heaven guide me! Verily one has need of Heaven's guidance.

CHAPTER VIII.

A.D. 1840—1. ÆT. 45—46.

Preparation for 'Cromwell'—Nervous irritability—A jury trial—Visit to Fryston—Summer on the Solway—Return to London and work—Difficulties in the way—Offer of a professorship—Declined.

MRS. CARLYLE, writing at the end of 1840, says of the state of things in Cheyne Row: 'Carlyle is reading voraciously preparatory to writing a new book. For the rest he growls away much in the old style. But one gets to feel a certain indifference to his growling; if one did not, it would be the worse for one.'

He well knew his infirmities, and wished and meant to mend them. 'Think not hardly of me, dear Jeannie,' he himself wrote to her a few months later.

In the mutual misery we often are in, we do not know how dear we are to one another. By the help of Heaven, I shall get a little better, and somewhat of it shall abate. Last night, at dinner, Richard Milnes made them all laugh with a saying of yours. 'When the wife has influenza, it is *a slight cold*—when the man has it, it is, &c. &c.'

No one can be surprised that she objected to being taken back to the 'desert.' She, though she enjoyed London, would have cheerfully gone with him, would herself have urged his going, back to the moors, if he could have found real peace there. But she knew, and he knew too, that he could not fly from his shadow; that the cause of his restlessness was not in London, but in himself.

How often (he wrote to Sterling) do I, poor wretch, from amid this inane whirlpool which seems to be grinding my life to pieces, cry aloud for a hut in the wilderness, with fields round me and sky over me, that on any terms, consistent with life at all, I might be allowed to live there! Nay, perhaps, *I shall verily fly to Craigenputtock again before long.* Yet I know what solitude is, and imprisonment among black cattle and peat bogs. The truth is, we are never right as we are. 'Oh, the devil burn it!' said the Irish drummer flogging his countryman; 'there's no pleasing of you, strike where one will.'

He was fond of this story of the Irish corporal or drummer, feeling perhaps how well it fitted him. One asks with wonder why he found existence (such as it had become to him) so intolerable; why he seemed to suffer so much more under the small ills of life than when he had to face real troubles in his first years in London. He was now successful far beyond his hopes. The fashionable world admired and flattered him. The cleverest men had recognised his genius, and accepted him as their equal or superior. He was listened to with respect by all; and, far more valuable to him, he was believed in by a fast-increasing circle as a dear and honoured teacher. His money anxieties were over. If his liver occasionally troubled him, livers trouble most of us as we advance in life, and his actual constitution was a great deal stronger than that of ordinary men. As to outward annoyances, the world is so made that there will be such things, but they do not destroy the peace of our lives. Foolish people intrude upon us. Official people force us to do many things which we do not want to do, from sitting on juries to payment of rates and taxes. We express our opinion on such nuisances perhaps with imprecatory emphasis, but we bear them and forget them. Why could not Carlyle, with fame and honour and troops of friends, and the gates of a great career flung open before him, and a great intellect and a conscience unharassed by a single act which he need

regret, bear and forget too? Why, indeed! The only answer is that Carlyle was Carlyle; and a man to whom the figures he met in the streets looked suddenly like spectres, who felt like a spectre himself, and in the green flowery earth, with the sky bending over it, could see 'Tartarus and the gloomy realms of Dis,' was not to be expected to think and act like any other human being.

It was true that, if occasion required, he could think and act like a very shrewd and practical human being. He has already alluded wrathfully to the being summoned to serve on juries. He was called upon again at the beginning of this year, and as the experience was a curious one, and as he often spoke of it, I give the letter in which he tells the story.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: February 18, 1841.

I had been summoned again under unheard-of penalties to attend a jury trial about Patent India-rubber Cotton-cards. Two people from Manchester had a controversy whose was the invention of the said cards. It had cost them perhaps 10,000*l.*, this controversy on a card suit. There were 150 witnesses summoned from all parts of England and Scotland. It had been left unfinished last term. That was the reason of the unheard-of penalties for us jurymen, that they might not be obliged to begin at the beginning again. The same twelve men did all assemble. We sat for two endless days till dark night each day. About eight o'clock at night on the second day we imagined it was done, and we had only to speak our verdict. But, lo and behold! one of the jury stood out. We were eleven for the plaintiff, and one the other way who would not yield. The judge told us we must withdraw, through passages and stairs up and down into a little stone cell with twelve old chairs in it, one candle, and no meat, drink, or fire. Conceive our humour. Not a particle of dinner, nerves worn out, &c. The refractory man—a thickset, flat-headed *sack*—erected himself in his chair and said, 'I am one of the firmest-minded men in England. I know this room pretty well. I have starved out three juries here already.' Reasoning, demonstration, was of no avail at all. They began to suspect he had been bribed.

He looked really at one time as if he would keep us till half-past nine in the morning, and then get us dismissed, the whole trial to begin *again*. One really could not help laughing, though one had a notion to kill the beast. 'Do not argue with him,' I said. 'Flatter him. Don't you see he has the obstinacy of a boar and little more sense in that head of his than in a Swedish turnip?' It was a head all cheeks, jaw, and no brow, of shape somewhat like a great ball of putty dropped from a height. I set to work upon him;[1] we all set to work, and in about an hour after our 'withdrawal' the *Hash*, I pulling him by the arm, was got stirred from his chair—one of the gladdest moments I had seen for a month—and in a few instants more we were all rejoicing on our road home. In my life I have seen nothing more absurd. I reflected, however, that really perhaps I had contributed to get justice done; that, had I not been there, it was very possible they would have quarrelled with their 'firmest-minded man in England,' and cost somebody another 10,000*l.*

Evidently a great diplomatist was lost in Carlyle. But it would have been happy for the peace of Cheyne Row if British justice could have done without him; as indeed for the future it contrived to do. He was disturbed no more for such purposes.

Fraser came to terms about the same time for the lectures on 'Hero Worship.' They were set in type, and he liked them a great deal better when he read them in proof. 'It is,' he said, 'a *goustrous*[2] determined speaking out of the truth about several things. The people will be no worse for it at present. The astonishment of many of them is likely to be considerable.'

The 'Miscellanies,' 'Sartor,' and the other books were

[1] As Carlyle told the story to me, the man had settled himself down in a dark corner of the room, there meaning to stay out the night. . . . Carlyle sat down beside him, congratulated him on being a man of decision, able to have an opinion of his own in these weak days, and stand by it, a quality both rare and precious . . . but, &c. In fact, did he not see that by standing out he would hurt his own friends? . . . The jury were eleven to one. . . . What chance was there that any future jury would agree to the verdict which he wished? There would only be more expense with no result, &c.

[2] *Goustrous*—strong, boisterous.

selling well, and fresh editions were wanted. Young people in earnest about their souls had begun to write to him, thanking him for delivering them from Egypt, begging to be allowed to come to Cheyne Row and see the face and hear the voice of one who had done such great things for them. Amongst the rest came Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, a Manchester lady, afterwards famous as a novelist, and the closest friend of Carlyle's wife; then fresh to life, eager to use it nobly, and looking passionately for some one to guide her. Carlyle's first impressions were unusually favourable.

Miss Jewsbury, our fair pilgrimess (he writes on March 3, 1841), is coming again to-morrow, and then departs for the North. She is one of the most interesting young women I have seen for years; clear delicate sense and courage looking out of her small, sylph-like figure.

The next impression was less satisfactory, though the young lady was still found interesting.

Que deviendra-t-elle? (he asks). A notable young woman, victim of much that *she* did not make; seeking passionately for some Paradise to be gained by battle; fancying George Sand and the 'literature of desperation' can help her thitherward. In the world there are few sadder, sicklier phenomena for me than George Sand and the response she meets with.

For Madame Sand and all her works, for all sentimental, indecent literature whatsoever, Carlyle's dislike amounted to loathing. He calls it somewhere 'a new Phallus worship, with Sue, Balzac, and Co. for prophets, and Madame Sand for a virgin.' Emerson, who admired this great French celebrity, complained to me once of Carlyle's want of charity about her. Emerson had been insisting to him on her high qualities, and could get for answer nothing except that she was a great—improper female. Geraldine Jewsbury's inclination that way had not recommended her, nor did her own early novels, 'Zoe,' the 'Half Sisters,'

&c., tend to restore her to favour. But she worked through all this. In a long and trying intimacy she won and kept the affectionate confidence of the Cheyne Row household, and on his wife's death Geraldine was the first of her friends to whom he turned for support.

Meanwhile Whitelocke and Rushworth did not grow more digestible. The proofs of 'Hero Worship' were finished. The want of rest in the past summer had upset Carlyle's internal system. Work he could not; and at Easter he was glad to accept an invitation from Milnes to accompany him to his father's house at Fryston, in Yorkshire. His letters give a graphic and attractive picture of the Fryston circle. A few slight extracts will be sufficient here.

Milnes, whom then and always he heartily liked, took him down by railway on April 5. The present Sir Robert Peel was in the carriage with them, and left them at Tamworth.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Royal Hotel, Derby: April 5, 1841.

The last look thy face wore to-day has haunted me all the way hither. I will write half a word before going to bed, though in a travellers' room with two bagmen dining and conversing on one side of the apartment, and Milnes diligently reading a tragedy of Landor's at the other side of my table. Two blazing jets of gas flaming away right overhead. . : . We got along without the slightest accident comfortably enough. Our weather was of the brightest. I sate looking out at the green spring fields, the beautiful, honest-looking villages and hamlets. It is many a year since *I had seen a spring day.* This was a kind of sample of spring, rich in all kinds of sad and tender recollections for me. Milnes and I got on beautifully. He read 'Oxford Tracts,' &c., all the way, argued and talked in the smartest manner. . . . I managed to smoke three cigars, two of them in the railway in spite of regulations. . . . We set off at nine in the morning; shall arrive about one or two, I fancy. I will write from Fryston; write thou. There is a railway, and letters fly in less than a day.

Oh Jeannie, would thou wert happier! Would I could make thee happy! God be with you, my dearest! Hope—let us still hope, and not fear. Good sleep to you, and this along with breakfast to-morrow. Yours ever from the heart,

T. CARLYLE.

Fryston: April 7.

My fate at Derby was none of the brightest. Bed at half-past one o'clock, to make sure of quiet, then awoke again by the stroke of five! However, one must put up with the accidents of the road. I was not so miserable as might have been expected, at least not till late last night when I had got worn out. This country is altogether like a beautified kind of Scotland; streams of water, fields alternating of green and red, with hawthorn hedges, honest-looking unclipt trees all in bud. The silent sight of it yesterday did me real benefit. To finish the bulletin part of the business, I awoke this morning again at six (woe's me, for it was after one before I lay down); but gradually, in spite of noisy servants, in spite of all things, I fell first into a sluggish torpor, then into treacle-sleep, and so lay sound as a stone till half-past ten. My hope and expectation is that I shall improve in health here. If I could get riding out among these silent fields and rough country lanes, I should amend fast.

Richard[1] made me dismount some two miles of our appointed goal, and walk homewards by a shorter way through woods, over knolls, &c. Walking was not my forte; however I persevered and did well enough. Over rough-looking places, some of them, we got at last to the Fryston mansion, a large irregular pile of various ages, rising up among ragged old woods in a rough large park, also all sprinkled with trees, grazed by sheep and horses, a park chiefly beautiful because it did not set up for beauty. Ancient-looking female figures were visible through the windows as we drew nigh. Mrs. Milnes, a tall ancient woman, apparently of weak health, of motherly kind heart, of old-fashioned, stately politeness—a prepossessing woman—welcomed us at the door of the drawing-room 'in the silence of the stately hall.'

. . . . . .

I am lodged in a bed-room with four enormous windows, which look out over woody garden spaces and other silent ruralities; the apartment furnished as for Prince Albert and Queen Victory, the

[1] Milnes.

most absurd place I ever lived in (when I look at myself and my equipment) in this world. I am charged to smoke in it too. . . . I have a fire in it all day. I now write in it to thee. The bed seems to be about 8 feet wide. A ladder conducts you to it if you like. Of my paces the room measures 15 from end to end, 45 feet long, height and width proportioned, with ancient dead-looking portraits of Queens, Kings, Straffords, Principalities, &c., really the uncomfortablest acme of luxurious comfort that any Diogenes was set into in these late years.

Fryston: Monday, April 12.

Your second letter came as before at breakfast. I gave Richard the paragraph relating to him to read for his own behoof. Your *Dispatch* objurgation and *Chronicle* eulogy[1] were read, parts of the former aloud, with suitable commentary of laughter, to the company at large. Lady ———, who seems to have some sense of laughter as of other things, understood the Goody's procedure. But to the dear ———'s I could perceive it was matter rather of amazement. 'Does Mrs. Carlyle send you this?' 'Ah, yes, the wicked gypsy; she is glad to have anything like it to send.' Your *Chronicle* puff is really worth something. Can you find out who did it? If it be not Fuz (John Forster), which I rather disincline to believe, then I have another admirer who partly understands what I would be at. Your mother's approbation is also very agreeable to me, and my own mother's *greeting* (crying) over Knox and Luther. And now at last I do think we are very sufficiently applauded and approved, and ought, if possible, to go and do something *deserving* a little applause.

A ride to Wakefield with Milnes was an incident of this visit, with Milnes's conversation in the course of it.

He did not plague me with the picturesque, the good Richard. On my declaring that simple knolls and fields with brooks and hedges among them were the best of all for me, and the picturesque a mere bore, he admitted that partly, at bottom, it was so to him also, and probably to all men. I like Richard better and better—a most good-humoured, kind, cheery-hearted fellow, with plenty of *savoir-faire* in him too. He answered me the other day, when I asked him if he liked Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' 'Is it as a public question that you ask me or as a private confidential one?' No-

[1] Two reviews of 'Hero Worship.'

body could answer better. At Wakefield we saw a smoky spinning town, and an ancient Socinian lady named ———. We galloped and trotted, I smoking cigars, and looking out on the quiet of Mother Earth, improved by agriculture; Richard talking about Puseyism, aristocratic blackguards, aristocratic originals, Crypto-Catholicism, and much else. We came across the park at full gallop about six o'clock, to dine with the Dragon of Wantley as we found.

'The Dragon of Wantley' was Lord Wharncliffe, who was attending quarter sessions at Pomfret; a Tory peer whom Carlyle found 'an innocent, wooden, limited, very good old Dragon.' The James Marshalls dined also the same evening at Fryston, Mrs. James Marshall being the Miss Spring Rice who was mentioned above as an attendant at the lectures. They lived at Headingly, near Leeds, and pressed Carlyle to pay them a visit when he left Fryston. He said he was 'a waiter on Providence,' and could not say what he could do, but decided eventually to go. The Fryston visit lasted a fortnight. 'Alas!' he says, on closing his account of it, 'we were at church on Sunday. Roebuck (much tamer than before) was here with lawyers. This way leads not to peace, yet I actually slept last night for the first time without rising to smoke.'

Life in great English country houses may be as well spent as life elsewhere by the owners of them who have occupations to attend to. For visitors, when large numbers are brought together, some practice is required if they are to enjoy the elaborate idleness. The habits of such places as Fryston and Headingly, to which he went afterwards, were as yet a new experience to Carlyle. From the latter place he reported on April 17th.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Headingly: April 17, 1841.

Richard and I rolled off from the doors of Fryston Hall in a handsome enough manner yesterday about eleven o'clock. We left a vacant house to a quietude which I should think must have been

welcome to it. I never lived before in such an element of 'much ado about *almost* Nothing;' life occupied altogether in getting itself lived; troops of flunkeys bustling and becking at all times, the meat-jack creaking and playing all day, and I think all night, for I used to hear it very early under my room; and such champagning, claretting, and witty conversationing. *Ach Gott!* I would sooner be a ditcher than spend *all* my days so. However, we got rather tolerably through it for these ten days, and I really think I can report a favourable change in my inner man in spite of every drawback. I have not yet made out one good sleep. This morning I had a fair chance, had fallen asleep again, and was afar in sweet oblivion, apparently for hours, when the visage of a flunkey at the foot of my bed aroused me. 'What o'clock?' '*Af pas seven, Sir.*' 'When is breakfast?' '*Af pas eight.*' Flunkey of the Devil. I rose as slowly as I possibly could, read newspapers, &c., you may judge with what felicity, till ten, when breakfast did arrive. No wealth should in any case induce me to be concerned with retinues of flunkeys. And yet, poor fellows! even this flunkey of the Devil is a very assiduous, helpful creature. I will tell him not to call me to-morrow at all, and so forgive him.

Here at Headingly the house is quieter. The people have almost all sense—two altogether important elements. Besides we dine at six. Nay, we have a smoking room. The youngest brother Arthur has cigars and pipes. I could be better nowhere than here. I have shirked the church. I pleaded 'conscience.' I do really begin to have scruples; that is a truth. 'Nothing can exceed the kindness of these people,'[1] and they are really good people.

I was much entertained with the new mill yesterday, with the thousands of men, lasses and boys and girls, all busy there. It is not nothing, but something, we here live amidst. At six o'clock here a general muster of the Spring Rices and Marshalls, Mrs. Henry Taylor among them, awaited us to dinner, and we had a reasonable enough evening, one of the best I have yet had. Beautiful room where I now sit writing, with Leeds lying safe in the hollow of the green knolls; its steeple-chimneys all dead to-day (Sunday), its very house-smoke cleared away by the brisk wind which is rattling in all windows, growling mystically through all the trees. Nothing that art, aided by wealth, good sense, and honest kindness, can do for me is wanting.

[1] Phrase of Edward Irving.

Two pleasant days were spent with the Marshalls, and then Carlyle pursued his way. He had nothing definite to do. He was taking holiday with set purpose, and being so far north he went on by Liverpool, and by steamer thence to Dumfriesshire. His mother had been slightly ailing, and he was glad to be with her till she recovered. But he was among his own people, no longer under restraint as among strangers, and he grew restless and 'atrabilious.' 'The stillness of this region,' he wrote when at Scotsbrig, 'would be a kind of heaven for me, could I get it enjoyed; but I have no home here. I am growing weary of the perfect idleness. Like the Everlasting Jew, I must *weiter*, *weiter*, *weiter*.' Accordingly in May he was in Cheyne Row again, but in no very improved condition. 'I am sick,' he said, 'with a sickness more than of body, a sickness of mind and my own shame. I ought to know what I am going to work at—all lies there. Despicable mortal! know thy own mind. Go then and do it in silence.' He could not do it; he could not work, he could not rest. There was no help for it; he had to do what in the past year he knew he must do, allow himself a season of complete rest and sea air. The weather grew hot, and London intolerable. He went back to Scotsbrig, and took a cottage at Newby close to Annan, on the Solway, for the summer. Mrs. Carlyle came down with a maid who was to act as cook for them. They were to take possession at the end of July. Mrs. Carlyle stayed a day or two on the way with her newly acquired friends, the Paulets, at Seaforth near Liverpool, where a letter reached her from her husband.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Liverpool.

Scotsbrig: July 1841.

Much good may Liverpool do you, or rather have done you, for it will be the last day when you get this. Had I known the Paulet was so superior a character, I ought certainly to have gone

and looked at her. . . . I should on the whole like best of all to see poor Geraldine, an ardent spark of life struggling and striving one knows not whitherward, too well. May the bounteous heavens be good to her, poor Geraldine! I wish she could once get it fairly into her head that neither woman nor man, nor any kind of creature in this universe, was born for the exclusive, or even for the chief, purpose of falling in love, or being fallen in love with. Good heavens! It is *one* of the purposes most living creatures are produced for; but, except the zoophytes and coral insects of the Pacific Ocean, I am acquainted with no creature with whom it is the one or grand object. That object altogether missed, thwarted, and seized by the Devil, there remains for man, for woman, and all creatures (except the zoophytes), a very great number of other objects over which we will still show fight against the Devil. Ah me! These are sorry times, these of ours, for a young woman of genius. My friend Herr —— (word illegible), whom I am reading here, greatly prefers the old deep Norse Paganism, with its stalwart energy and self-help, with its stoicism, rugged nobleness, and depth as of very death, to any Christianism now going. Recommend me to Geraldine, at any rate, as one who loves her, and will lament sore if she gain not the victory, if she find not by-and-by some doctrine better than George-Sandism, inclusive of George-Sandism and suppressive of that. Enough now. Not a word in the shape of news can stand here. I live in a *silence* unequalled for many years. I grow daily better, and am really very considerably recovered now. My popularity is suffering somewhat by the absolute refusal to see any body whatever. I let it suffer.

Adieu, dear little creature! sail prosperously. Be not too sick. Come jumping up when I step upon the deck at Annan Pool. Kiss Geraldine. I command no more.

Yours ever and aye,

T. CARLYLE.

Something was not altogether right with Carlyle when he wrote this letter. The tone of it is uncomfortable. He was a wayward creature. He met his wife as he promised, drove her over to her mother's at Templand, and intended to stay there with her. On the first night of his arrival he rose at three o'clock in the dawning of the July

morning, went to the stable, put his horse into the gig himself, and drove over to Dumfries to finish his night's rest there. In the forenoon he sent back this account of himself:—

Dumfries: July 22, 1841.

I got away hither much better than you perhaps anticipated. I have managed to get some hours of sleep, and am taking the road (to Annan) not at all in desperate circumstances. Would to Heaven I could hear that my poor Jeannie had got to sleep! I have done little but think tragically enough about my poor lassie all day: about her, and *all* the history we have had together. Alas! but let us not take the tragic side of it. All tragedy has a moral and a blessing in it withal. It was the beautifullest sunrise when I left Templand. Herons were fishing in the Nith; few other creatures yet abroad. I could not make the cock hold his tongue on the roost. I am afraid he still kept thee awake. Alas! the poor Dame has too probably lain all day with a headache. Write to me—write to me. Explain all my suddenness to your mother, to our kind friends. Express all my regret to them, all my, &c. Adieu, my hapless, beloved Jeannie! Sleep and be well, and let us meet not tragically. Adieu,

T. Carlyle.

He had made so little secret of his dislike of London, and his wish to leave it, that when he was so much absent this season a report went abroad that he had finally gone, and Sterling had written to him to inquire. He told his friend, in answer, that for the present he had merely taken a cottage for the summer; for the rest 'he had no fixed intentions, only rebellious impulses, blind longings and velleities.' 'I do not think,' he said, 'that I shall leave London for a while; yet I might readily go farther and fare worse. Indeed, in no other corner of the earth have I ever been able to get any kind of reasonable solid existence at all. Everywhere else, I have been a kind of exceptional, anomalous, anonymous product of nature, provoked and provoking in a very foolish, unprofitable way.'

The Newby lodgings were arranged, and he and his wife

were settled in them. *Rest* was the object, the most desirable and the least attainable. His correspondence describes his life there.

To John Carlyle.

Newby: July 28, 1841.

This same furnished cottage is a considerable curiosity of a place, of the tiniest dimensions, as if space here on the beach had been not less precious than in the heart of London; but it is papered, dry, &c., &c.; by her contrivances Jane is making it all very habitable. Already this morning at nine I had a bathe. The tide is not ten yards off. Alick, Mary, &c., are overwhelming with attentions; one sends wine, the other cream and butter, &c. It is the loneliest place surely I could have found anywhere in the world, this, at present. Sky and sea, with little change either of sound or color, such is our whole environment. Very strange, very sad, yet very soothing is this multitudinous everlasting moan of the Frith of the Selgovæ, vexed by its winds, swinging in here and again out like a huge pendulum hung upon the moon—ever—ever—as in the days of Pliny, and far earlier. Eternity is long, is great; and life with all its grievances and other 'trash-trash' is very short and small.

To John Sterling.

Newby: August 4.

Here now for a matter of ten days. Our house is a small dandified fantasticality of a cottage, almost close upon the gravel of the beach. A footpath, on coarse dunes, with gorse, broom, hairy imitation of grass, passes east and west before our windows. Behind us is an oatfield, now in ear, and fishers' huts and cabins. Right in front from this garret-window lies all Cumberland; lies Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and a thousand wondrous peaks known to me from infancy, at the present moment all blue and shining in the August sun, oftenest sunk in grey tempest, always worth a look from me.

The place is very strange, most lonely. For three days after our arrival we had no phenomenon at all but the everlasting roar of the loud winds, and the going and coming of the great Atlantic brine, which makes up and down once every twelve hours since the creation of the world, never forgetting *its* work; a most huge unfortunate-looking thing, doomed to a course of transcendent monotony, the very image as of a grey objectless eternity.

I bathe daily, ride often, drive my wife or my mother, who is with us in these days, to and fro in frail vehicles of the gig species. It is a savage existence for most part, not unlike that of gipsies. For example, our groom is a great thick-sided, laughing-faced, red-haired—*woman*. She comes to me from time to time with news of inextricable imbroglios in the harness, the head-stalls, and hay-rack. If I could not myself perform, the whole equine establishment would come to a standstill. But none knows me, none ventures to know me. I roam far and wide in the character of ghost (a true *revenant*). Such gipsydom I often liken to the mud bath your sick rhinoceros seeks out for himself, therein to lie soaking for a season, with infinite profit to the beast's health, they say.

. . . . . .

I love Emerson's book,[1] not for its detached opinions, not even for the scheme of the general world he has framed for himself, or any eminence of talent he has expressed that with, but simply because it is his own book; because there is a tone of veracity, an unmistakable air of its being *his* (wheresoever he may have found, discovered, borrowed, or begged it), and a real utterance of a human soul, not a mere echo of such. I consider it, in that sense, highly remarkable, rare, very rare, in these days of ours. *Ach Gott!* It is frightful to live among echoes. The few that read the book, I imagine, will get benefit of it. To America, I sometimes say that Emerson, such as he is, seems to me like a kind of New Era. Really, in any country, all sunk crown deep in cant, twaddle, and hollow traditionality, is not the first man that will begin to speak the truth—any truth—a new and newest era?

There is no likeness of the face of Emerson that I know of. Poor fellow! It lies among his liabilities to be engraved yet, to become a Sect founder, and go partially to the devil in several ways; all which may the kind heavens forbid! What you ask about *my* likeness is unanswerable. I likened it, four months ago, when I struck work in sitting, to a compound of the head of a demon and of a flayed *horse*. *Infandum, infandum!*

Carlyle had sat to several persons. I cannot say to which of several performances this singular description refers. For some reason, no artist ever succeeded with a portrait of him.

[1] The first series of Emerson's Essays just published in England, with a preface by Carlyle.

To John Carlyle.

Newby: August 15, 1841.

It is all like a kind of vision of Hades, this country to me, especially when it sinks all grey like a formless blot, future and past alike nothing or an unintelligible something. The truth is, I myself in these weeks make no debate whatever against the great exterior *Not I.* There is nothing but passivity, idleness, and Balzac literature in me. Perhaps it is good so. I shall get to working, to asserting myself by-and-by. Never have I been idler since I can remember. If my health do not improve a little, it is very hard. I see nobody, will let nobody see me. 'It is not to be a Lion,' Jane says, 'but to be a Tiger.'

To the Same.

August 20.

Our time, which is about done here, has gone along as well as was needful in a kind of vagabond style, the fruits of which I expect afterwards. I have lived, as it were, entirely alone, in company with the Titantic elements, spirits of the waters, earth, wind, and mud—by no means the worst company. Last night after dusk I walked as far as Gallowbank Pool, in a grey wild wind, in perfect solitude except for sleeping cows, except three fishers too, whose rude Annan voices I heard busy in their *skows* in the Gallowbank Pool when I arrived. No walk in the world could be more impressive to me. I looked into the Lady Well in passing home again. Annan street had groups of 'prentice lads on it, and maid-servants in white aprons. Tom Willison's shop light was shining far up the street, but Tom himself, I suppose, is laid long since in the everlasting night, or the everlasting day. Near ten o'clock I was here again.

Readers of 'Redgauntlet' will know the scenery of that evening walk. Whether as a rhinoceros in his mud bath, or as an unquiet *revenant*, in either case he was determined to have nothing to say to his fellow-creatures. There he was, in the very centre of his oldest acquaintances. Not a place or a name or a person but was familiar to him from his boyhood. At Annan he had been at school. At the same school he had been an usher. Annan was Irving's home, and Irving's relations were all round him. Yet he

visited no one, he recognised no one, he allowed no one to speak to him, and he wandered in the dusk like a restless spirit amidst the scenes of his early dreams and his early sufferings. The month at Newby over, he stayed another week at Scotsbrig with his mother, went for a few days to the Speddings in Cumberland, thence with his wife, before going back to London, to see Miss Martineau at Tynemouth. At last, in the end of September, he was at home again, the long holiday over, to which he had looked forward so eagerly, and he threw down into his note-book the impression which it had left.

Journal.

October 3, 1841.—Returned nearly three weeks ago after a long sojourn in Annandale, &c., a life of transcendent *Do*-Nothingism, not *Feel*-Nothingism, an entirely eclipsed, almost as if enchanted, life. Jane was with us. Helen, the servant, too, had been with us at Newby. The adventure was full of confused pain, partly degrading, disgraceful; cost me in all, seemingly, some 70*l*. We shall not all go back to Annandale for rustication in a hurry. My poor old mother! What unutterable thoughts are there for me! How the light of her little upper room used to shine for me in dark nights when I was coming home! The thought of her! Ah me! There is yet *no* thought of all I feel in regard to that. . . . Harriet Martineau lies this long while confined to a sofa, writing, writing, full of spirits, vivacity, *didacticism;* could still give illustration and direction to the whole world, tell every mortal that would listen to her what would make his life all right—a praiseworthy, notable character. Nevertheless, I was pained by much that I saw. The proper Unitarian species of this our England at present is very curious.

I lazily, and alas! also sullenly, at times refused to see simply any person in Annandale except my own kindred. I do fear I gave offence to right and left, but really could not well help it. Much French rubbish of novels read, a German book on Norse and Celtic Paganism, little other than trash either. Nothing read, Nothing thought, Nothing done. Shame!

Ought I to write now of Oliver Cromwell? *Gott weiss;* I cannot yet see clearly. I have been scrawling somewhat during the

past week, but entirely without effect. Go on, go on. Do I not see *so much* clearly? Why complain of wanting light? It is courage, energy, perseverance, that I want. How many things of mine have already passed into public action? I can see them with small exultation; really almost with a kind of sorrow. So *little* light! How enormous is the darkness that renders *it* noticeable! Last week a manufacturer at Leeds compared our Corn-law nobles to the French in 1789; curious to *me*. It is a strange incoherency this position of mine, of the like of me—among the meanest of men and yet withal among the high and highest. But what is life, except the knitting up of incoherences into coherence? Courage! What a need of some speaker to the practical world at present! They would hear *me* if, alas! I had anything to say. Again and again of late I ask myself in whispers, Is it the duty of a citizen to be silent, to paint mere Heroisms, Cromwells, &c.? There is a mass as of chaotic rubbish continents lying on me, crushing me into silence. Forward! Struggle! 'Live to make others happy!' Yes, surely at all times, so far as you can. But at bottom that is not the aim of any life. At bottom it is mere hypocrisy to call it such, as is continually done now-a-days. Every life strives towards a goal, and ever should and must so strive. What you have to do with others is not to tread on their toes as you run—this ever and always—and to help such of them out of the gutter—this of course, too—as your means will suffice you. But avoid Cant. Do not think that *your* life means a mere searching in gutters for fallen figures to wipe and set up. Ten thousand and odd to one it does not mean and should not mean that. In our life there is really no meaning at all that one can lay hold of, no result at all to sum up, except the *work* we have done. Is there any other? I see it not at present.

Ye voices of the past! Oh, ye cut my heart asunder with your mournful music out of discord; your prophetic prose grown poetry. *Ay de mi!* But what can I do with you? This day I actually ought to try if I could get to work. Let us try.

October 4.—Alas! I did try, and without results. *Da hab' ich keinen Tag.* My thoughts lie around me all inarticulate, sour, fermenting, bottomless, like a hideous, enormous bog of Allan—a thing ugly, painful, of use to no one. We must force and tear and dig some kind of *main ditch* through it. All would be well then: growth, fertility, greenness, and running water—a business that will not do itself, that must be done. Oh, what a lazy lump I am!

This extract explains the difficulty Carlyle had in beginning 'Cromwell.' He felt that he had something to say, something which he ought to say about the present time to the present age; something of infinite importance to it. England as he saw it was saturated with cant, dosed to surfeit with doctrines half true only or not true at all, doctrines religious, doctrines moral, doctrines political, till the once noble and at heart still noble English character was losing its truth, its simplicity, its energy, its integrity. Between England as it was and England as it might yet rouse itself to be, and as it once had been, there was to Carlyle visible an infinite difference. Jeffrey had told him that, though things were not as they should be, they were better than they had ever been before. This, in Carlyle's opinion, was one of those commonly received falsehoods which were working like poison in the blood. England could never have grown to be what it was if there had been no more sincerity in Englishmen, no more hold on fact and truth, than he perceived in his own contemporaries. The 'progress' so loudly talked of was progress downwards, and rapid and easy because it was downwards. There was not a statesman who could do honestly what he thought to be right and keep his office; not a member of Parliament who could vote by his conscience and keep his seat; not a clergyman who could hope for promotion if he spoke what he really believed; hardly anyone of any kind in any occupation who could earn a living if he only tried to do his work as well as it could be done; and the result of it all was that the very souls of men were being poisoned with universal mendacity. 'Chartism' had been a partial relief, but the very attention which it had met with was an invitation to say more, and he had an inward impulse which was forcing him on to say it. How? was the question. The 'Westminster Review' had collapsed. He thought for a time that he might have some Review of

his own where he could teach what he called 'believing Radicalism,' in opposition to Political Economy and Parliamentary Radicalism. Of this he could make nothing. He could not find men enough with sufficient stuff in them to work with him. Thus all this autumn he was hanging restless, unable to settle his mind on 'Cromwell;' unable to decide in what other direction to turn; and there is nothing of his left written during these months of much interest save one letter about Goethe. Sterling, who had been a persistent heretic on that subject, refusing to recognise Goethe's sovereign excellence, had been studying 'Meister' at Carlyle's instance, was still dissatisfied, and had frankly said so. Carlyle answers.

To John Sterling.

Chelsea: October 31, 1841.

I agree in nearly every word you say about 'Meister,' and call your delineation just and vivid, both of that book and its author, as they impress one there. Truly, as you say, moreover, one might ask the question whether anybody ever did love this man as friend does friend; especially whether this man did ever frankly love anybody. I think in one sense it is very likely the answers were *No* to both questions, and yet in another sense how emphatically *Yes*. Few had a right to love this man, except in the very way you mention; Schiller, perhaps, to something like that extent. One does not love the heavens' lightning in the way of *caresses* altogether. This man's love, I take it, lay deep hidden in him as fire in the earth's centre. At the surface, since he could not be a Napoleon, and did not like to be a broken, self-consumed Burns, what could it do for him? The earliest instincts of self-culture, I suppose, and all the wider insights he got in the course of that, would alike prescribe for him: 'Hide all this; renounce all this; all this leads to madness, indignity, Rousseauism, and will for ever remain bemocked, ignominiously crucified one way or another in this lower earth. Let thy love far hidden spring up as a soul of beauty and be itself victoriously beautiful.' Let summer heat make a whole world verdant, and if Sterling ask next century, 'But where is your thunderbolt then?' Sterling will take another view of it.

An interesting incident, though it led to nothing, lightened the close of this year. In the old days at Comely Bank and Craigenputtock, Carlyle had desired nothing so much as professorship at one or other of the Scotch universities. The door had been shut in his face, sometimes contemptuously. He was now famous, and the young Edinburgh students, having looked into his lectures on Heroes, began to think that, whatever might be the opinions of the authorities and patrons, they for their part would consider lectures such as those a good exchange for what was provided for them. A 'History chair' was about to be established. A party of them, represented by a Mr. Duniface, presented a requisition to the Faculty of Advocates to appoint Carlyle. The 'Scotsman' backed them up, and Mr. Duniface wrote to him to ask if he would consent to be nominated. Seven years before, such an offer would have had a warm welcome from him. Now he was gratified to find himself so respected by the students. But then was then, and now was now.

The chair (he said of it) has no endowment at all. To go among Scotch Presbyterians, Scotch pedantries, Klein-Stadteries, without any advantage but a lecture-room, and their countenance and co-partnery, would never for a moment do. Cannot I make for myself a university at any time in any quarter of the Saxon world by simply hiring a lecture-room and beginning to speak? Yet the movement of these young lads is beautiful, is pathetic to me: a young generation calling me affectionately home, and I already across the *irremeabilis unda*. 'The wished for comes too late.' *Tant mieulx*, now and then.

This or something like this will I send—I must take care the dogs do not print it in their newspapers:—

To Mr. Duniface and his fellow-requisitionists.

My dear Sir,—Accept my kind thanks, you and all your associates, for your zeal to serve me. This invitation of yours, coming on me unexpectedly from scenes once so familiar, now so remote and strange, like the voice of a new generation now risen up there, is almost an affecting thing. I can in some true sense take it as

a voice from the young ingenuous minds of Scotland at large, calling to me in these confused deep struggling times, 'Come thou, and teach us what is good.' If I did not hope still in other ways to do what is in me towards teaching you and others, I should be doubly sorry that my answer must be negative. Ten years ago such an invitation might perhaps have been decisive of much for me, but it is too late now; too late for many reasons, which I need not trouble you with at present.

I will solicit a continuance of your regards; I will bid you all be scholars and fellow-labourers of mine in things true and manly; that so we may still work in real concert at a distance and scattered asunder, since together it is not possible for us. With sincerest wishes, yours, T. CARLYLE.

Such a letter, brief, pregnant, and graceful, must have increased the regret among the students that they could not have the writer of it among them. *Could not*—for that was the word. At the universities of England and Scotland, as they were then constituted, a man of genius bent on speaking truth and nothing else could have no place. Is it otherwise now? The emoluments of the chair would have been ample, for the students would have crowded into the class, and the professors' incomes depend almost wholly on the lecture fees. Happily finance was no longer an anxiety to Carlyle.

Money (he notes) does not weigh excessively much with me now that I have wherewithal to go on unbated by the hellhound idea of beggary. I begin to see now that it is not on the money side that we shall be wrecked, but on some other. *Deo gratias!* for it was an ugly discipline that.

CHAPTER IX.

A.D. 1842. ÆT. 47.

Sterling at Falmouth—My own acquaintance with him—'Strafford'—Carlyle's opinion—Death of Mrs. Welsh—Carlyle for two months at Templand—Plans for the future—Thoughts of returning to Craigenputtock—Sale of Mrs. Welsh's property—Letters from Lockhart—Life in Annandale—Visit to Dr. Arnold at Rugby—Naseby field.

STERLING was spending the winter of 1841–2 at Falmouth. His chest was weak. He had tried the West Indies, he had tried Madeira, he had tried the south of France, with no permanent benefit. He was now trying whether the mild air of the south of Cornwall might not answer at least as well, and spare him another banishment abroad. It was here and at this time that I became myself acquainted with Sterling. I did not see him often, but in the occasional interviews which I had with him he said some things which I could never forget, and which affected all my subsequent life. Among the rest, he taught me to know what Carlyle was. I had read the 'French Revolution,' had wondered at it like my contemporaries, but had not known what to make of it. Sterling made me understand that it was written by the greatest of living thinkers, if by the side of Carlyle any other person deserved to be called a thinker at all. He showed me, I remember, some of Carlyle's letters to him, which have curiously come back into my hands after more than forty years. Looking over these letters now, I find at the beginning of this year

some interesting remarks about Emerson, with whom also Sterling had fallen into some kind of correspondence. Besides his own Essays, Emerson had sent over copies of the 'Dial,' the organ then of intellectual Liberal New England. Carlyle had not liked the 'Dial,' which he thought high-flown, often even absurd. Yet it had something about it, too, which struck him as uncommon.

It is to me (he said) the most wearisome of readable reading; shrill, incorporeal, spiritlike; I do not say ghastly, for that is the character of your Puseyism, Shelleyism, &c., real ghosts of extinct Laudisms, Robespierreisms, to me extremely hideous at all times. This New England business I rather liken to an *un*born soul that has yet got no body. Not a pleasant neighbour either.

But the chief substance of these letters is about Sterling's own work. He had just written 'Strafford,' and had sent the manuscript to be read at Cheyne Row. Carlyle, when asked for his opinion, gave it faithfully. He never flattered. He said honestly and completely what he really thought. His verdict on Sterling's tragedy was not and could not be favourable. He could find no true image of Strafford there, or of Strafford's surroundings. He had been himself studying for two years the antecedents of the Civil War. He had first thought Montrose to have been the greatest man on Charles's side. He had found that it was not Montrose, it was Wentworth; but Wentworth, as he conceived him, was not in Sterling's play. Even the form did not please him, though on this he confessed himself an inadequate judge. His remarks on art are characteristic:—

Of Dramatic Art, though I have eagerly listened to a Goethe speaking of it, and to several hundreds of others mumbling and trying to speak of it, I find that I, practically speaking, know yet almost as good as nothing. Indeed, of Art generally (*Kunst*, so called) I *can* almost know nothing. My first and last secret of *Kunst* is to get a thorough *intelligence* of the *fact* to be painted, represented, or, in whatever way, set forth—the *fact* deep as Hades,

high as heaven, and written so, as to the visual face of it on our poor earth. This once blazing within me, if it will ever get to blaze, and bursting to be out, one has to take the whole dexterity of adaptation one is master of, and with tremendous struggling, really frightful struggling, contrive to exhibit it, one way or the other.

This is not *Art*, I know well. It is Robinson Crusoe, and not the Master of Woolwich, building a ship. Yet at bottom is there any Woolwich builder for such kinds of craft? What *Kunst* had Homer? What *Kunst* had Shakespeare? Patient, docile, valiant intelligence, conscious and unconscious, gathered from all winds, of these two things—their own faculty of utterance, and the audience they had to utter to, rude theatre, Ithacan Farm Hall, or whatever it was—add only to which as the soul of the whole, the above-said blazing, radiant insight into the fact, blazing, burning interest about it, and we have the whole Art of Shakespeare and Homer.

To speak of Goethe, how the like of him is related to these two, would lead me a long way. But of Goethe, too, and of all speaking men, I will say the soul of all worth in them, without which none else is possible, and with which much is certain, is still that same radiant, all-irradiating insight, that same burning interest, and the glorious, melodious, perennial veracity that results from these two.

This extract is interesting less for its bearing upon Sterling's play, which brilliant separate passages could not save from failure, than for the full light which it throws on Carlyle's own method of working. But from his own work and from Sterling's and all concerns of his own he was called away at this moment by a blow which fell upon his wife, a blow so severe that it had but one alleviation. It showed her the intensity of the affection with which she was regarded by her husband. Her mother, Mrs. Welsh, had now resided alone for several years at her old home at Templand in Nithsdale, where the Carlyles had been married. Her father, Walter Welsh, and the two aunts had gone one after the other. Except for the occasional visits to Cheyne Row, Mrs. Welsh had lived on

there by herself in easy circumstances, for she had the rent of Craigenputtock as well as her own jointure, and, to all natural expectation, with many years of life still before her. The mother and daughter were passionately attached, yet on the daughter's part perhaps the passion lay in an intense sense of duty; for their habits did not suit, and their characters were strongly contrasted. Mrs. Welsh was enthusiastic, sentimental, Byronic. Mrs. Carlyle was fiery and generous, but with a keen sarcastic understanding; Mrs. Welsh was accustomed to rule; Mrs. Carlyle declined to be ruled when her judgment was unconvinced; and thus, as will have been seen, in spite of their mutual affection, they were seldom much together without a collision. Carlyle's caution—'*Hadere nicht mit deiner Mutter, Liebste. Trage, trage!*'—tells its own story. Mrs. Carlyle, as well as her husband, was not an easy person to live with. She had a terrible habit of speaking out the exact truth, cut as clear as with a graving tool, on occasions, too, when without harm it might have been left unspoken.

Mrs. Welsh had been as well as usual. There had been nothing in her condition to suggest alarm since the summer when the Carlyles had been in Annandale. On February 23 Mrs. Carlyle had written her a letter, little dreaming that it was to be the last which she was ever to write to her, describing in her usual keen style the state of things in Cheyne Row.

To Mrs. Welsh, Templand.

5 Cheyne Row: Feb. 23, 1842.

I am continuing to mend. If I could only get a good sleep, I should be quite recovered; but, alas! we are gone to the devil again in the sleeping department. That dreadful woman next door, instead of putting away the cock which we so pathetically appealed against, has produced another. The servant has ceased to take charge of them. They are stuffed with ever so many hens

into a small hencoop every night, and left out of doors the night long. Of course they are not comfortable, and of course they crow and screech not only from daylight, but from midnight, and so near that it goes through one's head every time like a sword. The night before last they woke me every quarter of an hour, but I slept some in the intervals; for they had not succeeded in rousing *him* above. But last night they had him up at three. He went to bed again, and got some sleep after, the 'horrors' not recommencing their efforts till five; but I, listening every minute for a new screech that would send him down a second time and prepare such wretchedness for the day, could sleep no more.

What is to be done God knows! If this goes on, he will soon be in Bedlam; and I too, for anything I see to the contrary: and how to hinder it from going on? The last note we sent the cruel woman would not open. I send for the maid, and she will not come. I would give them guineas for quiet, but they prefer tormenting us. In the *law* there is no resource in such cases. They may keep wild beasts in their back yard if they choose to do so. Carlyle swears he will shoot them, and orders me to borrow Mazzini's gun. Shoot them with all my heart if the consequences were merely having to go to a police office and pay the damage. But the woman would only be irritated thereby into getting fifty instead of two. If there is to be any shooting, however, I will do it myself. It will sound better my shooting them on principle than his doing it in a passion.

This despicable nuisance is not at all unlikely to drive us out of the house after all, just when he had reconciled himself to stay in it. How one is vexed with little things in this life! The great evils one triumphs over bravely, but the little eat away one's heart.

An 'evil' greater than she had yet known since her father was taken away hung over Mrs. Carlyle while she was writing this letter. Five days later there came news from Templand, like a bolt out of the blue sky, that Mrs. Welsh had been struck by apoplexy and was dangerously ill. Mrs. Carlyle, utterly unfit for travelling, 'almost out of herself,' flew to Euston Square and caught the first train to Liverpool. At Liverpool, at her uncle's house, she learnt that all was over, and that she would never see her

mother more. She was carried to bed unconscious. When she recovered her senses she would have risen and gone on; but her uncle would not let her risk her own life, and to have proceeded in her existing condition would as likely as not have been fatal to her. Extreme, intense in everything, she could only think of her own shortcomings, of how her mother was gone now, and could never forgive her. The strongest natures suffer worst from remorse. Only a strong nature, perhaps, can know what remorse means. Mrs. Carlyle had surrendered her fortune to her mother, but the recollection of this could be no comfort; she would have hated herself if such a thought had occurred to her. Carlyle knew what she would be suffering. The fatal news had been sent on to him in London. He who could be driven into frenzy if a cock crew near him at midnight, had no sorrow to spare for himself in the presence of real calamity.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Maryland Street, Liverpool.

Chelsea: March 1, 1842.

My darling! my poor little woman! Alas! what can I say to thee? It was a stern welcome from thy journey this news that met thee at Maryland Street. Oh, my poor little broken-hearted wife! Our good mother, then, is away for ever. She has gone to the unknown Great God, the Maker of her and of us. We shall never see her more with these eyes. Weep, my darling, for it is altogether sad and stern, the consummation of sorrows, the greatest, as I hope, that awaits thee in this world. I join my tears with thine; I cry from the bottom of my dumb heart that God would be good to thee, and soften our tears into blessed tears. The question now, however, is what is to be done. I almost persuade myself your cousins would get you advised to take a little repose with them—Repose!—and that you are still at Liverpool and will expect this letter there, Tell me: would you wish me to come? to attend you forward? to bring you back home? to do or to attempt anything that even promises to aid you? Speak, my poor darling! I am in a whirl of unutterable thoughts. I can advise nothing, but in everything I will be ordered by your wishes. Speak them out.

I wrote to Dr. Russell[1] last night. Alas! his tidings were all too sudden. The swiftest mail train could not have carried us thither. Even at Craigenputtock it might have befallen so. Perhaps this night there will be some letter come from you. No, no! I remember now there is none possible till to-morrow morning. Oh, that you had but stayed with me! It would have been something to weep on my shoulder. God help thee to bear this sore stroke, my poor little Jeannie! Adieu, I will write no more at present. I have, of course, many letters to write. God be with thee, and solace thy poor heart, my own dearest!

T. CARLYLE.

3 o'clock.

I have kept this open to the last minute in hopes some clearness of purpose might rise on me from amid that black chaos of thoughts. It seems cruel to ask thee for advice, and yet thy wishes, dearest, shall be the chief element of guidance for me. As yet, in the mood I am in, all whirls and tumbles; but this question does arise. Ought I not, by all laws of custom and natural propriety, to be there, with or without thee, on the last sad, solemn occasion, to testify my reverence for one who will be for ever sad, dear, and venerable to me? Think thou and answer. I will have all in readiness at any rate, so that I may be able to start to-morrow night, or say on Thursday morning, if needful. Shall I? Adieu, my own darling!

Mrs. Carlyle lay ill in Liverpol, unable to stir, and unpermitted to write. He himself felt that he must go, and he went without waiting to hear more. As it was, he was too late for the funeral, which had for some reason been hurried; but his brother James, with the instinct of good feeling, had gone of his own accord from Ecclefechan to represent him. Carlyle was sole executor, and there were business affairs requiring attention which might detain him several weeks. He was a few hours with his wife at Liverpool on his way, and then went on, taking his wife's cousin Helen with him to assist in the many arrangements which would require a woman's hand.

[1] The physician who had attended Mrs. Welsh, and husband of the Mrs. Russell who was afterwards Mrs. Carlyle's correspondent.

Everything was, of course, left to Mrs. Carlyle, and her own property was returned to her. It was not large, from 200*l.* to 300*l.* a year; but, with such habits as hers and her husband's, it was independence, and even wealth.

But this was the last recollection which occurred to Carlyle. He travelled down on the box of the mail in a half-dreamy state, seeing familiar faces at Annan and Dumfries, and along the road, but taking no heed of them. Templand, when he reached it, was a haunted place. There he had been married; there he had often spent his holidays when he could come down from Craigenputtock; there he had conceived 'Sartor;' there two years before his own mother and he had smoked their pipes together in the shrubbery. It was from Templand that he had rushed away desperate in the twilight of a summer morning and seen the herons fishing in the river pools. A thousand memories hung about the place, which was now standing desolate. During the six weeks while he remained there he wrote daily to his wife, and every one of these letters contained something tenderly beautiful. A few extracts, however, are all that I can allow myself.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Templand: March 7, 1842.

All this house is like a ghost to me, but still clear and pure like a kind of blessed spirit. The old feathers and grass stick in the bottle on the mantelpiece. There are two pennies with bits of wax on them. Helen thinks they are memorials of John Grey or Mr. Bradfute.

March 9.

Our cousin's accounts of thee are better and always better, but we hear of sleepless nights, doctors, and sleep provoked by medicine. I entreat thee, my poor little woman! compose thy sad heart. Alas, alas! I bid thee cease to be miserable, and thou canst not cease. The stroke that has fallen is indeed irreparable, and tears, hot, sorrowful tears, are due to the departed who will meet us here no more. We shall go to her; she shall not return to us. So it was

in the Psalmist David's time; so it is in ours, and will be to the end of the world—a world long ago defined as a vale of tears, in which, if we did not know of very truth that God presided over it, and did incessantly guide it towards good and not towards evil, we were incontrollably wretched.

March 11.

I am dreadfully sad in the mornings before I get up, and some kind of work or endeavour after work fallen to. One has to look at the black enemy steadily and contemplate him in solitude for oneself. All sorrow is an enemy, but it carries a *friend's message* within it too. Oh, my poor Jeannie! all *life* is as death, and the true Igdrasil which reaches up to heaven goes down to the kingdom of hell; and God, the Everlasting Good and Just, is in it all. We have no words for these things; we are to be silent about them; yet they are true, for ever true. My dear partner, endeavour to still all feelings that can end in no action. Compose thy poor little heart and say, though with tears, 'God's will be done.'

Among other questions requiring answer was, first and foremost, what was to be done with Templand itself? The house and farm were held under the Duke of Buccleuch. The lease had yet several years to run.

Templand: March 19.

I understand it takes some three weeks to give proper notification. In three weeks I might have it settled and be making for London again. I do not dislike a kind of fellowship with the dead for that length of time. It is very mournful, almost awful, but it is wholesome and useful for me. It is towards Eternity that we are all bound. It is in Eternity that we already all live; and awful death itself is but another phasis of life which also is awful, fearful, and wonderful, reaching to heaven and hell. Ah me! one feels in these moments, first of all, how beggarly, almost insulting to one, are all *words* whatsoever, when such a thing lies there arrived and visible.

The first intention had been to part with the place and sell the furniture; but it was endeared to Carlyle by many recollections, and the thought occurred to him whether it might not be better to keep it as it stood, and with all that it contained, as a summer retreat, or perhaps as a final

home for himself. His mother, who had come across to stay with him, perhaps encouraged the feeling. He did not propose it; he was careful to propose nothing which his wife might dislike and have the pain of rejecting. He hinted at it merely as a passing thought, and it was as well that he did no more; for he saw at once that the very idea of such a thing was intolerably distressing to her, and of this project he said no more.

His mother went home after a week. 'She sent you her sympathy and blessing,' Carlyle wrote. '"Thou must tell her too," she added, "whatever ye may think of it, that I hope she will get this great trouble sanctified to her yet," which I said I doubted not my poor Jane in her own way was ever struggling to obtain.'

It is the first day of my entire solitude here (he continued [for Helen was also gone] on March 22), a bright, pale March day, defaced with occasional angry gusts of storm. I feel the whole, however, myself, and her that is away, to be full of mystery, of sorrow and greatness; God-like, the work wholly of a God. Lament not, my poor Jane! As sure as we live we shall yet go to her; we shall before long join her, and be united, we and all our loved ones, even in such a way as God Most High has seen good; which way, of all conceivable ways, is it not verily the best? Speak as we will, there is nothing more to be spoken but even this: God is great; God is good; God's will be done. Flesh and blood do rebel, but the spirit within us all answers: Yes, even so. My poor woman!

In the quiet at Templand, and among such solemn surroundings, London and its noisy vanities, its dinners and its hencoops, did not seem more beautiful to Carlyle. More than ever he prayed to be away from it. At that house it was evident that Mrs. Carlyle could not bear the thought of living. But there was Craigenputtock not far off, towards which he had often been wistfully looking. Of this, too, hitherto she had refused to hear so much as a mention; but it was now her own, and her objection might

be less. They could afford to spend something to improve its comforts. An auction sale of the Templand furniture, every part of which had a remembrance attaching to it, was in itself a kind of sacrilege. Again he would merely hint.

Once or twice to-day (he said at the close of the same letter) it strikes me, if you did not so dislike Craigenputtock, might we not carry all over thither, build them together again, and avoid a sale? But this, I am afraid, is rather wild. I myself have no love for Craigenputtock; but the place might still be saved, made even neater than ever, and while it continues ours there is a kind of necessity for our going thither sometimes.

Mrs. Carlyle was leaving Liverpool and returning to London. Her answer to this suggestion did not immediately arrive. Perhaps he knew that she would not like it, and may have himself thought no further about the matter. His daily missives still continued.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Templand: March 23.

The day has been pale, bright, serene, a sort of Sabbath to me. The Closeburn trees were all loud with rooks. The cattle seemed happy; the unfathomable azure resting beautifully above us all. One asks, Is man alone born to sorrow that has neither healing nor blessedness in it? All nature from all corners of it answers No —for all the wise No. Only *Yea* for the unwise, who have man's susceptibilities, appetites, capabilities, and not the insights and rugged virtues of men. The sun—twilight itself coming through this poor north window which you know so well—begins to fail me.

March 25.

My dear good Wife,—Your kind and sad little note arrived this morning. Never mind me and my health. The country, with its sacred stillness and freshness, is sure to amend me of everything. Its very tempests and blistering spring showers do me good to witness. God's earth! It is good for me, also, to be left quite alone here, alone with my griefs and my sins, even as in the presence of one sainted and gone into the eternal clearness. God Most High is over us both. . . . This morning I hear from

Adamson[1] about some legacy tax and the inventory of effects. I have taken order about it and answered him. To you this only will be interesting, that she had, if I recollect, 189*l.* lying in the bank, so needed not to fear money straits at least. Heaven be praised for it! Oh Jeannie, what a blessing for us now that we fronted poverty instead of her doing it! Could the Queen's Treasury compensate us had we basely left her to such a struggle?

He had to regret that he had so much as alluded to Craigenputtock. The very name of it had, in Mrs. Carlyle's weak, agitated state, awakened a kind of horror.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Cheyne Row.

Templand: March 26.

Dear Jeannie,—You are evidently very ill. I entreat you take care of yourself. Do not tear yourself in pieces. As to Craigenputtock, that was a passing thought, and has come no more back. If I make *you* miserable, it shall be for a greater blessedness to myself than a residence there among the savages. Do not fret yourself at all about that note. . . . I saw very well what you now tell me; how it had been. The worst effect of all on me was that it indicates such a sick, excitable condition. I pray you study to avoid *whatever* can lead thitherward, and know well always that I cannot deliberately mean anything that is harmful to you, unjust, or painful to you. Indeliberately I do enough of such things without meaning them. I walked three hours in the grey March mildness down to the Ford or Ferry of Barjarg, and back again by the river-side and shaws. It was a road I more than once went a good part of on horseback that autumn we last tried to stay here. Alas! how all the faults and little infirmities of the departed seem now what they really were, mere *virtues imprisoned*, obstructed in the strange, sensitive, tremulous element they were sent to live in! Of that once more I could not but think to-day. There is something in these remembrances that would drive one to weeping. Templand in the distance looked to me like a kind of pure Hades and shrine of the dead, poor little Auntie's figure lying in death in it,[2] and then in succession the second, and now

[1] I suppose a Dumfries official.

[2] Aunt Jeannie. I have found a letter lying out of its place among Carlyle's papers, written from Craigenputtock to Mrs. Carlyle on the occasion of Aunt Jeannie's death. I had not seen it when I wrote the account of that part of

the third. The rooks are cawing all round, the river rushing ever on, a sacred silence of all human sounds resting far and wide. It is very mournful to me, but preferable to anything that could be offered me of the sort they call joy.

Poor Sterling! setting off to-morrow again on his old hapless errand;[1] and yet who knows whether at bottom it is not a kind of good to him? Were it not for this sickness that always opens an issue, I see not but he must either write a tragedy, or failing that, break his heart, and so act one. Probably he himself is not without some unconscious feeling of that sort, which in the background may lie as a kind of consolation to him. Poor fellow! Enough now, and good night to cousin Jeannie and you, from the loneliest man in all the world—or at least as lonely as any. Good night, and a blessing be with you!

April 3.

Yesterday I set out in the rough wind, while the weather was dry, for a long walk. I went by Penpont, up Scaur Water, round the foot of Tynron Doon. I had all along been remembering a poor little joiner's cottage which I saw once when poor Auntie and you and I went up on ponies. This ride, this cottage, which was

his life, and so give it in a note here, as it is too beautiful to be passed over. There is no date, but it belongs to the year 1832. Mrs. Carlyle was then at Templand, and had sent up word to her husband that her aunt had gone.

Craigenputtock: 1832.

Your sad messenger is just arrived. I had again been cherishing hopes when the day of hope was clean gone. Compose yourself, my beloved wife, and try to feel that the Great Father is *good*, and *can* do nothing wrong, inscrutable and stern as His ways often seem to us. Surely, surely, there is a life beyond death, and that gloomy portal leads to a purer and an abiding mansion? Suffering angel! But she is now free from suffering, and they whom she can no longer watch over are alone to be deplored. . . . It seems uncertain to me whether I can be aught but an encumbrance at Templand. Yet I feel called to hasten towards *you* at this so trying moment. I mean to set out for Dumfries and order mournings, and be with you some time to-night. I am almost lamed for riding, so that it may be rather late before I can arrive.

My mother is here, and bids me with tears in her eyes send you her truest love and prayers that God may sanctify to you this heavy stroke. 'The world,' she says, 'is a lie, but God is a truth, and His goodness abideth for ever.'

May He keep and watch over my beloved one!

I am always her affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

[1] Sent abroad, Falmouth not answering.

the centre of it in my memory, I would again recall, by looking at the places—the places which still abide while all else vanishes so soon. It was a day of tempestuous wind; but the sun occasionally shone; the country was green, bright; the hills of an almost spiritual clearness, and broad swift storms of hail came dashing down from them on this hand and that. It was a kind of *preternatural* walk, full of sadness, full of purity.

The Scaur Water, the clearest I ever saw except one, came brawling down, the voice of it like a lamentation among the winds, answering me as the voice of a brother wanderer and lamenter, wanderer like me through a certain portion of eternity and infinite space. Poor brook! yet it was nothing but drops of water. My thought alone gave it an individuality. It was *I* that was the wanderer, far older and stronger and greater than the Scaur, or any river or mountain, or earth, planet, or thing. The poor joiner's cottage I could not recognise; no joiner, at least, was now there.

My stay here has now a fixed term set to it. After Thursday, come a week, there will be no habitation for me here. I went to the Factor, as I proposed, on Friday—a harmless, intelligent enough, rather *wersh*-looking man. 'He had no power,' he told me. 'The Duke's answer' could not be here *till the end of next week*. There was little doubt but it would be as I wished. I decided straightway on proceeding with the sale and the other assortments, waiting no longer for 'Dukes' and dependents of Dukes. Their part of the business will gradually be settling itself in the interim. The babbling inconclusive palaver of the rustic population here, if you have anything to with them, is altogether beyond a jest to me. I positively feel it immoral and disgusting.

April 5.

Margaret,[1] set a talking by some questions of mine, has had me at the edge of crying, or altogether crying. On the last fatal Friday morning the poor sick one said to her, 'Margaret, I have had a bonny dream. I dreamt that my son was writing a book with his heart's blood,' meaning, I suppose, that it was to be a right excellent book. Good God! I shall never forget that. It will stick in my memory for ever more. But why do we mourn? As far as I can gather, she died without pain. Margaret says she had never slept so well, and bragged of her health and was in a cheerful joking humour not many minutes before. The great God is merciful;

[1] Margaret Hiddlestone, who had been Mrs. Welsh's servant, and was afterwards Mrs. Carlyle's pensioner till her death.

the stroke could not have been delivered more softly. But that 'bonny dream'! Oh Jeannie! that is a thing inexpressibly sorrowful and sweet to me. I have set you crying *again*, I doubt. I did not mean that.

Among these letters to Mrs. Carlyle I intercalate one written on this same 5th of April to Mr. Erskine, who had offered warm and wise sympathy in his friend's sorrow.

To Thomas Erskine, Linlathen.

Templand: April 5.

Dear Mr. Erskine,—I know not whether my poor wife has yet answered the letter you sent to her, but I know that, if not, yet she means with her earliest strength to do so; for she described it as having been a true solace to her, as having 'told her the very things she was thinking'—a most naïve and complete definition of a letter that *deserved* to be written. Thanks to you in her name and my own. The poor heart seems gathering composure gradually, though still very weak; and in weak bodily health too, imprisoned by the rough spring weather. A young cousin is with her at Chelsea: a cheery, sensible, affectionate girl, whom she describes as a great support to her. Mrs. Rich and all her friends, summoned by a great calamity, had shown themselves full of sympathy and help. It is what mortals owe to one another in such a season. The little birds shrink lovingly together when a great gyr-falcon has smitten one of them. Death I account always as a great deliverance, a dark door into Peace, into everlasting Hope. But it is also well named from of old the King of Terrors—a huge demon-falcon rising miraculously we know not whence, to snatch us away from one another's sight we know not whither! Had not a God made this world, and made Death too, it were an insupportable place. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Even so. In whom else, or in what else?

My days pass along here, where a multiplicity of small things still detains but does not occupy me, in a most silent, almost sabbath-like manner. I avoid all company whatever—except the few poor greedy-minded very stupid rustics who have some affairs with me, which I struggle always to despatch and cut short. I see nobody; I do not even read much. The old hills and rivers, the old earth with her star firmaments and burial-vaults, carry on a mysterious unfathomable dialogue with me. It is eight years since I have seen a spring, and in such a mood I never saw one. It seems

all new and original to me—beautiful, almost solemn. Whose great laboratory is that? The hills stand snow-powdered, pale, bright. The black hailstorm awakens in them, rushes down like a black swift ocean tide, valley answering valley; and again the sun blinks out, and the poor sower is casting his grain into the furrow, hopeful he that the Zodiacs and far Heavenly Horologes have not faltered; that there will be yet another summer added for us and another harvest. Our whole heart asks with Napoleon: 'Messieurs, who made all that? *Be silent*, foolish Messieurs!'

Mrs. Carlyle's letters from Cheyne Row showed no recovery of spirits. Wise comfort, wise reflection upon life and duty, was the best cordial Carlyle could administer.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Templand: April 9.

No wonder, my dear wife, you feel disheartened and sick about all work and weary of the world generally. Benevolence, I agree with you, is no trade; altogether, or nearly altogether, a futility when followed as a trade. Yet work does still remain to be done, and the highest law does order us all to work. My prayer is, and always has been, that you would rouse up the fine faculties that *are* yours into some course of real work which you felt to be worthy of them and you. Your life would not then be happy, but it would cease to be miserable. It would become noble and clear with a kind of sacredness shining through it. I know well, none better, how difficult it all is, how peculiar and original your lot looks to you, and in many ways *is*. Nobody can find work *easily* if much work do lie in him; all of us are in horrible difficulties that look invincible, but that are not so. The deepest difficulty which also presses on us all is the sick sentimentalism we suck in with our whole nourishment, and get ingrained into the very blood of us in these miserable ages! I actually do think it the deepest. It is this that makes me so impatient of George Sand, Mazzini, and all that set of prophets; impatient so far as often to be unjust to what of truth and genuine propriety of aim is in them. Alas! how often have I provokingly argued with you about all that! I actually will endeavor not to do so any more. It is not by arguing that I can ever hope to do you any service on that side; but I will never give up the hope to see you adequately *busy* with your whole mind discovering, as all human beings may do, that in the grimmest rocky

wildernesses of existence, there are blessed well-springs, there is an everlasting guiding star.

Courage, my poor little Jeannie! Ah me! Had I been other, for you too it might have been all easier. But I was not other: I was even *this*. In such solemn seasons, let us both cry for help to be better for each other, and for all duties in time coming. Articulate prayer is for me not possible, but the equivalent of it remains for ever in the heart and life of man. I say *let us* pray. . . . God look down upon us; guide us, not happily but *well*, through life. Unite us well with our buried ones according to His will. Amen. . . . My mother, with a kind, speechless heart, does speak so far as to ask if I will send you her blessing. She was telling me yesterday all about the last parting with her mother, how she came out to the middle of the road to take leave of them, &c. Old scenes, images sunk forty years in the past which can still bring tears into old eyes. Ah me! Ah me! Well, I will not add another word to-day, for I have still much to do, and have written more than enough. Adieu, dearest! God be with you!—He that can wipe away all tears from our eyes. All tears! Ever your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

Heirlooms, and some few other relics at Templand, were packed and sent to London. The remainder of the stock was sold by auction on April 12, and Carlyle, unable to witness so hateful a scene, spent the morning at Crawford Churchyard, where Mrs. Welsh was buried. The first part of the next letter was written there, the conclusion when he returned in the evening to the desolate house.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Crawford: April 14.

I have spent two hours at the *place*. . . . All is composed there into decent regularity, and lies overlooked by the old wilderness as in everlasting rest. I have copied the inscription *lineatim*. I thought you would like to see it that way too. I also copied your grandfather's memorial, evidently composed by her. The man has cut the letters deep, correct, and very well; excellently well as far as lettering goes—one or two mistakes of points (one especially affecting the sense to a grammarian) which I could not bear to

leave. I went to the nearest farmhouse (close by), borrowed a chisel and hammer, and succeeded in making it all correct. The stone stands level, firm, raised by six pillarets upon another, which is flat, horizontal, and level with the ground. Grandfather and grandmother, and then a great-grandmother, I think, of date 1737, lie farther to the south. One ewe and her little black-faced lamb were the only things visible about the spot. The Clyde rolled by its everlasting course. The north wind was moaning through some score of trees that stand on the opposite side of the *Gottes-Acker*. What a name!—a right name. The old hills rested mournful, desolate, pure and strong all round. I could see Castlemaine from the spot.

Templand: Evening.

It was on the whole very well you did not come hither. All things would have fallen with such a deadly weight of grief upon you. Vacant! Vacant! The transitory still here; so much that was transitory proved more lasting than what we wished to continue for ever. The mark of her neat, orderly hand, full of humble, thrifty elegance, very touching in itself anywhere and everywhere, is in all corners of this house; and she—has gone a long journey. Patience, my darling! She has gone whither we are swiftly following her. Perhaps essentially she is still near us. Near and far do not belong to that eternal world which is not of space and time. God rules that too; we know nothing more. The sight of these poor flowers which I have gathered for you has led me into thoughts which perhaps I had better have spared. The poor little flowers have all ventured out this bright day, and there is nobody to bid them right welcome now.

The next morning Carlyle took his last leave of Templand, and went to pass a few quiet days with his mother. As a close of this episode I add a few lines sent to him by a friend whom he rarely saw, who is seldom mentioned in connection with his history, yet who then and always was exceptionally dear to him. The lines themselves were often on his lips to the end of his own life, and will not be easily forgotten by anyone who reads them. He says in his notes to the 'Letters and Memorials of Mrs. Carlyle,' that while at Templand he received three or four

friendly serious notes from Lockhart. In one of these, dated April 1, was written :—

It is an old belief
  That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
  Dear friends shall meet once more:

Beyond the sphere of time,
  And sin, and fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
  Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
  This hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep,
  If not to waken so.

At Scotsbrig ordinary subjects resumed their interest, and Carlyle began to think again, though not very heartily, of his own work. Tedious business still detained him in Dumfriesshire. He could not leave till he had disposed of the lease of Templand. The agents of the noble Duke could not, consistently with their master's dignity, be rapid in their resolutions. Carlyle became impatient, and relieved his feelings in characteristic fashion.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: April 19, 1842.

Cromwell sometimes rises upon me here, but as a thing lost in abysses, sunk beyond the horizon, and only throwing up a sad twilight of remembrance. I sometimes think I will pack up all Fuz's books together at my return and send them away. I never yet was in the right track to do that book. Yet Cromwell is with me the fit subject of a book, could I only say of what book. I must yet hang by *him*. But, indeed, if I live, a new epoch will have to unfold itself with me. There are new things, and as yet no new dialect for them. The time of my youth is past; that of my age is not yet fully come.

No Duke's answer can arrive, I suppose, till the end of this week. It is a wonderful relief to me, that I have here got fairly out of the choking, sycophant Duke element, which tempted me at every

turn to exclaim, 'May the devil and his grandmother fly away with your shabble of a Duke!' What in God's name have I to do with him? All the Dukes in creation melted into one Duke were not worth sixpence to me. I declare I could not live there at all in such an accursed, soul-oppressing puddle of a Dukery.

April 25.

I believe the thing is in a fair way of being what is to be accounted here as 'finished.' I have seen the Factor and, as it were, come in 'the Lord their God his Grace's will.'

April 31.

Let us be thankful that the sorrowful business, *taliter qualiter*, is over, and no more agitations on that score are to be apprehended for you. As for the home at Chelsea, if *you* like it, do not regard much my dislike of it. I cannot be healthy anywhere under the sun. I am a perceptible degree unhealthier in London than elsewhere; but London, I do feel withal, is the only spot in the earth where I can enjoy something like the blessedness of freedom; and this I ought to be willing to purchase at the expense of dirt, smoke, tumult, and annoyance of various kinds. I must run into the country when the town gets insupportable to me. But I ought not to quit hold of town. To live in cloth worship of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch for example—I confess I should hesitate between Monmouth Street and that. Not that, I should say; anything rather than that.

To-day I have lain on a sofa and read the whole history of the family of Carlyle. Positively not so bad reading. I discover there what illustrious genealogies we have; a whole regiment of *Thomas* Carlyles, wide possessions, all over Annandale, Cumberland, Durham, gone all now into the uttermost wreck, absorbed into Douglasdom, Drumlanrigdom, and the devil knows what. Two of us have written plays, one could carve organs, sculpture horses; Mrs. Jameson's old Carlyle was cousin of Bridekirk. I suppose I, too, must have been meant for a Duke, but the means were dropped in the passage.

He had small respect for dukes and such-like, and perhaps Templand would not have answered with him if he had kept it; but he had a curious pride also in his own family. There was reason to believe that his own father was the actual representative of the Lords Carlyle of

Torthorwald; and, though he laughed when he spoke of it, he was clearly not displeased to know that he had noble blood in him. Rustic as he was in habits, dress, and complexion, he had a knightly, chivalrous temperament, and fine natural courtesy; another sure sign of good breeding was his hand, which was small, perfectly shaped, with long fine fingers and aristocratic finger-nails. He knew well enough, however, that with him, as he was, pedigrees and such-like had nothing to do. The descent which he prized was the descent from pious and worthy parents, and the fortunes and misfortunes of the neighbouring peasant families were of more real interest to him than aristocratic genealogies.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: May 3, 1842.

My dear Wife,—This is to be the last note I write to you from Scotsbrig on the present occasion. Nothing new is to be communicated. The day has passed over to this hour, four o'clock, without recordable incident. I have been twice upon the moor since six, when I awoke. I have seen poor cattle straying over these barren bogs; poor ploughmen toiling in the red furrow, their ploughshares gleaming in the sun—a most innocuous flash; they and their huts, and their whole existence looking sad, almost pathetic to me. They are very poor in person, poor in purpose, principle, for the most part in all that makes the wealth of a man.

Poor devils! The farmer of Stennybeck, the next place to this, has a mother stone-blind, whom I remember out of infancy as a brisk, buxom lass that sate in the kirk with me. Utter poverty—financiering equal to a Chancellor's of the Exchequer—has attended them these many years, even in the near background a gaol; and now yesterday the poor blind woman, searching down some heavy churn from the garret—for she works and bustles all over the house—tumbled through a trapdoor and nearly killed herself. Unfortunate souls! The man asked Jamie one day, 'What d'ye think *will* come of me?' Peel's tariff has taken some twenty pounds from him, and—his Laird is rioting through the world like a broken blackguard. I am wae to look on poor old Annandale, poor old England—the devil is busy with us all.

What a pity a man cannot sleep, and so live something like other men! For the rest, it is no secret to me that he ought still to keep a bridle on himself, and not let insomnolence nor any other perversity drive him beyond limits.

Yesterday I got my hair cropped, partly by my own endeavours in the front, chiefly by sister Jenny's in the rear. I fear you will think it rather an original cut.

It was on Carlyle's return from Scotland, a day or two after the date of this last letter, that he paid the visit to Rugby of which Dean Stanley speaks in his life of Dr. Arnold. Arnold, it will be remembered, had written to Carlyle after reading the 'French Revolution.' He had sympathised warmly also with his tract on 'Chartism,' and his views as to the mights or rights of English working men. Cromwell, who was to be the next subject, was equally interesting to Arnold; and hearing that Carlyle would be passing Rugby, he begged him to pause on the way, when they could examine Naseby field together.

Carlyle, on his side, had much personal respect for the great Arnold—for Arnold himself as a man, though very little for his opinions. He saw men of ability all round him professing orthodoxy and holding office in the Church, while they regarded it merely as an institution of general expediency, with which their private convictions had nothing to do. Such men aimed only at success in the world, and if they chose to sell their souls for it, the article which they parted with was of no particular value. But Arnold was of a higher stamp. While a Liberal in politics and philosophy, and an historical student, he imagined himself a real believer in the Christian religion, and Carlyle was well assured that to men of Arnold's principles it had no ground to stand on, and that the clear-sighted among them would, before long, have to choose between an honest abandonment of an untenable position and a trifling with their own understandings, which must

soon degenerate into conscious insincerity. Arnold, Carlyle once said to me, was happy in being taken away before the alternative was forced upon him. He died, in fact, six weeks after the visit of which the following letter contains the account.

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

Chelsea: May 10, 1842.

I had from Scotsbrig appointed to pause about seventy miles from London, and pay a visit to a certain Oxford dignitary of distinction, one Dr. Arnold, Master of Rugby School. I would willingly have paid five pounds all the day to be honourably off; but it clearly revealed itself to me 'thou should'st veritably go,' so at Birmingham I booked myself and went. Right well that I did so, for the contrary would have looked like the work a fool; and the people all at Rugby were of especial kindness to me, and I was really glad to have made their acquaintance. Next day they drove me over some fifteen miles off to see the field of Naseby fight—Oliver Cromwell's chief battle, or one of his chief. It was a grand scene for me—Naseby. A venerable hamlet, larger than Middlebie, all built of mud, but trim with high peaked roofs, and two feet thick of smooth thatch on them, and plenty of trees scattered round and among. It is built as on the brow of the Hagheads at Ecclefechan; Cromwell lay with his back to that, and King Charles was drawn up as at Wull Welsh's—only the Sinclair burn must be mostly dried, and the hollow much wider and deeper. They flew at one another, and Cromwell ultimately 'brashed him all to roons.' I plucked two gowans and a cowslip from the burial heaps of the slain, which still stand as heaps, but sunk away in the middle. At seven o'clock they had me home again, dinnered, and off in the last railway train.

CHAPTER X.

A.D. 1842. ÆT. 47.

Return to London—Sees the House of Commons—Yachting trip to Ostend—Bathing adventure—Church at Bruges—Hotel at Ghent—Reflections on modern music—Walk through the town—A lace girl—An old soldier—Artisans at dinner—The 'Vigilant' and her crew—Visit from Owen—Ride in the Eastern counties—Ely Cathedral—St. Ives—Past and Present.

THE season was not over when Carlyle was again at home after his long absence, but the sad occupations of the spring, and the sad thoughts which they had brought with them, disinclined him for society. The summer opened with heat. He had a room arranged for him at the top of his house at the back, looking over gardens and red roofs and trees, with the river and its barges on his right hand, and the Abbey in the distance. There he sate and smoked, and read books on Cromwell, the sight of Naseby having brought the subject back out of 'the abysses.' Forster's volumes were not sent back to him. Visitors were not admitted, or were left to be entertained in the drawing-room.

June 17.

I sit here (he wrote to his mother), and think of you many a time and of all imaginable things. I say to myself, 'Why shouldst thou not be thankful? God is good; all this life is a heavenly miracle, great, though stern and sad.' Poor Jane and her cousin sit in the low room which extends through the whole breadth of the house, and has windows on both sides. There they sew, read, see company, and keep it out of my way. Poor Jane is still very sad, takes fits of crying, and is perhaps still more sorrowful when she

does not cry. I try to get her advised out as much as possible. John Sterling is come to London for these two weeks, home from Italy. He will be a new resource to her; she seems to get no good of anything but the sympathy of her friends.

Of these friends the most actively anxious to be kind were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buller, with whom Carlyle had been at Kinnaird. Their eldest son, Charles, who had been his pupil, was now in the front rank in the House of Commons. Reginald, the youngest, had a living at Troston, in Suffolk, with a roomy parsonage. His father and mother had arranged to spend July and August there, and they pressed Mrs. Carlyle to go with them for change of scene. Mrs. Carlyle gratefully consented. She liked Mrs. Buller, and the Bullers' ways suited her. It was settled that they were to go first, and she was to follow. Carlyle's own movements were left doubtful. He, after so long an interruption of his work, did not wish to move again immediately; but he was very grateful to Mrs. Buller for her kindness to his wife, and when she asked him in return to go to the House of Commons to hear her son speak, he could not refuse. He had never been there before; I believe he never went again; but it was a thing to see once, and though the sight did not inspire him with reverence, he was amused, and wrote an account of it to his mother.

Mrs. Buller made me go the other night to the House of Commons to hear Charles speak on the Scotch Church question. The Scotch Church question was found to be in a wrong condition as to *form*, and could not come on till the 5th of July. It struck me as the strangest place I had ever sat in, that same house. There was a humming and bustling, so that you could hear nothing for the most part; the members all sitting with their hats on talking *to one another*, coming and going. You only saw the Speaker, a man in an immense powdered wig, in an old-fashioned elevated chair; and half heard him mumbling 'Say Aye, Say No. The Ayes have it;' passing Bills which nobody except one or two

specially concerned cared a fig about, or was at pains to listen to. When a good speaker rose, or an important man, they grew a little more silent, and you could hear. Peel was there and on his feet. Poor Peel! he is really a clever-looking man—large substantial head, Roman nose, massive cheeks with a wrinkle, half smile, half sorrow on them, considerable trunk and stomach, sufficient stub-born-looking short legs; altogether an honest figure of a man. He had a dark-colored surtout on, and cotton trousers of blue striped jean. A curious man to behold under the summer twilight.

This single glance into the legislative sanctuary satisfied Carlyle's curiosity. Once, in after years, on some invitation from a northern borough, he did for a few moments contemplate the possibility of himself belonging to it; but it was for a moment only, and then with no more than a purpose of telling Parliament his opinion of its merits. For it was his fixed conviction that in that place lay not the strength of England, but the weakness of England, and that in time it would become a question which of the two would strangle the life out of the other. Of the debating department in the management of the affairs of this country he never spoke without contempt. In the administration of them there was still vigour inherited through the traditions of a great past, and kept alive in the spirit of the public service. The navy especially continued a reality. Having seen the House of Commons and the Anarchies, he was next to have a sight of a Queen's ship on a small scale, and of naval discipline.

The thing came about in this way. He could not work in the hot weather, and doubtless lamented as loud as usual about it. Stephen Spring Rice, Commissioner of Customs, was going in an Admiralty yacht to Ostend on public business. The days of steam were not yet. The yacht, a cutter of the largest size, was lying in Margate roads. Spring Rice and his younger brother were to join her by a Thames steamer on August 5, and the night before they invited Carlyle to go with them. Had there

been time to consider, he would have answered, 'impossible.' But the proposal came suddenly. Mrs. Carlyle, who was herself going to Troston, strongly urged its acceptance. The expedition was not to occupy more than four or five days. Carlyle was always well at sea. In short, he agreed, and the result was summed up in a narrative, written in his very best style, which he termed 'The Shortest Tour on Record.' He was well, he was in good humour; he was flung suddenly among scenes and people entirely new. Of all men whom I have ever known, he had the greatest power of taking in and remembering the minute particulars of what he saw and heard, and of then reproducing them in language. The tour, if one of the shortest, is also therefore one of the most vivid. It opens with an account of the run down the river, the steamer, the passengers, Herne Bay, Margate, &c. The yacht was waiting at anchor with her long pennon flying. As the steamer stopped the yacht's galley came alongside. The Spring Rices and Carlyle stepped into it and were rowed on board, and he made his first experience of an English cruiser, of a type which is now extinct.

The cutter 'Vigilant,' which rocked here upon the waters, is a smart little trim ship of some 250 tons, rigged, fitted, kept and navigated in the highest style of English seacraft; made every way for sailing fast, that she may catch smugglers. Outside and inside, in furniture, equipment, action, and look, she seemed a model—clean all as a lady's workbox.

The party dined on board. They were not to sail till the morning tide. The lights of Margate looked inviting in the height of its season, and they went on shore to stroll about and look at the sights. Nor look at them only, for they were tempted into the ball-room, when the Master of Ceremonies came instantly with offers of fair partners. Carlyle looked on grimly; but Stephen Spring Rice whirled away into waltzes, quadrilles, country-dances

—not to be moved from the place till the rooms were to be closed. 'Auld Robin Gray' was sung as a finale by 'a very ill-looking woman.' It was by this time midnight. They went back to the yacht and turned in. The anchor was up shortly after, and before dawn they were far on their way. 'My sleep,' Carlyle says, 'was a sleep as of hospitals, of men in a state of asphyxia, a confused tumult, a shifting from headache to headache.' After three hours he gave it up and went on deck, when he found the cutter flying through the water. By breakfast they had run down the land—by ten o'clock in the evening they were off Ostend. Even now such vessels as the 'Vigilant,' with a stiff breeze, can hold their own with a swift screw steamer, while they have the advantage infinitely in comfort and cleanliness.

Ostend itself, with its harbour, its Douane, streets, ramparts, hotels, shop-boys and shop-girls, is described at length and very humorously. I select a single incident only. They landed in the morning, and wandered about the town. They were to go on by train to Bruges after a midday dinner. The weather was hot. The Spring Rices were busy sight-seeing. Carlyle thought he would prefer a bathe, and forgot, or did not know, the regulations. He must himself tell what befell him.

I passed over an unpaved part of the height, and soon sloped down to the sand beach where the machines stood; where some score of ragged women sat sorting and freshening the *salt* towels, some cheering themselves with a loud song the while; when directly a freckled figure, with tow hair, barefoot and in blue blouse, volunteered in some kind of patois to do the bathing, and straightway showed me into his machine and shut the door.

I was stripped and ready by the time the blue-blouse's quadruped, one of the wretchedest garrons now alive, came to drag me in. I was dragged in nevertheless. I opened my door and plunged forward to one of the most delicious tepid sea baths, though as yet somewhat shallow. Alas! I made only some three

plunges and a stroke or two of swimming, when the blue blouse, in a state not far from distraction, came riding into the waves after me, vociferating with uplifted hand I knew not what. Wow! Gow! Wow! Nay at length something like Police! Wow! Gow! and evidently expressing the intensest desire that I should come out of the water again. Clearly I had no alternative, with a man in blue blouse mounted in that manner. On entering I could not but burst into laughing. I found that, men and women, we were all bathing here in a heap, and that among my apparatus were not only two huckaback towels, but a jacket and breeches of blue gingham, which I decidedly ought to have put on first. My three plunges, however, were enough, highly beneficial—and no Police Gow-wow, as it chanced, had meddled with me.

Dinner followed, and then the railway in the August afternoon to Bruges; Carlyle sketching the landscape on his memory as he went.

Sand downs and stagnating marshes, producing nothing but heath, but sedges, docks, marsh-mallows, and miasmata—so it lay by nature; but the industry of man, the assiduous, unwearied motion of how many spades, pickaxes, hammers, wheel-barrows, mason's trowels, and the thousandfold industrial tools have made it—this! A thing that will grow grass, potherbs, warehouses, Rubens's pictures, churches and cathedrals. Long before Cæsar's time of swords the era of spades had ushered itself in, and was busy. Tools and the Man! 'Arms and the Man' is but a small song in comparison. Honour to you, ye long forgotten generations, from whom at this moment we have our bread and clothing! Not a delver among you that dug out one shovelful of a marsh drain but was doing us a good turn.

Bruges in the thirteenth century had become the 'Venice of the North,' had its ships on every sea. The most important city in these latitudes was founded in a soil which, as Coleridge, with a poor sneer, declares was not of God's making, but of man's. All the more credit to man, Mr. Samuel Taylor.

The eye, Carlyle often says, sees only what it brings with it the means of seeing. The ordinary London traveller on the road between Ostend and Bruges perceives a country finely cultivated. He is pleased to approve; observes that these foreigners are not so backward as might

have been expected, and that is all; Carlyle saw all that, and saw all that lay behind it—a miracle of human industry, two millenniums of human history.

As they walked from the station through the streets of that strange old city, they were themselves objects of admiration to the inhabitants. He goes on:—

The Captain[1] and I had a rational English costume, different, yet not greatly different, from theirs; but the costume of our two brethren did seem to myself astonishing; the Home Commissioner in a pair of coarsest blue shag trousers, with a horrible blue shag spencer without waistcoat, and a scanty blue cap on his head, had a truly *flibustier* air. The good Charles had a low-crowned, broad-brimmed glazed hat, ugliest of hats, and one of those amazing sack coats which the English dandies have taken to wear, the make of which is the simplest. One straight sack to hold your body, two smaller sacks on top for the arms, and by way of a collar a *hem*. The earliest tailor on the earth would make his coat even so; and the Bond Street snip has returned to that as elegance. Oh, ineffable snip of Bond Street, what a thing art thou!

In the Market-place they passed an authentic 'Tree of Liberty,' which had been planted in 1794, and was still growing. Carlyle patted it with his hand as they went by. He admired greatly the quaint old buildings, the pretty women neatly dressed. Among the children he emptied his pockets of his loose money. The door of a magnificent church stood open. They entered in the evening light.

Few things (he says) which I have seen were more impressive. Enormous high arched roofs—I suppose, not higher than Westminster Abbey, but far more striking to me, for they were actually in *use* here—soaring to a height that dwarfed all else; great high altar-pieces with sculpture, wooden carvings hanging in mid-air, pillars, balustrades of white marble edged with black marble, pictures, inscriptions, bronze gates of chapels, shrines and votive tablets; above all, actual human creatures bent in devotion there, counting their beads with open eyes, or as in still deeper prayer, covered by their black scarfs—for they were mostly women—and

[1] The captian of the yacht, who had accompanied them.

only their little pointed shoe soles distinct to you; all this with the yellow evening sunlight falling down over and beneath the new and ancient tombs of the dead; it struck me dumb, and I cared nothing for Rubens or Vandyck canvases while this living painted canvas hung here before me on the bosom of eternity. The Mass was over, but these worshippers, it seemed, still loitered. You could not say from their air that they were without devotion—yet they were painful to me. The fat priests, in whose real *sincerity*, not in whose *sincere cant*, I had more difficulty in believing, were worse than painful. I had a kind of hatred of them, a desire to kick them into the canals unless they ceased their fooling.

Things are long-lived, and God above appoints their term. Yet when the brains of a thing have been out for three centuries and odd, one does wish that it would be kind enough to die. The tonsures of these priests, I observed, were very small, not bigger than a good crown-piece of English coin. They wore on the streets a horrid three-cornered shovel for hat, a black serge or cloth pelisse, exactly like a woman's, some sasheries about their nasty thick waists, and a narrow scarf of black silk—about a triple ribbon of silk—hanging down right behind from their haunches, sometimes from the very neck—oftenest very ugly men, and far too fat. At bottom one cannot *wish* these men kicked into the canals, for what would follow were they gone? Atheistic Benthamism, French Editorial 'rights of man,' and 'Grande Nation.' That is a far worse thing, a far untruer thing. God pity the generation in which you have to see deluded and deluding *simulacra*, Tartuffes and semi-Tartuffes, and to *stay* the uplifted foot, and not kick them into the canal, but go away near weeping in silence—alone—alone!

He often ferociously insisted that he knew nothing about the fine arts, and wished to know nothing. His abhorrence of cant was particularly active in this department; aware as he was that nine-tenths of those who talked most fluently about it were talking mere words. But he had as good an eye as any man, and could admire wisely what deserved to be admired.

In the second church we entered there was, among much else of the sort, a marble Mother and Child, by Michael Angelo; probably the most impressive piece of sculpture I ever saw.

Michael Angelo had made it for some Italian church. On its passage, in the Mediterranean, it was captured by some Flemish sea-king and given to this church, where it stands in perfect preservation, and may long stand. The treatment of the *eyes* is singular, the lids as if half shut—Angelo's way of meeting the difficulty of stone eyes. The sculptural finish, I suppose, is perfect, or the nearest perfection man has yet reached. The skin glistens sleek, waves with a softness as of very skin. The air of the mother's face has something of Rachael the actress: narrow, Jewish, though not quite *so* narrow and Jewish; bending, with an air of sorrow, of infinite earnestness, over her little boy, who stands before her supported by her. The boy's face struck me not less; a soft, child's face, yet with a pride in it, with a noble courage in it, as of a young lion. There is a child hand, and a mother's hand, which I suppose it might be difficult to match.

The travellers' time was short, and there was much to do in it. The afternoon and evening were allowed to Bruges. At dusk they proceeded by railway to Ghent, where they proposed to sleep at the Hôtel de Flandre. But, for one of them, to propose was easier than to execute. The night was sultry. The open window of Carlyle's bed-room looked into a courtyard with its miscellaneous noises; and at four o'clock, with day breaking and the church bells bursting out, he grew desperate and got up. He exclaims:—

How the ear of man is tortured in this terrestrial planet! Go where you will, the cock's shrill clarion, the dog's harsh watch note, not to speak of the melody of jackasses, and on streets, of wheel-barrows, wooden clogs, loud-voiced men, perhaps watchmen, break upon the hapless brain; and, as if all was not enough, 'the Piety of the Middle Ages' has founded tremendous bells; and the hollow triviality of the present age—far worse—has everywhere instituted the piano! Why are not at least all those cocks and cockerils boiled into soup, into everlasting silence? Or, if the Devil some good night should take his hammer and smite in shivers all and every piano of our European world, so that in broad Europe there were not one piano left soundable, would the harm be great? Would not, on the contrary, the relief be considerable? For once that you hear any real music from a piano,

do you not five hundred times hear mere artistic somersets, distracted jangling, and the hapless pretence of music? Let him that has lodged wall neighbour to an operatic artist of stringed music say.

This miserable young woman that now in the next house to me spends all her young, bright days, not in learning to darn stockings, sew shirts, bake pastry, or any art, mystery, or business that will profit herself or others; not even in amusing herself or skipping on the grassplots with laughter of her mates; but simply and solely in raging from dawn to dusk, to night and midnight, on a hapless piano, which it is evident she will never in this world learn to render more musical than a pair of barn-fanners! The miserable young female! The sound of her through the wall is to me an emblem of the whole distracted misery of this age; and her barn-fanners' rhythm becomes all too significant.

So meditated Carlyle, as he sat smoking at the window of his room in the Hôtel de Flandre at Ghent, and watching the dawn spread over the chimney-pots. An omnibus rolled slowly out of the gate of the yard; an old ostler sat mending a saddle on a bench. The bedroom windows all round the court were wide open, through which might be seen the usual litter, and in one instance for a moment a pretty young lady in a dressing-gown. He tried to sleep again when his pipe and his reflections were done, and had half succeeded when the great bell of St. Michael's boomed out close by, and threw him broad awake again, thinking how perhaps Philip Van Artevelde had listened to that very same bell; and how the pealing of it was, perhaps, the first sound that had struck the ear of the infant who was afterwards Charles V.

After breakfast the party separated on their various errands, having fixed on a spot where they were to meet in the course of the forenoon. The rendezvous was unsuccessful; and Carlyle, not sorry to escape from picture galleries, passed his morning alone, wandering about the city, looking at the people, and straying into an occasional church. At the Cathedral he says:—

I found a large squadron of priests and singers busy chanting Mass—a Mass for the dead, I understood. The sound of them was as a loud, not unmelodious bray in various notes of the gamut, from clamorous, eager sound of petitioning, down to the depths of bass resignation, awe, or acquiescence, which, reverberating from the vast roof and walls, was, or might at one time have been, a very appropriate thing. I grudge terribly to listen to any 'office for the dead' as to a piece of an opera. The priests while I was there took their departure, 'filthy hallions,' by a side passage, each with a small bow towards the altar, and left the rest of the affair to an effective enough squadron of singers and trumpet or bassoon men, who were seated gravely at work in their wooden pews in the choir. Aloft and around, as I perambulated the aisles, where some few poor people seemed faintly joining in the business, the view was magnificent. The noisy, hoarse growling of the Mass, roaring through these time-honoured spaces, and still calling itself worship! *Ach Gott!* Turner says, the Lama Liturgy in Thibet, which often goes on all night, is likewise distinguished for its noise; harsh, but deep, mournfully oppressive, and reminds you of the Mass.

In an outer corner of this Cathedral, opening from a solitary street in the rear, I found a little chapel with an old Gothic-arch door, which stood open. Approaching, I found it a little closet of a place, perhaps some ten feet square and fifteen high. In the wall right opposite the entrance was a little niche, dizened round with curtains, laces, votive tablet of teeth, &c.; at the side of it, within this niche, sate a dizened paltry doll, some three feet long, done with paint, ribbons, and ruffles. This was the Mother of God. On the left of it lay a much smaller doll (literally, they were dolls such as children have). This was itself God. Good heavens! Oh, ancient earth and sky! Before this pair of dolls sate, in very deed, some half-dozen women, not of the lowest class, some of them with young children, busy counting their beads, applying themselves to prayer. I gazed speechless—not in anger. An aged woman in decent black hood, perhaps a man, sate in a little sentry-box in the corner, looking on through a small window, silently superintending the place. They bowed to her before going out when their devotions were done. While I stood here for a moment there entered a stunted crooked-looking man, of the most toilworn down-pressed aspect, though still below middle age. He had the coarse sabots, leathern straps on him, like a chairman or

porter; his hands hard, crooked, black, the nails nearly all gone, hardly the eighth of an inch of nail belonging to each finger—fruit of sore labour all his days and all his father's days, the most perfect image of a poor drudge. He, poor drudge! put two of his horny fingers into the holy water, dabbed it on his brow, and, folding the black horn hands, sank on both his knees to pray. The low black head and small brow, nailless fingers, face and aspect like the poorest Irishman, praying to the two dolls there! You had to stand speechless. *L'homme est absurde.* At the door sate squatted a poor beggar woman, to whom I gave my sou and walked off.

Strolling aimlessly on, he next found himself in a street on the north side of the city, which reminded him of England. It was inhabited by a population 'equal in wretchedness to the worst of a British large town,' squalid, hungry, hopeless, miserable. Yet, even there, human grace was not wholly absent. The next passage is like a page from the 'Sentimental Journey:'—

One clean house, and perhaps only one, I noticed in the street. An elderly, or rather *oldish young*, woman sat working lace here with her green pillow and pattern marked on it with many pins, which she shifted according to need, and some fifty or sixty slim little thread bobbins, which she kept dancing hither and thither round and among the said pins on her pattern figure with astonishing celerity. '*Kan nit verstahn*,' answered she, when I said '*Dentelle*.' Her messin dog barked, but was rebuked by her, and she seemed to like that I should watch her a little. Poor 'oldish-young girl!' I could see how it was with her. She had missed getting married: perhaps by 'misfortune;' and now retreated to this small shelter, which, and all in it, she kept clean as a new penny. She was to plait lace for the rest of her time in this world. I laid a half-franc on her pillow, and went pensively my way.

Carlyle's grimly tender face and figure with this poor Ghent lace-girl would make a pretty picture, if any artist cared to draw it. Perhaps the next scene would be even better:—

Aloft, at the north-west extremity, stands the *Abbaye de St. Pierre*, part of it still a church, the rest of it still a barracks and

an elevated esplanade. An accurate-looking steel-grey man, whom I spoke to here, in answer to my inquiries, informed me that he was an *ancien militaire* (poor Belgian half-pay lieutenant, I suppose), and had fought against us English and the Duke of York in 1793. 'Vous l'avez bien battu,' I answered; 'et enfin c'est ce qu'il a mérité. Il n'avait que rester chez lui alors, je pense.' The steel-grey man squeezed my hand at parting. Poor *ancien momie militaire!* Precisely where the town ended, in the rear of a brown cottage, stood a young woman, dabble dabbling with linens in a wash-tub. Conquering heroes perambulate the world where so much is going on, and this is thy share in its history. Good-bye to thee, my girl, and see thou do thy washing *honestly*. It will then be well with thee, and better than with most quack egoists, never so conquering.

He made his way back, looking for his friends, to the centre of the city.

Soon after noon, the working people, generally in cleanish blouses, came along the street I was in, for dinner. Cotton people, I supposed. About a half were women, also very clean and decent-looking. I sate down amidst the trees in the chief square, called *Place d'Armes*, where now, also, labourers were sitting at dinner. Their wives or some little boy had brought it out to them. In all cases it appeared to consist of two parts—a coarse brown jug containing liquor, soup, oftenest beer, or skimmed milk, flanked by a slice or two of black rye bread. This formed the outflank of the repast. The main battle was a coarse brown stewpan of glazed crockery, narrower at the top, like a kind of small rude hemisphere of a dish, which uniformly contained potatoes stewed with bits of broken coarse meal, all in a moist state, eaten ravenously with a pewter fork. The dishes, I judged, had all been cooked in some common oven for a sou or so each. The good wife had sate by in a composed sorrowfully satisfied way seeing her good man eat. What he left, before taking to the liquor jug, he carelessly handed her, and she ate it with much more neatness, though also willingly enough. Good motherkin! But the appetite of the male sex was something great. A man not far from me, a weak-built figure, almost *without chin*, shovelled and forked with astonishing alacrity out of his stewpan, his protrusive eyes flashing all the while, and his loose eyebrows shuttling and jerking at every stroke, the whole face of him a devouring Chi-

mæra. He gave the remnant—a small one, I doubt—to his boy, snatched up the black bread, and made a cut in it at the first bite equal to a moderate horse-shoe. Poor fellows! They all wiped their mouths, I could see, with some kind of dim cotton handerchief, drawn from their blouses for that end. They tumbled themselves down for half an hour of deepest ambrosial sleep.

The cafés, the clubs, the fine houses, the west end of Ghent with its fashionable occupants, are described not unkindly, but as of inferior interest to the working people. All that may be passed over, and indeed the rest of the adventures, for little remains to tell.

He and his friends, who had spent their day in the picture galleries, met duly at the *table-d'hôte* dinner. At five in the evening they were in the train, and at midnight in their berths on board their yacht, running out into the North Sea. The wind fell in the morning, and they were becalmed. They sighted the North Foreland before night, but the air was still light; and it was not till the next day that they were fairly in the river. Then a rattling breeze sprang up, and the 'Vigilant,' with her vast mainsail, her vast balloon jib, with all the canvas set which she could carry, flew through the water, passing sailing vessels, passing steamers, passing everything. They carried on as if they were entered for a racing cup. The jib, of too light material for such hard driving, split with a report like a cannon. Carlyle saw 'the Captain's eyes twinkle; no other change.' In ten minutes the flying wreck was gathered in, another jib was set and standing in place of it, and the yacht sped on as before. 'To see men so perfect in their craft, fit for their work, and fitly ordered to it,' was a real consolation to him. There was something still left in the public service of England which had survived Parliamentary eloquence. They anchored at Deptford, and the gig was lowered to take the party up to London.

Five rowers with a boatswain; men unsurpassable, I do not doubt, in boat navigation, strong tall men, all clean shaved, clean washed, in clean blue trousers, in massive clean check shirts, their black neckcloths tied round their waists, their large clean brown hands, cunning in the craft of the sea—it was a kind of joy to look at it all. In few minutes they shot us into the Custom House stairs, and here, waving our mild farewells, our travel's history concluded. Thus had kind destiny projected us rocket-wise for a little space into the clear blue of heaven and freedom. Thus again were we swiftly reabsorbed into the great smoky, simmering crater, and London's soot volcano had again recovered us.

His wife was still at Cheyne Row when he came back. The day after—August 10—she went off on the promised visit to the Bullers at Troston, of which she gives an account so humorous in the 'Letters and Memorials.' Her husband stayed behind with a half purpose of following her at the end of the month, and occupied himself in writing down the story of his flight into the other world, the lightest and brightest of all tourist diaries. He gave five days to it, seeing few visitors in his wife's absence. One new acquaintance, however, he did make in those days, or, rather, one was offered for acceptance, which he always afterwards counted among his good possessions.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, at Troston.

Chelsea: Friday, August 20, 1842.

The day before yesterday, in the evening, I had fallen asleep on the sofa: a loud door-knock woke me; in the twilight, the tea standing on the table, a man entered in white trousers, whom Helen (not the servant) named—Œdipus knows what! some mere mumble. In my dim condition I took him for Mackintosh: 'he was empowered to call on me by Miss Fox, of Falmouth.' He got seated; disclosed himself as a man of huge, coarse head, with projecting brow and chin, like a cheese in the *last* quarter, with a pair of large protrusive glittering eyes, which he did not direct to me or to anybody, but sate staring into the blue vague. There he sate and talked in a copious but altogether vague way, like a man lect-

uring, like a man hurried, embarrassed, and not knowing well what to do. I thought with myself, 'Good heavens! can this be some vagrant Yankee, lion-hunting insipidity, biped perhaps escaped from Bedlam, coming in upon me by stealth?' He talked a minute longer. He proved to be Owen, the geological anatomist, a man of real faculty, whom I had wished to see. My recognition of him issued in peals of laughter, and I got two hours of excellent talk out of him—a man of real ability, who could tell me innumerable things. After his departure I asked Helen what she had called him. 'She did not know; but was quite sure it was his right name, at any rate.' What an assistant this little damsel would have been to Adam when names were just beginning!

The more Carlyle thought of Owen the better he liked him, and the more grateful he felt to Miss Fox for the acquisition. Sterling had known Owen at Falmouth, where he had been on a visit to the Foxes. Carlyle wrote to him about it.

To John Sterling.

Chelsea: August 29.

Your friend Owen, the naturalist, came down to me one evening, and stayed two hours. I returned his call yesterday with my brother, and went over his museum. He is a man of real talent and worth, an extremely rare kind of man. Hardly twice in London have I met with any articulate-speaking biped who told me a thirtieth part so many things I knew not and wanted to know. It was almost like to make me cry to hear articulate human speech once more conveying real information to me, not dancing on airy tip-toes, no whence and no whither, as the manner of the Cockney dialect is. God's forgiveness to all Cockney 'men of wit;' they know not what death and Gehenna does lurk in that laborious inanity of theirs—inane speech, the pretence of saying something when you are really saying *No* THING, but only counterfeits of things, is the beginning and basis of all other inanities whatsoever, wherewith the earth and England is now sick almost unto death.

He is reproached for having spoken contemptuously of contemporary 'men of letters.' His contempt was only for empty men of letters, the beginning and end of whose

occupation was blowing bubbles either in verse or prose. He had no contempt for any man who had genuine knowledge, nor indeed for anybody at all who was contented to be simple and without pretence. An acquaintance like Owen made life itself more rich to him. Two days later he followed his wife into Suffolk. Charles Buller, who was to have met him at Troston, had not arrived, and, to use the time profitably, he obtained a horse of the completest Rosinante species, and set off for a ride through Oliver Cromwell's country. His first halt was at Ely. He arrived in the evening, and walked into the cathedral, which, though fresh from Bruges and Ghent, he called 'one of the most impressive buildings he had ever in his life seen.' It was empty apparently. No living thing was to be seen in the whole vast building but a solitary sparrow, when suddenly some invisible hand touched the organ, and the rolling sounds, soft, sweet, and solemn, went pealing through the solitary aisles. He was greatly affected. He had come to look at the spot where Oliver had called down out of his reading-desk a refractory High Church clergyman, and he had encountered a scene which seemed a rebuke to his fierceness. 'I believe,' he said, 'this Ely Cathedral is one of the finest, as they call it, in all England; and from me, also, few masses of architecture could win more admiration. But I recoil everywhere from treating these things as a *dilettantism* at all. The impressions they give me are too deep and sad to have anything to do with the shape of stones. To-night, as the heaving bellows blew, and the yellow sunshine streamed in through those high windows, and my footfalls were the only sounds below, I looked aloft, and my eyes filled with tears at all this, and I remembered beside it—wedded to it now and *reconciled* to it for ever—Oliver Cromwell's "Cease your fooling, and come out, sir!" In these two antagonisms lie what volumes of meaning!'

Where Carlyle went on this expedition, and what he saw, he described in a letter to his brother John when it was over.

To John Carlyle.

Troston: September 9, 1842.

My grand adventure has been a ride of three days into Cromwelldom, which I actually accomplished on my heavy-footed beast, with endless labour, dispiritment, and annoyance, but also with adequate interest, profit, and satisfaction to many feelings. I went first to Ely, a ride of thirty miles, most of it lanes and cross-roads. At length the high Cathedral of Ely rises towering on a hill-top over an immensity of cultivated bog, a very venerable-looking place. I then by some industry found Oliver's house. The huge horseblock at his door is still lying there; I brought away a crumb of it in my pocket. The bells of Ely and some treacherous green tea &c. kept me awake near all night. Next day, my horse and self both in very bad case, I got on to St. Ives, Oliver's first farm, sate and smoked one of your cigars in a field which had been *his*—very curious to me. The traditions about him in that region are the vaguest conceivable—such is immortality so called. I wonder what a Pitt or a Peel will amount to in two centuries in comparison. 'Immortality!' as my father would have said, with one of his sharpest intonations. After two hours at St. Ives, a little place of some three thousand people, I moved off to Huntingdon, Oliver's birthplace; saw Hinchinbrook, which was his uncle's house, and contains some excellent portraits of Civil War people; dined hastily, and rode with terrible determination to Cambridge the same evening. I never in my life was thirstier or wearier. The lightning flashed and blazed on the right hand of me all over the south from nightfall; and about an hour after my arrival (about ten o'clock, that is) the thunder began in right earnest. Next morning I looked diligently at all colleges within reach; saw Oliver's picture in his Sidney-Sussex College; got under way again in a high wind which became thick driving rain, and about five I arrived here sound and safe. To-day, of course, I am in a very baked, hot, feverish condition.

Cromwell had been Carlyle's first thought in this riding expedition, but other subjects, as I have said, were rising

between him and the Commonwealth. At St. Ives he had seen and noted more than Cromwell's farm. He had seen St. Ives poorhouse, and the paupers sitting enchanted in the sun, willing to work, but with no work provided for them. In his Journal for the 25th of October he mentions that he has been reading Eadmer, and Jocelyn de Brakelonde's Chronicle, and been meditating on the old monks' life in St. Edmund's monastery. Round these, as an incipient motive, another book was shaping itself in his mind, and making 'Cromwell' impossible till this should be done.

To Thomas Erskine, Esq.

Chelsea: October 22, 1842.

I wish all men knew and saw in very truth, as Emerson does, the everlasting worth, dignity, and blessedness of work. We should then terminate our Fox-hunting, Almacking, Corn-lawing, and a variety of other things! For myself, I feel daily more and more what a truth there is in that old saying of the monks, *Laborare est orare.* I find really that a man cannot make a pair of shoes rightly unless he do it in a *devout* manner; that no man is ever paid for his real work, or should *ever* expect or demand angrily to be paid; that all *work* properly so called is an appeal from the Seen to the *Unseen*—a devout calling upon Higher Powers; and unless *they* stand by us, it will not be a work, but a quackery.

Perhaps I should tell you, withal, that a set of headlong enthusiasts have already risen up in America who, grounding themselves on these notions of Emerson, decide on *renouncing* the world and its ways somewhat in the style of the old eremites of the Thebaid; and retire into remote rural places to dig and delve with their own hands, 'to live according to Nature and Truth,' and for one thing eat vegetables only. We had a missionary of that kind here—a man of sincere convictions, but of the deepest ignorance, and calmly arrogant as an *inspired* man may be supposed to be—on the whole, one of the intensest bores I have ever met with. He made no proselytes in this quarter; but the spiritual state of New England as rendered visible through him was very strange to me. . . .

I had three days of a riding excursion into Oliver Cromwell's country. I smoked a cigar on his broken horseblock in the old

city of Ely, under the stars, beside the graves of St. Mary's Churchyard. I almost wept to stand upon the very flagstones under the setting sun where he ordered the refractory parson, 'Leave off your fooling, and *come out*, sir!' Alas! he too! was he *paid* for his work?

Do not ask me whether I yet *write* about Oliver. My deep and growing feeling is that it is *impossible*. The mighty has gone to be a ghost, and will never take body again.

CHAPTER XI.

A.D. 1842-3. ÆT. 47—48.

Slow progress with 'Cromwell'—Condition of England question—'Past and Present'—The Dismal Science—Letter from Lockhart—Effect of Carlyle's writings on his contemporaries—Young Oxford—Reviews—Visit to South Wales—Mr. Redwood's visit to the Bishop of St. David's—Impressions—An inn at Gloucester—Father Mathew—Retreat in Annandale—Edinburgh—Dunbar battle-field—Return home.

Journal.

October 25, 1842.—For many months there has been no writing here. Alas! what was there to write? About myself, nothing; or less if that was possible. I have not got one word to stand upon paper in regard to Oliver. The beginnings of work are even more formidable than the executing of it. I seem to myself at present, and for a long while past, to be sunk deep, fifty miles deep, below the region of articulation, and, if I ever rise to speak again, must raise whole continents with me. Some hundreds of times I have felt, and scores of times I have said and written, that *Oliver* is an *impossibility;* yet I am still found at it, without any visible results at all. Remorse, too, for my sinful, disgraceful sloth accompanies me, as it well may. I am, as it were, without a language. Tons of dull books have I read on this matter, and it is still only looming as through thick mists on my eye. There looming, or flaming visible—did it ever flame, which it has never yet been made to do—in what terms am I to set it forth? I wish often I could write rhyme. A new form from centre to surface, unlike what I find anywhere in myself or others, would alone be appropriate for the indescribable chiaroscuro and waste bewilderment of this subject.

December 21.—The Preadamite powers of Chaos are in me, and my soul, with excess of stupidity, pusillanimity, tailor melancholy, and approaches of mere desperation and dog-madness, is as if blotted

out. Strange to reflect, during a three days' rain, when all is mud and misery here below, that a few miles up there *is* everlasting azure, and the sun shining as formerly. No Cromwell will ever come out of me in this world. I dare not even try Cromwell.

Carlyle *was* to try Cromwell, and was to clothe the ghost with body again, impossible as the operation seemed; but he had to raise another ghost first—an old Catholic ghost —before he could practise on the Puritans.

Events move so fast in this century, one crowding another out of sight, that most of us who were alive in 1842 have forgotten how menacing public affairs were looking in the autumn of that year. Trade was slack, owing, it was said, to the corn-laws, and hundreds of thousands of operatives were out of work. Bread was dear, owing certainly to the corn-laws, and actual famine was in the northern towns; while the noble lords and gentlemen were shooting their grouse as usual. There was no insurrection, but the 'hands,' unwillingly idle, gathered in the streets in dumb protest. The poorhouses overflowed, and could hold no more; local riots brought out the yeomanry, landowners and farmers, to put down the artisans, who were short of bread for their families, lest foreign competition should bring down rents and farmers' profits. Town and country were ranked against each other for the last time. Never any more was such a scene to be witnessed in England.

In his Suffolk ride Carlyle had seen similar scenes of misery. Indignation blazed up in him at the sight of England with its enormous wealth and haggard poverty; the earth would not endure it, he thought. The rage of famished millions, held in check only by the invisible restraints of habit and traditional order, would boil over at last. In England, as in France, if the favored classes did not look better to their ways, revolution would and must come; and if it could create nothing, might at least shatter society to pieces. His 'Chartism' had been read and

wondered over, but his prophecies had been laughed at, and the symptoms had grown worse. The corn-laws, it is to be remembered, were still standing. If they had continued to stand, if the growl of the hungry people had not been heard and the meaning of it discerned, most of us think that revolution would have come, and that Carlyle's view of the matter was right.

Between him and all other work, dragging off his mind from it, lay this condition of England question. Even if the dread of revolution was a chimæra, the degradation of the once great English people, absorbed, all of them, in a rage for gold and pleasure, was itself sufficient to stir his fury. He believed that every man had a special duty to do in this world. If he had been asked what specially he conceived his own duty to be, he would have said that it was to force men to realize once more that the world was actually governed by a just God; that the old familiar story acknowledged everywhere in words on Sundays, and disregarded or denied openly on week-days, was, after all, true. His writings, every one of them, his essays, his lectures, his 'History of the French Revolution,' his 'Cromwell,' even his 'Frederick,' were to the same purpose and on the same text—that truth must be spoken and justice must be done; on any other conditions no real commonwealth, no common welfare, is permitted or possible. Political economy maintained that the distribution of the profits of industry depended on natural laws, with which morality had nothing to do. Carlyle insisted that morality was everywhere, through the whole range of human action. As long as men were allowed to believe that their business in this world was each to struggle for as large a share as he could get of earthly good things, they were living in a delusion with hearts poisoned and intellect misled. Those who seemed to prosper under such methods, and piled up huge fortunes, would gather no good out

of them. The multitude whose own toil produced what they were forbidden to share would sooner or later present their bill for payment, and demand a reckoning.

The scenes in the north of England in this summer—from this point of view—seemed only too natural to him. On August 20 he wrote to his wife at Troston:—

> The Manchester insurrection continues—the tenth day of it now. I begin really to be anxious about it, and wish it were well over, that blood be not shed, and seeds of long baleful vengeance sown. A country in a lamentabler state, to my eyes, than ours even now, has rarely shown itself under the sun. We seem to me near anarchies, things nameless, and a secret voice whispers now and then to me, 'Thou, behold thou too art of it—thou must be of it!' I declare to Heaven I would not have the governing of this England at present for the richest 'cream and shortbread' that could be named.

Men say that he was an idle croaker, and that events have proved it. All was really going well. The bubbles on the surface were only the signs of the depth and power of the stream. There has been no revolution, no anarchy; wealth has enormously increased; the working men are better off than ever they were, &c. &c.

In part, yes. But how much has been done meanwhile of what he recommended? and how much of that is due to the effect which he himself produced? The corn-laws have been repealed, and this alone he said at the time would give us a respite of thirty years to set our house in order. *Laissez-faire* has been broken in upon by factory acts, education acts, land acts, emigration schemes, schemes and acts on all sides of us, that patience and industry may be snatched from the 'grinding' of 'natural laws.' The 'dismal science' has been relegated to 'Jupiter and Saturn;' and these efforts have served as lightning-conductors. If we are safe now, we should rather thank him who, more than any other man, forced open the eyes of our legislators.

Forty years ago people were saying with Jeffrey that it was true that there were many lies in the world, and much injustice, but then it had always been so. Our forefathers had been as ill off as we, and probably—nay, certainly—worse off. Carlyle had insisted that no nation could have grown at all, still less have grown to England's stature, unless truer theories of man's claims on man had once been believed and acted on. Whigs and Radicals assured him that the older methods, so far as they differed from ours, were less just and less wise; that, although the artisans and labourers might be ill off occasionally, they were freer, happier, better clothed, better lodged, more enlightened, than in any previous age, and they challenged him to point to a time in English history which could honestly be preferred to the present. Jocelyn's Chronicle coming accidentally across him, with its singularly vivid picture of English life in the twelfth century, gave him the impulse which he needed to answer them, and 'Past and Present' was written off with singular ease in the first seven weeks of 1843. His heart was in his subject. He got the book completed, strange to say, without preliminary labour-pangs, and without leaving in his correspondence, during the process of birth, a single cry of complaint. The style shows no trace of rapid composition, unless in the white-heat intensity of expression, nor is it savage and scornful anywhere, but rather (for Carlyle) candid and considerate. The arrangement is awkward—as awkward as that of 'Sartor'—for indeed there is no arrangement at all; and yet, as a whole, the book made a more immediate mark than anything which Carlyle had hitherto written. Prophetic utterances seldom fall into harmonious form; they do not need it, and they will not bear it. Three letters remain, written during the parturition, in which he explained what he was about. To his mother he says, early in January:—

My health keeps good, better than it used to do. I am fast getting ready something for publication too. Though it is not 'Cromwell' yet, it is something more immediately applicable to the times in hand. I do hope you will see it soon, though it is a terrible business getting a thing wriggled out of the confusions it stands amidst, and made ready for presenting to mankind. It is like building a dry brick house out of a quagmire of clay and glar.[1]

The distress of the poor, I apprehend, is less here at present than in almost any other large town, yet you cannot walk along the streets without seeing frightful symptoms of it. I declare I begin to feel as if I should not hold my peace any longer, as if I should perhaps open my mouth in a way that some of them are not expecting—we shall see if this book were done.

Again:—

January 20.

I hope it will be a rather useful kind of book. It goes rather in a fiery strain about the present condition of men in general, and the strange pass they are coming to; and I calculate it may awaken here and there a slumbering blockhead to rub his eyes and consider what he is about in God's creation—a thing highly desirable at present. I found I could not go on with Cromwell, or with anything else, till I had disburdened my heart somewhat in regard to all that. The look of the world is really quite oppressive to me. Eleven thousand souls in Paisley alone living on three-halfpence a day, and the governors of the land all busy shooting partridges and passing corn-laws the while! It is a thing no man with a speaking tongue in his head is entitled to be silent about. My only difficulty is that I have far too *much* to say, and require great address in deciding how to say it.

And to Sterling:—

February 23.

No man was lately busier, and few sicklier, than I now am. Work is not possible for me except in a red-hot element which wastes the life out of me. I have still three weeks of the ugliest labour,[2] and shall be fit for a hospital then. The thing I am upon is a volume to be called 'Past and Present.' It is moral, political, historical, and a most questionable red-hot indignant thing, for my heart is sick to look at the things now going on in this England;

[1] *Glar*, mud or any moist sticky substance. [2] Correcting proofs.

and the two millions of men sitting in poor-law Bastilles seem to ask of every English soul, 'Hast thou no word to say for us?' On the whole, I am heartily sorry for myself—sorry that I could not help writing such words, and had none better to write. Whether any *Oromwell*, or what, is in the rear of all this, the Fates know.

'Past and Present' appeared at the beginning of April, 1843, and created at once admiration and a storm of anger. It was the first public protest against the 'Sacred Science,' which its chief professors have since discovered to be no science, yet which then was accepted, even by the very clergy, whose teaching it made ridiculous, as being irrefragable as Euclid. The idol is dead now, and may be laughed at with impunity. It was then in its shrine above the altar, and to doubt was to be damned—by all the newspapers. In 'Chartism' Carlyle had said that the real aim of all modern revolutionary movements was to recover for the free working man the condition which he had lost when he ceased to be a serf. The present book was a fuller insistence upon the same truth. The world's chief glory was the having ended slavery, the having raised the toiler with his hands to the rank and dignity of a free man; and Carlyle had to say that, under the gospel of political economy and free contract, the toiler in question had lost the substance and been fooled with the shadow. Gurth, born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, had his share of the bacon. The serf was, at least, as well cared for by his master as a horse or a cow. Under free contract he remained the slave of nature, which would kill him if he could not feed himself; he was as much as ever forced to work under the whip of hunger; while he was an ownerless vagrant, to be employed at competitive wages, the lowest that would keep him alive, as long as employment was to be had, and to be turned adrift to pine in a workhouse when it was no longer any one's interest to employ him. A cow, a horse, a pig, even a canary bird, was worth a price in the market,

was worth feeding and preserving. The free labourer, except at such times as there happened to be a demand for him, was worth nothing. The rich, while this gospel was believed in, might grow richer; but the poor must remain poor always, without hope for themselves, without prospect for their children, more truly slaves, in spite of their freedom, and even in consequence of their freedom, in a country so densely peopled as England, than the Carolina *Nigger*. The picture was set out with the irony of which Carlyle was so unrivalled a master, with the indignation of which irony is the *art*.

With the existing state of things the book begins; with the existing state of things, and the only possible remedies for it, the book ends; in the middle stands in contrast the ancient English life under the early Plantagenet kings, before freedom in the modern sense had begun to exist; and the picture of St. Edmund's Abbey and its monks, which is thus drawn, is without a rival in modern literature. As to the relative merits of that age and ours there will be different opinions. We know so well where the collar galls our own necks, that we think anyone better-off whose shoulder does not suffer at that particular point. Nor did Carlyle insist on drawing comparisons, being content to describe real flesh-and-blood human beings as they were then, and as they are now, and to leave us to our own reflections.

On the whole, perhaps we shall agree with what Lockhart answered, when Carlyle sent his book to him. Lockhart said he could accept none of his friend's inferences, except one, that 'we were all wrong, and were all like to be damned;' but that 'it was a book such as no other man could do, or dream of doing; that it had made him conscious of life and feeling as he had never been before; and that, finally, he wished Carlyle would write something more about the middle ages, write some romance, if he

liked. (He had more power of putting life into the dry bones than anyone but Scott; and that, as nothing could be less like Scott's manner of doing it than Carlyle's, there could be no suspicion of imitation.'

But it is unnecessary for me to review or criticise further a work which has been read so universally, and as to which no two persons are likely entirely to think alike. I shall endeavour rather at this point to describe something of the effect which Carlyle was producing among his contemporaries. 'Past and Present' completes the cycle of writings which were in his first style, and by which he most influenced the thought of his time. He was a Bedouin, as he said of himself, a rough child of the desert. His hand had been against every man, and every man's hand against him. He had offended men off all political parties, and every professor of a recognised form of religion. He had offended Tories by his Radicalism, and Radicals by his scorn of their formulas. He had offended High Churchmen by his Protestantism, and Low Churchmen by his evident unorthodoxy. No sect or following could claim him as belonging to them; if they did, some rough utterance would soon undeceive them. Yet all had acknowledged that here was a man of extraordinary intellectual gifts and of inflexible veracity. If his style was anomalous, it was brilliant. No such humourist had been known in England since Swift; and the humour, while as searching as the great Dean's, was infinitely more genial. Those who were most angry with Carlyle could not deny that much that he said was true. In spite of political economy, all had to admit there was such a thing as justice; that it was the duty of men to abstain from lying a great deal more than they did. 'A new thinker,' in Emerson's phrase, 'had been let loose upon the planet;' the representatives of the Religiones Licitæ, the conventional varieties of permitted practice and speculation, found

themselves encountered by a novel element which would assimilate with none of them, which disturbed all their digestions, yet which they equally could not ignore.

This on the surface. But there were circumstances in the time which made Carlyle's mode of thought exceptionally interesting, to young men especially whose convictions were unformed and whose line of life was yet undetermined for them. It was an era of new ideas, of swift if silent spiritual revolution. Reform in Parliament was the symbol of a general hope for the introduction of a new and better order of things. The Church had broken away from her old anchorage. The squire parsons, with their sleepy services, were to serve no longer. Among the middle classes there was the Evangelical revival; the Catholic revival at Oxford had convulsed the University, and had set half the educated men and women in England speculating on the authority of the priesthood, and the essential meaning of Christianity. All were agreed to have done with compromise and conventionalities. Again the critical and enquiring spirit which had been checked by the French Revolution had awakened from the sleep of half a century. Physical science, now that it was creating railroads, bridging the Atlantic with steamships, and giving proof of capacity which could no longer be sneered at, was forming a philosophy of the earth and its inhabitants, agitating and inconvenient to orthodoxy, yet difficult to deal with. Benthamism was taking possession of dominions which religion had claimed hitherto as its own, was interpreting morality in a way of its own, and directing political action. Modern history, modern languages and literature, with which Englishmen hitherto had been contented to have the slightest acquaintance, were pushing their way into school and college and private families, forcing us into contact with opinions as to the most serious subjects entirely different from our own. We

were told to enquire; but to enquire like Des Cartes with a preconceived resolution that the orthodox conclusion must come out true—an excellent rule for those who can follow it, which all unhappily cannot do. To those who enquired with open minds it appeared that things which good and learned men were doubting about must be themselves doubtful. Thus all round us, the intellectual lightships had broken from their moorings, and it was then a new and trying experience. The present generation which has grown up in the floating condition, which has got used to it and has learned to swim for itself, will never know what it was to find the lights all drifting, the compasses all awry, and nothing left to steer by except the stars.

In this condition the best and bravest of my own contemporaries determined to have done with insincerity, to find ground under their feet, to let the uncertain remain uncertain, but to learn how much and what we could honestly regard as true, and believe that and live by it. Tennyson became the voice of this feeling in poetry; Carlyle in what was called prose, though prose it was not, but something by itself, with a form and melody of its own. Tennyson's poems, the group of poems which closed with 'In Memoriam,' became to many of us what the 'Christian Year' was to orthodox Churchmen. We read them, and they became part of our minds, the expression in exquisite language of the feelings which were working in ourselves. Carlyle stood beside him as a prophet and teacher; and to the young, the generous, to everyone who took life seriously, who wished to make an honourable use of it, and could not be content with sitting down and making money, his words were like the morning reveillée. The middle-aged and experienced who have outgrown their enthusiasm, who have learnt what a real power money is, and how inconvenient the absence of it, may forego a

higher creed; may believe without much difficulty that utilitarianism is the only basis of morals; that mind is a product of organised matter; that our wisest course is to make ourselves comfortable in this world, whatever may become of the next. Others of nobler nature who would care little for their comforts may come at last, after long reflection on this world, to the sad conclusion that nothing can be known about it; that the external powers, whatever they may be, are indifferent to human action or human welfare.

> κεῖται ὁμῶς ὅ τ' ἀεργὸς ἀνὴρ ὅ τε πολλὰ ἐοργώς,
> ἐν δὲ ἴῃ τιμῇ ἥ μὲν κακὸς ἥδε καὶ ἐσθλός.

The good and the evil lie down together, the earth covers them, and there is no difference.

To such an opinion some men, and those not the worst, may be driven after weary observation of life. But young men will never believe it; or, if they do, they have been young only in name. Young men have a conscience, in which they recognise the voice of God in their hearts. They have hope. They have love and admiration for generous and noble actions, which tell them that there is more in this world than material things which they can see and handle. They have an intellect, and they cannot conceive that it was given to them by a force which had none of its own. Amidst the controversies, the arguments, the doubts, the crowding uncertainties of forty years ago, Carlyle's voice was to the young generation of Englishmen like the sound of 'ten thousand trumpets' in their ears, as the Knight of Grange said of John Knox. They had been taught to believe in a living God. Alas! it had seemed as if the *life* might be other moods and tenses, but not in the present indicative. They heard of what He had done in the past, of what He would do in the future, of what it was wished that He might do, of what we were to pray to

Him that He would do. Carlyle was the first to make us see His active and actual presence *now* in this working world, not in rhetoric and fine sentiments, not in problematic miracles at Lourdes or Salette, but in clear letters of fire which all might read, written over the entire surface of human experience. To him God's existence was not an arguable probability, a fact dependent for its certainty on Church authority, or on Apostolic succession, or on so-called histories which might possibly prove to be no more than legends; but an awful reality to which the fates of nations, the fate of each individual man, bore perpetual witness. Here and only here lay the sanction and the meaning of the word *duty*. We were to do our work, not because it would prove expedient and we should be rewarded for doing it, but because we were bound to do it by our Master's orders. We were to be just and true, because God abhorred wrong and hated lies; and because an account of our deeds and words was literally demanded and exacted from us. And the lesson came from one who seemed 'to speak with authority and not as the Scribes,' as if what he said was absolute certainty beyond question or cavil.

Religious teachers, indeed, had said the same thing, but they had so stifled the practical bearing of it under their doctrines and traditions, that honest men had found a difficulty in listening to them. In Carlyle's writings dogma and tradition had melted like a mist, and the awful central fact burnt clear once more in the midst of Heaven. Nor could anyone doubt Carlyle's power, or Carlyle's sincerity. He was no founder of a sect bent on glorifying his own personality. He was no spiritual janissary maintaining a cause which he was paid to defend. He was simply a man of high original genius and boundless acquirements, speaking out with his whole heart the convictions at which he had himself arrived in the disinterested search after

truth. If we asked who he was, we heard that his character was like his teaching; that he was a peasant's son, brought up in poverty, and was now leading a pure, simple life in a small house in London, seeking no promotion for himself, and content with the wages of an artisan.

I am speaking chiefly of the effect of Carlyle in the circles in which I was myself moving. To others he was recommended by his bold attitude on the traditionary formulas, the defenders of which, though they could no longer use stake or gibbet, yet could still ruin their antagonists' fortunes and command them to submit or starve. Mere negations, whether of Voltaire or Hume or David Strauss, or whoever it might be, he valued little. To him it was a small thing comparatively to know that this or that theory of things was false. The important matter was not to know what was untrue, but what was true. He never put lance in rest simply for unorthodoxy. False as the priestly mummeries at Bruges might be, he could not wish them away to make room for materialism which was falser than they. Yet he had not concealed that he had small faith in bishops, small faith in verbal inspirations, or articles of religion, small concern for the baptismal or other controversies then convulsing the Church of England; and such side cuts and slashes were welcome to the Theological Liberals, who found him so far on their side.

The Radicals again might resent his want of reverence for liberty, for political economy, and such like; but he could denounce Corn-laws and Game-preserving aristocrats with a scorn which the most eloquent of them might envy. In the practical objects at which he was aiming, he was more Radical than they were. They feared him, but they found him useful.

There were others, again, who were attracted by the quality which Jeffrey so much deprecated. That he was

so 'dreadfully in earnest,' that he could not sit down quietly and enjoy himself 'without a theory of the universe in which he could believe,' was not an offence, but a recommendation. Some people cannot help being in earnest, cannot help requiring a real belief, if life is not to become intolerable to them. Add to this the novelty of Carlyle's mode of speech, his singularly original humour and imagery; add also the impressiveness of his personal presence, as reported by those who had been privileged to see him, and we have an explanation of the universal curiosity which began to be felt about the Prophet of Cheyne Row, and the fascination which he exercised over a certain class of minds in days of the Melbourne ministry and the agitation over the 'Tracts for the Times.'

I, for one (if I may so far speak of myself), was saved by Carlyle's writings from Positivism, or Romanism, or Atheism, or any other of the creeds or No Creeds which in those years were whirling us about in Oxford, like leaves in an autumn storm. The controversies of the place had unsettled the faith which we had inherited. The alternatives were being thrust upon us of believing nothing, or believing everything which superstition, disguised as Church authority, had been pleased to impose; or, as a third course, and a worse one—of acquiescing, for worldly convenience, in the established order of things, which had been made intellectually incredible. Carlyle taught me a creed which I could then accept as really true; which I have held ever since, with increasing confidence, as the interpretation of my existence and the guide of my conduct, so far as I have been able to act up to it. Then and always I looked, and have looked, to him as my master. In a long personal intimacy of over thirty years, I learnt to reverence the man as profoundly as I honoured the teacher. . . . But of this I need say no more, and can now go on with the story.

John Carlyle was in Cheyne Row when 'Past and Present' came out, and was a stay and comfort to his brother in the lassitude which always followed the publication of a book. He had left the Duke of Buccleugh. Lady Clare had wished him to go back with her to Italy, but for this he had no inclination. An opening had presented itself in London. Lord Jeffrey had recommended him to Lady Holland as physician in attendance, and that distinguished lady had been favourably inclined; but Carlyle, when John consulted him, considered 'that she was a wretched, unreasonable, tyrannous old creature,' of whom it would be wise for John to steer clear. As a guest at Chelsea he was welcome always, both to his brother and his sister-in-law: good-humoured, genial, always a sunny presence in a house where sunshine was needed. The book sold fast. On April 28, 1843, Carlyle wrote to his brother James, at Scotsbrig:—

> People seem to get themselves considerably struck by it, and 'look two ways for Sunday,' which is a very proper result for them; but, indeed, I for one care but little what becomes of them with it. That is *their* outlook now, not mine.

In May John left for Scotland, leaving regrets behind him.

> I was very sad about your going (Carlyle said); I was weak and in bad spirits at any rate. As I saw you roll off, it was an emblem to me of all the partings, bodily and others, men have in this world, summed up at last by the grand parting which awaits us all —*which*, if it be God's will, may perhaps prove but a *meeting* under happier omens.

The reviewers were all at work on 'Past and Present,' 'wondering, admiring, blaming—chiefly the last.'

> Clitter, clatter (he said of it in his Journal) *hat nichts zu bedeuten* —except, indeed, a few pages from Emerson in his 'Dial,' which really contain a eulogy of a magnificent sort. A word from F. Maurice in defence of me from some Church of England reviewer is also gratifying. One knows not whether even such things are a benefit—are not a new peril and bewilderment. I believe it must

have gone into the heart of one and the other in these times. It has been to me a considerable relief to see it fairly out of me; and I look at the disastrous condition of England with much more patience for the present, my conscience no longer reproaching me with any duty that I could do, and was neglecting to do. That book always stood between me and Cromwell, and now that has fledged itself and flown off.

'Cromwell,' however, was still not immediately executable. Tired as he was with the efforts of the winter, he was less than ever able to face the London season, especially as increasing popularity increased people's eagerness to see him. An admirer—a Mr. Redwood, a solicitor—living at Llandough, a few miles from Cardiff, had long humbly desired that Carlyle would pay him a visit. An invitation coming at the same time from Bishop Thirlwall, at St. David's, which could be fitted in with the other, he decided to lay his work by for the present, and make acquaintance with new friends and a new part of the country. Mr. Redwood, a quiet lawyer, of no literary pretensions, engaged that he should not be made a show of, promised perfect quiet, sea-bathing, a horse if he wished to ride, and the absence of all society, except of himself and his old mother. These temptations were sufficient. On July 3 he left London by train from Paddington to Bristol. A day or two were to be given to acquaintances at Clifton, and thence he was to proceed by a Cardiff steamer. All was strange to him. He had never before been in the South or West of England; and his impressions, coming fresh, formed themselves into pictures, which he threw down in his letters to his wife. Here is Bath, as seen from the window of the railway carriage—rapidly observed, yet with what curious minuteness:—

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Clifton: July 4, 1843.

Bath, built of white stone in trim streets, enclosed amid gnarled, beautifully green, and feathered hills, looked altogether princely

after those poor brick towns, like an ancient decayed prince—for it was smoke-soiled, dingy, and lonely looking—yet in the chimney-pots and gables of a certain polite fantasticality, and all ranked in straight, short streets, which ran in every direction on every variety of level, as if they had been all marching and drilling in that hollow, rough place, each in the road that suited him best. There was something in all this that reminded one of Beau Nash and Smollett's Lady of Quality. My Cockney tourist lady (companion in compartment) pronounced it to be a city built of stone, and of considerable extent—facts both.

The house in Cheyne Row was cleaned and painted during his absence, his wife superintending. On such occasions he was himself better out of the way. Her letters may be referred to occasionally by the side of Carlyle's reports of his own doings to her.[1]

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Clifton: July 6, 1843.

My Bairn,—I have been at Chepstow in all kinds of weather—in rain, in glowing heat, and then home through the heart of thunderstorms. I am totally wearied, and have just got up to my sleeping-place, which seems tolerably quiet. I must not spend above a minute or two in writing. Take my kind good-night, therefore, dear Goody, and thanks for the punctual, most welcome dispatch which I found lying on my table on returning today. You are very good—write always; except by your letters, I am at present disunited from all the earth.

Later:—

Chepstow is beautiful. The rocks of the Avon at Clifton, on the road thither by steam, excel all things I have seen. Even I, the most determined anti-view hunter, find them worthy of a word. I have passed the day, perhaps not ill, though in laborious idleness. Who knows? Yesternight we had a soirée at Mr. Hare's; one or two intelligent persons—Dr. Symons, a hectic clergyman; a Mr. Fripps (I think), very deep in business; all decided Carlylians. *Ach Gott!* There was also a tremendous artist, fiddler, and piano-player; and certain pretty young women sate speechless. I will to sleep, I will to sleep! The scoundrel umbrella

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i, p. 145, &c.

vendor!' He is the first below Darwin's entry, on the same side. Send the *Stimabile*[2] in his brougham to *thunder* eight-ninths of the wretched tailor-life out of him. Adieu, and a thousand good-nights. Ever your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

Llandough, Cowbridge: Thursday, July 7, 1848.

Dearest,—Your precious little billet came to me at breakfast. I got down in good time to my Cardiff steamer; a brisk breezy morning, promising well; and again, after endless ringing of bells and loading of hampers and bullying and jumbling, we got off down the muddy Avon once more. I passed a most silent day—remembrances of all kinds—and these my only occupation. On the Somersetshire shore we passed a bathing establishment—hapless mothers of families sitting on folding-stools by the beach of muddy tide streams. It is a solitary sea, the Severn one. We passed near only one ship, and in that there lay a cabin-boy soupd asleep amidst ropes, and a black-visaged sailor had raised his shock head, only half awake, through the hatches to see what we were. They lay there waiting for a wind. I smoked two cigars and a half. I hummed all manner of tunes—sang even portions of Psalms in a humming tone for my own behoof, reclining on my elbow; and so the day wore on, and at three o'clock we got into Cardiff dock, and I, sharp on the outlook, descried the good Redwood waiting there. He had a *tub-gig*—a most indescribable, thin-bodied, semi-articulate, but altogether helpful kind of a factotum manservant, who stepped on board for my luggage; and so, in few minutes after, giving a glance at Cardiff Castle and buying a few cigars, we got eagerly to the road, and not long after five had done our twelve miles and were safe home. It was the beautifuliest day; a green, pleasant country, full of shrubby knolls and white thatched cottages; altogether a very reasonable drive. Unexpectedly, in a totally solitary spot, I was bidden dismount; and looking to the right, saw close by the Redwood mansion—a house about the capacity of Craigenputtock, though in Welsh style, all thin shaven, covered with roses, hedged off from the parish road by invisible fences and a patch of very pretty lawn. The old lady, an innocent native old Quakeress, received me with much simplicity, asked for you, &c. Our dinner, which she had carefully

[1] Carlyle had bought an umbrella for his wife, which was to have been sent home, and was not.

[2] John Sterling's father. *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i., p. 20.

cooked and kept hot for an hour and a half, consisted of—veal.[1] Nay, I heard of a veal pie for future use. I suppose they have killed a fatted calf for me, knowing my tastes! There was good ham and a dish of good boiled peas, and a pudding. I did very well, and we have been to *walk* since; and the place, on the whole, is the loneliest and the most *silent* in all the earth, and I think I shall learn to do very well. Adieu, adieu! Sleep well and dream of me. T. C.

Friday morning, 7.30 A.M.

Being on my feet again too early, I will add a word till there be some likeness of breakfast, or, at lowest, of *shaving*. All is still here as in a hermitage of La Trappe. But one dirty little yelp of a dog was sufficient to awaken me a while ago. A *mossin* is as good as a lion!

My Bishop is some sixty miles inland. I know not whether I shall get to him, nor, indeed, what my capabilities yet are. Oh dear! I wish I was near thee, with thy hot coffee-pot, at this moment; but I would not stay there when I was so. I will end, and go shave at present. Has that accursed chimæra of a Cockney not sent the umbrella yet? I could see him trailed thrice through the Thames for his scoundrel conduct. No man knows what breaking his word will do for the general injury. Adieu—a thousand blessings! T. C.

Almost a fortnight was given to Llandough. His friends were all kindness and attention, and their efforts were gratefully appreciated; but the truth must be told—Carlyle required more than simple, quiet people had to give him. He was bored. He reproached himself, but he could not help it. Mr. Redwood was engaged all day in his office at Cowbridge. His guest was left mainly to himself—to ride about the neighbourhood, to bathe, to lie under the trees on the lawn and smoke, precisely what he had fancied that he had desired. 'All was totally somnolent, not ill fitted for a man that had come out of London to see if he could sleep.' He amused himself tolerably with his wife's letters and with Tieck's 'Vittoria Accorombona,' which she had provided him with, and had

[1] Carlyle could not digest veal.

begged him to read. He could not approve, however, of this singular book: 'a dreadful piece of work on Tieck's part,' he called it. But occasionally his poor host, to show his respect, absented himself from his own work to do the honours of the country, and Carlyle required all his self-command not to be uncivil.

I have been at St. Donat's (he writes, July 12). I have just got home through rain and precipitous, rough roads, at a gallop which has jumbled me all to pieces. Devil take all 'days' of that sort! I had just got your letter when I went away. I went happy, I return *mee-serable*—fly up into my sooty 'study,' to be at least alone for a while. How happy I was over 'Quarterly Review,' peace, silence, and my Goody's letter!

Yesterday, with a rational exertion of ill-nature, I briefly declined going for an Arcadian ramble to the coast all day; or, indeed, going anywhither, indicating that I preferred the green grass, sunshine, and solitude among the trees and winds. The good R. in an instant cheerfully surrendered, cheerfully went off to his attorney's office, and left me totally alone till dinner. I have not for long had so peaceable a day. The old black cobweb coat was warm enough for the temperature. I lay upon the grass on the brae-side, under shadow if I liked; smoked my pipe and looked out upon the waving woods, and felt their great deep melancholy sough a real blessing to me.

'Accorombona' is far the pleasantest thing I have yet fallen in with since I left you; a very gorgeous composition, but too showy in diamonds—Bristol diamonds—tinsel, and the precious metals for my taste. One finds it to be untrue, almost as an opera; yet much is true, genial, warm, and very grand. Vittoria herself is about the best of all opera heroines—a right divine stage goddess. Bracciano, too, is clearly her mate, as you say; yet I could not but abhor that murder he did of the poor, frivolous, trembling creature—it is detestable! The sublime Song of Solomon passages did also somewhat transcend me. In fact, it is a grand thing; but Bristol diamond, not a little of it. A thousand thanks to Tieck and the Coadjutor for such a gift in these latitudes. Alas! this morning I am reduced to 'Lyell's Geology,' a twaddling, circumfused, ill-writing man. I seem to hear his uninspired voice all along, and see the clear leaden twinkle of his small bead eyes. However, I will persist a little.

July 13.

This day has been as close, dim, and sultry as a day need be: thunder rumbling on all sides of the horizon ever since morning. I have read several articles in the 'Quarterly Review,' kept aloof from Lyell hitherto, declined to ride, walked out a little way—in short, sauntered in the idlest manner. . . . . I have written to Thirlwall that I leave this on Monday. A coach goes through Cowbridge about noon. Some sixty miles, I believe it is, to Carmarthen. How long I may stay with Thirlwall is not perfectly clear. Two days was the time I talked of, but, if all prospered exceedingly, it might extend to three. I shall get no rest in any of these places, and it may as well be in a *plenum* as in a vacuum. . . . . In Llandough, close at hand here, over the knoll top, I saw certain of the population in the street as I passed along: little flabby figures, brown as a berry; fat, squat, wide flowing; their clothes, of almost *no* colour (such is the prevalence of time and poverty), hung round them as if 'thrown on with a pitchfork' —very noteworthy little fellows (of both sexes) indeed. They saluted kindly as I passed. An old Squire something lives in Llandough Castle close at hand, a little behind the village. Poor fellow! the grave of his old wife is the newest in Llandough Church-yard, and he sits solitary, R. says, and 'scolds his servants, being a proud man.'

The 14th of July was Mrs. Carlyle's birthday. He never forgot it after her mother died, and always provided some pretty present for her. He enclosed in this letter an ornament of some kind, to be ready for the day, which, 'as the umbrella went aback,' he required her 'to accept with all resignation.'

July 15.

Yesterday passed as the brightest, beautifullest day in the whole year might do in these circumstances. I had an excellent four hours till two o'clock, then an excellent solitary gallop to the solitary seashore, a dip in the eternal element there, and gallop back again. The world was all bright as a jewel set in polished silver and sunshine, the sky so purified by the past day's thunder. The little hamlet of Aberddaw, a poor grey *clachan*, crouched under the shelter of a kind of knoll, the half of which was eaten sheer off by the sea. 'Poor Aberddaw!' I said to myself, 'thou sittest there, ill enough bested—God help thee!' The bits of Welsh women,

with their cuddies, lugging small merchandise about, a very scrubby kind of figures, seemed highly praiseworthy—humanly pitiable to me. The wood is so beautiful when you see it from the knoll-tops—soft, green, yet shaggy and bushy—and sunshine kisses all things; and the upper moors themselves—dull, blunt, hilly regions—look sapphire in the distance. At my return to dinner Redwood produced, instead of port, a bottle of excellent claret, and said we must drink Mrs. Carlyle's health, as it was her birthday! This fact he had gathered from seeing me purchase the bit of riband for a band for the said Mrs. C. Well, the feat accordingly was done; and even the ancient Quaker mother had her glass filled, and wished 'many happy years to Jane Carlyle,' for which I duly returned thanks. The day had no other public event in it. R. made me sit with him till we *finished* the bottle, and the affair did me no harm at all, rather good.

My malison on this glazed paper, on this detestable *leather* pen! The world gets even madder with its choppings and changings and never-ending innovations, *not* for the better. My collars, too, are all on a new principle. Oh for one hour of Dr. Francia! But here comes our great, stalking maid, an immensely tall woman: 'The 'oss is out, sir.' I must instantly be off. Adieu, with my heart's blessing! T. CARLYLE.

In relation to this last paragraph, it is my duty to say that Carlyle would have invoked Dr. Francia on a wrong occasion; for the glazed paper in question is now, after forty years, in perfect condition, not needing any *malison*; and the *leather* pen must have been good, too; for the handwriting—even for Carlyle, who at this time wrote most beautifully—is exceptionally excellent.

Llandough: July 16.

Yet a few last words before quitting this place. I have had, as usual, a divine forenoon, lying under shady trees in the most exquisite summer atmosphere; and then a most *laborious* afternoon—bathing, galloping, dining, talking, till now, when I ought to proceed to pack and arrange, if I did not prefer scribbling to Goody still a word or two. . . . To-morrow at noon I shall have to be on the roof of the mail at Cowbridge: a day of hot travel. I shall certainly not again be lodged so quietly anywhere. There will be rapid spiritual conversation in the Bishop's, and no green tree with book and tobacco to lodge under.

'One must take the good and the evil. I find this Redwood a really excellent man; honest, true to the heart, I should think, with a proud and pure character hidden under his simplicity and timidity. He has been entirely hospitable to me, is sorry that I should go, speculates on my coming back, &c., as a proximate event. The old mother, too, is very venerable to me. Poor old woman! with her 'Yearly Monitor,' with her suet dumplings, and all her innocent household gods.

Occasional spurts of complaint over dulness lie scattered in these Llandough letters; but Carlyle knew good people when he saw them. The Redwoods had left him to himself with unobtrusive kindliness. They had not shown him off to their acquaintances. They had thought only what they could do for the comfort of an honoured guest—a mode of treatment very different from what he had sometimes experienced. 'They are a terrible set of fellows,' he said, 'those open-mouthed wondering gawpies, who lodge you for the sake of looking at you: that is horrible.' It was not, however, with alarm on this score that he entered on his next visiting adventure. He would have preferred certainly that such a man as Thirlwall should not have stooped to be made a bishop of, but he claimed no right to judge a man who was evidently of superior quality. How far he actually knew Thirlwall's opinions about religion I cannot say. At all events, he thought he knew them. Thirlwall had sought Carlyle's acquaintance, and had voluntarily conversed with him on serious subjects. Carlyle was looking forward now with curiosity to see how a man who, as he believed, thought much as he did himself, was wearing his anomalous dignities. The reader will, perhaps, be curious also.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Abergwili, Carmarthen: July 18, 1843.

I have been in many 'new positions,' but this of finding myself in a bishop's palace, so called, and close by the chapel founded by old scarecrow *Laud* of famous memory, is one of the newest.

Expect no connected account of the thing, nor of anything whatever to-day. I have not yet learnt the *airts* of the place in the least, and it is a morning of pouring rain, and in an hour (at noon) the brave Bishop, be the weather what it may, decides on riding with me 'four hours and a half' through the wildest scenery of the country, that *it* may not suffer through the tempestuous nature of the elements. The post will be gone before I return: take one word, therefore, to assure thee that I am alive, comparatively speaking *well*, and that I think of thee here—here very especially, where all is so foreign to me. Heavens! do but think: I was awoke before seven o'clock, after a short sleep, by a lackey coming in in haste to indicate that I must come and say my prayers in Laud's Chapel of St. John. I did go, accordingly, and looked at it and at myself with wonder and amazement.

Yesterday, at noon, I got handsomely away from Llandough. The good old dame desired me: 'Thou please to give my regards to Mrs. Carlyle.' I was taken in the 'tub' to Cowbridge, and then the mail came up, full all but one inside seat. I had to take that seat, such as it was, the rather as it turned out there was to be a vacancy on the roof in some seventeen miles further. It was very hot and disagreeable inside; a huge grazier fast asleep, a detestable-looking parson with yellow skin and jet-black tattery wig, and an old burgher of the town of Neath, very talkative, very innocent. To this latter I chiefly attached myself. Neath at last came, the end of the seventeen miles, and I got out and had a cigar, and saw undeniably clear around me the face of heaven and earth—an earth very tolerable, sandstone coal country, green sharp hills with wood enough, green fields ill ploughed and cultivated, houses plastered with whitewash, ridiculous Welsh bodies, all the women of them now with men's hats, a great proportion of them looking very hungry and ragged. Swansea, enveloped in thick poisonous copper fumes, and stretching out in winged desolation (for the copper forges are of the last degree of squalor; low huts, with forests of chimneys, and great mountains of red dross, which never changes into soil), is a very strange and very ugly place. We dined there, and then bowled along into the hills of the interior—no great shakes of *hills;* but as the road goes over the top of them all, it makes them somewhat impressive. About seven in the evening we plunged down by a steep winding way into the 'Valley of the Towy,' a dim enough looking valley; for there was a windy Scotch mist by that time, with a river of some breadth and

of muddy colour running through it; and a little farther up, a strange bleared mountain city, hanging in a disconsolate manner on the farther bank and steep declivity. Carmarthen at last! No *bishop's* carriage was waiting for me—ah, no! I hired a gig and flunkey, for which, to this distance of *two miles*, I paid five shillings, and one and sixpence (to driver)—six shillings and sixpence in all. There is a way of doing business!

Abergwili is a village of pitiful dimensions, all daubed as usual with whitewash and yellow ochre. It is built, however, like a common village, on both sides of the public road. At the farther end of it, you come to solemn, large, closed gates of wood; on your shout they open, and you enter upon a considerable glebeland *pleasance*, with the usual trees, turf walks, peacocks, &c., and see at fifty yards distance a long, irregular, perhaps *cross*-shaped, edifice, the porch of it surmounted by a stone mitre. *Ach Gott!*

I was warmly welcomed, though my Bishop did seem a little uneasy too; but how could he help it? I got with much pomp an extremely bad and late dish of tea, then plenty of good talk till midnight, and a room at the farther wing of the house, still as the heart of wildernesses, where, after some smoking, &c., I did at last sink into sleep, till awakened as aforesaid.

We have had an excellent cup of tea to breakfast, and I feel ready for a bit of the world's fortune once more. My Bishop, I can discern, is a right solid honest-hearted man, full of knowledge and sense, excessively *delicate* withal, and, in spite of his positive temper, almost *timid*. No wonder he is a little embarrassed with me, till he feel gradually that I have not come here to eat him, or make scenes in his still house! But we are getting, or as good as got, out of that, and shall for a brief time do admirably well. Here is medicine for the soul, if the body fare worse for such sumptuosities, precisely the converse of Llandough. It is wholly an element of rigid, decently elegant *forms* that we live in. Very wholesome for the like of me to dip for a day or two into that, is it not? For the rest, I have got two other novels of Tieck, of which the admiring Bishop possesses a whole stock.

Oh, I do hope thou wilt write to me this day! I feel as if a little friendly speech, even about 'Time and Space,' with my poor Goody, would be highly consolatory to me. To-night I shall sleep better. To-morrow I shall be more at home; and the next day—there is nothing yet settled about the next day.

Coaches, it seems, and some kind of straggling chances and pos-

sibilities of conveyance, do exist till one gets within wind of Liverpool. I think of persisting by this route. The mountains lie all upon it which one is bound to 'see.' Oh, my dear! how much richer am I than many a man with 3,000*l.* a year, if I but knew it! What is the worth of Goody herself, thinkest thou? God bless thee!

T. CARLYLE.

Abergwili: July 19.

I am very conscientious in writing to you. Here, for example, I have missed viewing the city of Carmarthen for your sake, having, by candid computation when I got hither to my own room, found that I could not write to you if I went. What a favour! you will say. Yes, you gipsy, and a favour to myself too. Your letter of last night was a real consolation to me. I have lost my *liberty*: I have lost my sleep: I am in a baddish way here; but it will soon be done. From *vacuum* I have got into *plenum* with a vengeance. What with chapel-duty, riding to see views, talking with the brave Bishop, late dining, limited tobacco, and flunkeys awaking you at seven in the morning (the very terror of whom awakens you at six), it is a business one needs to be trained to, and that is not worth while at present.

We sallied out yesterday in the midst of thick rain on two horses. Mine was the highest I ever rode, bigger fully than Darwin's cabhorse. We rode for four mortal hours, no trotting permitted, except when I, contrary to all politeness, burst off into a *voluntario*, and then had soon to lie to for my host, who rides somewhat ecclesiastically. What was worse, too, my high horse was in the fiercest humour for riding, and I longed immensely to take the temper out of him. But, no; we plodded away, and saw a circle of views—views very good. Valleys, scrubby or woody hills, old churches, and ragged Welsh characters in torn hats—all very good. But, though the rain abated and finally subsided into mud and soapy dimness, I was glad enough to get home. To-day, again, while the weather is bright, we are to renew the operation at three o'clock. Well, and yet I am very glad I came in by this establishment, even at the expense of sleep. Nothing similar had ever before fallen in my way, and it was worth seeing once. Do but think of a wretched scarecrow face of Laud looking down on us in Laud's own house, that once was, as we sit at meat. And there is much good in all that, I see. A *perfection* of *form* which is not without its value. With the Bishop himself, I, keeping a strict

guard on my mode of utterance, not mode of thinking, get on extremely well. I find him a right solid, simple-hearted, robust man, very strangely *swathed;* on the whole, right good company. And so we fare along in all manner of discourse, and even laugh a good deal together. Could I but sleep!—but, then, I never can. I had, according to the original programme, decided to be off to-morrow morning, but the worthy host insists with such an earnestness that I, by way of handsome finish, shall be obliged to put off till Friday morning, and see two other *sleeps* still before me. Then, however, it is up. I see my route, and am off.

By the maturest calculation, it seems my far best route will be north-eastward, through Brecknockshire and Monmouthshire, to Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, and Liverpool. A coach passes here to Gloucester in one day. The rest of it is railway. I am about done with my capacity of visiting for this heat. I shall like about as well to take my ease at my inn. Spending the night at Gloucester, I shall view the city in the morning; a Cromwellian place that I wanted this long while to see. Then Worcester in like manner, till the railway train come that will take me to Birmingham and Liverpool. That will be best.

I am writing too much—I will end now. What a blessed rustle among these green trees, on that sunny lawn, with woods and fields and hills in the distance! How happy could I be, would all the world except one small cook's assistant *fall asleep* and leave me alone with Tieck's 'Vogelscheuche'! We are in an excellent building; long galleries, spacious quiet rooms, all softly carpeted, furnished—room enough for the biggest duke. The mitre does not exclude soft carpeting, good *cheer*, or any contrivance for comfort to the outer man. X—— is here; good-humoured, entirely polite, drinks well, eats well, toadies as far as permitted, turned of forty, lean and yellow; has boiled big eyes, a neck, head, and nose giving you a notion of a gigantic human snipe. Is not that a beauty? I have had to look into about a thousand books. The good Bishop is simple as a child. We are alone all but the snipe. To-morrow there is talk of a judge dining with us. Hang it! Perhaps that is one of the reasons why I am to be kept here.

Oh Goody, I send thee a hundred kisses. I have much need to be kissed myself by a Goody. Adieu, adieu.

Ever affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

Abergwili: July 21.

We had our grand dinner last night; a judge named N——, and about twenty advocates; a dreadful explosion of dulness. Champagne and *ennui*, which, however, I took little hand in, being empowered by his reverence to go out and smoke whenever I found it dull. N——, first fiddle on this occasion, was a man that I had seen at the Stanleys', or some such place, playing fourth or fifth fiddle. The advocates generally filled me with a kind of shudder. To think that had I once had 200*l.* I should perhaps have been that! One of them named Vaughan pleased me not a little. They all went off soon, and then I had a long questionable bout of prints to front—sound sleep for a few hours, and a lackey to awaken you at half-past six. It is over now, all that lackeyism, thank God! The Bishop received your compliments (did I tell you?) with much modesty and gratitude, mumbled something about *you* being here—how happy, &c. He has been most kind to me. Poor fellow! Think of a solid bishop riding post as he had to do to-day. It was literally altogether very good. Our talk has been extensive, rather interesting occasionally, always worth its kind, or nearly so. Peace be with Abergwili, and may it be a while before I run across such a mass of *form* again, requiring such a curb-bridle on your liberties to observe them rightly! For what we have received the Lord make us thankful. Adieu, dearest, adieu —I wish I were with thee. T. C.

The expression 'strangely swathed' implies that he had found the Bishop not entirely sympathetic; and perhaps he had not remembered sufficiently how beliefs linger honestly in the ablest mind, though the mode of thought be fatally at variance with them.

However this may have been, the visit was over, and Carlyle went his way. His plan was to go first to Gloucester and Worcester to look at the battle-field; afterwards to go to Scotland, through Liverpool, to see his mother; then to make a tour with his brother John in North Wales; and, finally, before returning to London, to examine the ground of Oliver's great fight at Dunbar. He was in good spirits, and his accounts of his adventures are characteristically amusing. He had spoken of taking his

ease in his inn. He tried it first at the Bell Inn at Gloucester, which he found to be 'a section of Bedlam.' 'Sounds of harps and stringed instruments, *ruffing* of applausive barristers over table oratory heard at a distance, waiters running about in a distracted state; hapless bagmen either preparing to go off "by mail," or else swallowing punch in the hope to escape their wretchedness by getting drunk.' 'He had felt hap-hap-happy in the morning, and then he was *meeserable*.' Spite of all, he went to bed 'with noble defiance,' and slept sounder than he expected. But 'no gladder sight had he seen on his travels than the omnibus in the morning which was to take him out of the Bell Inn for all time and all eternity.' 'The dirty scrub of a waiter,' he said, 'grumbled about his allowance, which I reckoned liberal. I added sixpence to it, and produced a bow which I was near rewarding with a kick. . . . Accursed be the race of flunkeys!' The boots complained next. 'As they were never to meet more through all eternity,' the boots was allowed a second sixpence also. The railway train carried him past the hills where 'the Gloucester Puritans saw Essex's signal fires and notice that help was nigh.' The scene of the last battle of the Civil War was to have a closer inspection. 'Worcester,' he writes, 'was three miles off the station westward.'

I rode thither, smoking, by the London road, and was set down at some Crown Inn, vacant of customers, to a most blessed breakfast of coffee and ham and accompaniments, a considerable 'Christian *comfoart*.' I set rapidly out to explore the city. From Severn Bridge I could see the ground of Oliver's battle. It was a most brief survey. A poor labourer whom I consulted 'had heard of such a thing,' wished to God 'we had another Oliver, sir; times is dreadful bad.' I spoke with the poor man awhile; a shrewd, well-conditioned fellow; left a shilling with him, almost the only good deed I did all day. In the railway train I had adventures of a small evil kind; two men to quench who attempted, partly by

mistake, to use me ill. They proved quenchable without difficulty; for indeed I myself was in a somewhat sulphurous condition, not handy to quarrel with. One of them, my fellow-passenger in the railway, took it into his head to smile visibly when I laid off my white broadbrim, and suddenly produced out of my pocket my grey Glengarry. He seemed of the mercantile head-clerk species, and had been tempted to his impropriety by a foolish-looking, pampered young lady in tiger-skin mantle whom he seemed to have charge of. I looked straight into his smiling face and eyes; a look which I suppose inquired of him, 'Miserable ninth part of the fraction of a tailor, art thou sure that thou hast a right to laugh at me?' The smile instantly died into another expression of emotion. When a man is just come out of a section of Bedlam, and has still a long confused journey in bad weather in the second-class train, that is the time for getting himself treated with the respect due to genius.

At Liverpool Carlyle was warmly welcomed by his wife's uncle, in Maryland Street. He found his brother John waiting for him there. They arranged to wait where they were for a day or two, and then to make their expedition into North Wales together before the days began to shorten. While in Liverpool Carlyle encountered a person then much talked of, whose acquaintance Mrs. Carlyle made shortly after in a striking manner in London.[1]

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Liverpool: July 24.

Passing near some Catholic chapel, and noticing a great crowd in a yard there, with flags, white sticks, and brass bands, we stopped our hackney-coachman, stepped forth into the thing, and found it to be Father Mathew distributing the temperance pledge to the lost sheep of the place, thousands strong, of both sexes—a very ragged, lost-looking squadron indeed. Father M. is a broad, solid, most excellent-looking man with grey hair, mild intelligent eyes, massive, rather aquiline nose and countenance. The very face of him attracts you. . . . We saw him go through a whole act of the business, 'do,' as Darwin would say, 'an entire batch of teetotallers.' I almost cried to listen to him, and could not but lift my broadbrim at the end, when he called for God's

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i. p. 165.

blessing on the vow these poor wretches had taken. . . . I have seen nothing so religious since I set out on my travels as the squalid scene of this day—nay, nothing properly religious at all; though I have been in Laud's chapel and heard daily with damnable iteration of 'the means of grace and the hope of glory' from that portentous human snipe. Not a bad fellow either, poor devil! But we are in a dreadful mess as to all that; and even a strong Bishop Thirlwall constitutes himself a Macready of Episcopacy as the *best* he can do, and does it uncommonly well; and is 'a strong-minded man, sir,' and a right worthy man in his unfortunate kind. . . . God bless thee, and so ends

Thy unfortunate T. C.

The North Wales tour was brief. The brothers went in a steamer from Liverpool to Bangor, and thence to Llanberis, again in a 'tub-gig,' or Welsh car. They travelled light, for Carlyle took no baggage with him except a razor, a shaving-brush, a shirt, and a pocket-comb; 'tooth-brush' not mentioned, but we may hope forgotten in the inventory. They slept at Llanberis, and the next day went up Snowdon. The summit was thick in mist. They met two other parties there coming up from the other side of the mountain 'like ghosts of parties escorted by their Charons.' They descended to Beddgelert, and thence drove down to Tremadoc, where they were entertained by a London friend, one of the Chorleys, who had a house at that place. Carlyle began to feel already that he had had enough of it, to tire of his 'tossings and tumblings,' and to find that he did not 'at the bottom care twopence for all the picturesqueness in the world.' One night sufficed for Tremadoc. They returned thence straight to Liverpool, and were again in Maryland Street on August 1.

Mrs. Carlyle had been suffering from heat and her exertions in house repairs, and her husband thought it possible that he might take a seaside lodging at Formby, at the mouth of the Mersey, where they could remain together for the rest of the summer. Formby had the ad-

vantage of being near Seaforth, where the Paulets lived, with whom Mrs. Carlyle had already become intimate. Mr. Paulet was a merchant, a sensible, well-informed, good kind of man. Mrs. Paulet, young, gifted, and beautiful, was one of Carlyle's most enthusiastic admirers. The neighbourhood of such friends as these was an attraction; but the place when examined into was found desolate and shelterless. The experiment of lodgings at Newby had not been successful, so Mrs. Carlyle was left to take care of herself, which she was well able to do, and her husband made off for Scotland by his usual sea route to Annan. Misadventures continued to persecute him on his travels, or rather travelling itself was one persistent misadventure, for he could never allow for the necessities of things. The steamer, to begin with, left Liverpool at three in the morning. When he went on board 'it was chaos, cloudy, dim, bewildered, like a nasty, damp, clammy dream of confusion, dirt, impediment, and general nightmare.' In the morning there was some amendment. He could meditate on his own condition, and find an idyll in the story of another passenger.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: August 5, 1843.

The voyage, thanks to a bright sunshine all day, was far more tolerable than it promised to be. Nay, in spite as it were of very fate, I snatched some five hours of sleep at various dates. I on the whole fared well enough. My poor native Annandale never looked so impressive to me that I remember: black rain curtains all around—but *there* when I saw it a kind of *bewept* brightness. All seemed so small, remote, eternally foreign; I said to myself, 'There among these poor knolls thy life journeyings commenced, my man! there didst thou begin in this outskirt of creation, and thou hast wandered very far since then—far as Eternity and Hades, so to speak, since then. Nobody was there to receive me. I got a kind of *gig* at Benson's inn and came hither to kind welcome, to dinner, tea, and sleep all in the lump almost. My determination is to rest here for a space. I feel quite smashed,

done up, and pressingly in need to pause and do nothing whatever. I have spread out my things. I sit in the little easternmost room sacred from interruption. I will rest now. My poor mother is very cheery, but very pale, thin, and has evidently been suffering much since I saw her. Jamie goes on in the old cheerfully stoical manner in these worst of times.

I declare I am very sorry for all people. Yesterday was an old, dirty, feckless-looking man, in tattered straw hat, sitting in the steamer; notable to me all day. At night a rugged, hearty kind of old woman came on deck, who proved to be his wife. They had been in America, where all their children, eleven in number, were born; 'but the auld man, ye see, wadna bide,' though they had sent for him; and so here he was with his old dame come daundering back again to beggary and the Hawick native soil! Poor old devil! I was heartily sorry for him and the sturdy old wife. I honoured her as a true heart of oak, the mainstay of her old man, who grinned intelligence as he saw Scotch land again. Their goods were in certain duddy pokes, and one painted chest of which the woman carried the key. Her sturdy way of undoing the padlock had first attracted my attention to her. Is not life a 'joyous' kind of thing to this old woman? 'I declare I'se quite shamed,' she said, 'to gang hame sa dirty; a's dirty, and I could get nothing washed.'

Oh Goody, why do I twaddle to thee about all and sundry in this manner? Really silence would be preferable, and the saving of a penny stamp.

He lay still for a month at Scotsbrig doing nothing save a little miscellaneous reading, and hiding himself from human sight. These few letters and fragments will serve as a specimen of many written during this period of eclipse.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: August 16, 1843.

I have no appetite for writing, for speaking, or in short doing anything but sitting still as a stone, while that is conceded me—— Confound it! Here are two beggarly people from Ecclefechan come driving in a gig in probable search for me. May the Devil give them luck of it! I hope Jenny will gulp a lie (door lie) for my sake. I will wait perdu and fling down the pen till I see.

No; Jenny had not the sense to make a white lie for me, and I had to enter. A poor West Indies bilious youth home for his health 'extremely desirous to see me' (many thanks to him), 'just called with his father.' I have given them whisky and water and sent them on their way. There is no rest for the wicked.

Here it is as hot as Demerara, windless, with a burning sun. I am lazy in addition to all. Lazy as I almost never was. Work, past or future, not to speak of present, is a weariness to me. I sometimes think of Cromwell. Oh heavens! I shall need to be in another mood than now. I must take new measures. This will never do.

The tailor has turned me out two pairs of trousers;[1] has two winter waistcoats and much else in progress. I find nothing wrong but the Dumfries buttons yet, which I have duly execrated and flung aside. Poor hunger-ridden, quack-ridden Dumfries! Wages yesterday at Lockerbie fair 'were lower than any man ever saw them.' A harvestman coming hither for five weeks is to have one sovereign. A weaker individual works through the same period for 15*s.* or 12*s.* 6*d.*, according as he proves. The latter is a shoemaker's apprentice, who has harvest granted to him, to earn his year's apparel. Ruin by sliding scales and other conveyances slides rapidly on all men.

Last afternoon I had a beautiful walk on the Dairland Hills moor. A little walking shakes away my sluggishness. The bare expanse of silent green upland is round me, far off the world of mountains, and the sea all changed to silver. Out of the dusky sunset—for vapours had fallen—the windows of Carlisle city glanced visibly upon me; twenty thousand human bipeds whom I could cover with my hat. On these occasions, unfortunately, I *think* almost nothing. Vague dreams, delusions, idle reminiscences, and confusions are all that occupy me. I am an unprofitable servant.

I have taken up with a biography of Ralph Erskine, the first of the *Seceders*. It is absolutely very strange. A long, soft, poke-cheeked face, with busy, anxious black eyes, 'looking as if he could not help it;' and then such a character and form of human existence, conscience living to the fingers-ends of him in a strange, venerable, though highly questionable manner! There have been strange men in this world; and indeed every man is strange

[1] Carlyle had his clothes made at Ecclefechan, partly for economy, partly because he could not believe in the honesty of London work.

enough. This Ralph makes me reflect, Whitherward are we now bound? What has become of all that? Is man grown into a kind of brute that can merely spin and make railways?' '*Mir wäre lieber dass ich plötzlich stürbe.*'

Again, a day or two later:—

The reading of Ralph Erskine has given me strange reflections as to the profoundly *enveloped* state in which all sons of Adam live. . . . This poor Ralph, and his formulas casing him all round like the shell of a beetle. What a thing it is! And yet what better have the rest of us made of it? Far worse most of us in our Benthamisms, Jacobinisms, George Sandisms. Man is a born owl. I consider it good, however, that one do not get into the state of a beetle, that one try to keep one's shell open, or at least openable. I mean to persist in endeavouring that.

The lives of all men in all ranks, places, and times have their tragedy, their comedy, their romance in them; and are at once poetical, if there is a man of genius at hand to observe, especially if he have radical fire in him. Human creatures love, hate, have their pride and their passions, do wrong and suffer wrong, wherever they are. Here are two small pictures from peasant life in Annandale, as Carlyle saw it in 1843:—

August 21.

A poor slut of a man, Jamie's next neighbour here, has a farm too dear, deficient stock, arrears of rent, with all manner of sorrowful et cæteras, and hangs of late years continually on the verge of ruin. He is turned of forty—a great, heavy, simple, toilsome lump of nut-brown innocency; has wife and children; an old mother, stone-blind, who 'milks all the cows.' His soul's first care is to raise 100*l.* annually for his landlord to buy port wine or whisky with. According to the *lex terræ* as it at present stands, they can strip him to the skin any time for past arrears, but prefer to let him struggle along, 'doing his best.' At this last rent-day he was nearly out of his wits, Jamie says. The corn he meant to sell was not ripe enough for selling; the bare bent or the inside of a gaol his only other outlook. For ten days he rode and ran, 'sleeping none,' or hardly sleeping. By Jamie's help he did at length get the 50*l.* ready. He paid it duly, got on his horse to come home again, had a stroke of apoplexy by the way, arrived home still

sticking to his horse, but unable to speak or walk, and has walked or spoken none since. What a joyous existence his! And that old stone-blind mother! We are very despicable drivellers to make any moan. Oh heavens! can that be the task of an immortal soul, catching apoplexy to provide whisky for ——— of ———? *Je me suis dit un jour, cela n'est pas juste.* No, it is not, and by God's help shall not be held so.

August 30.

I must tell you another thing I heard which struck me considerably. You remember a lump of an old woman, half haveral,[1] half genius, called Jenny Fraser. The 'Duke' had decided on high that not an inch of ground should be allowed for a 'non-intrusion' church in that region. No church shall there or thereabouts be. It is paltry to stop the mouths of men that observe any measure in their complainings—very poor, even if a Duke had made all the land he refuses to concede a few yards of. Well; but old Jenny Fraser possesses about Boatford a patch of ground independent of all persons, just about equal to holding a church and its eavesdrops, and says *she* will give it. Hunter of Merton Mill and agents are at work. Go to Jenny, offer her 10*l*., 20*l*.; indicate possibilities of perhaps more. Jenny is deaf as whinstone, though poor nearly as Job. She answers always, 'I got it from the Lord, and I will give it to the Lord.' And there, it seems, the Free Kirk, in spite of Duke and Devil, is to be. I had a month's mind to go and give Jenny a sovereign myself; but I remembered two things: first, that she had for some reason or other become a stranger to her former benefactress [Mrs. Carlyle herself?], and then, secondly, it might have a factious look, better to avoid at that moment; we can do it better afterwards, and I can hear your opinion withal—'Duke *versus* Jenny Fraser!' it is as ridiculous a conjecture as has happened lately. These poor people, living under their Duke in secret spleen and sham loyalty, are somewhat to be pitied. 'The earth's the Lord's and no the Duke's,' as Charlie Rae said.

This little story is worth preserving as part of the history of the Free Kirk, independently of Carlyle's comments. Jenny Fraser was a true daughter of the Covenanters.

Carlyle's time in the North was running out; he had

[1] *Haveral*, a half-witted person.

still to see Dunbar battle-field, and he had arranged his movements that he should see it on Oliver's own 3rd of September, the day of the Dunbar fight, the day of the Worcester fight, and the day of his death. One or two small duties remained to be discharged first in Dumfriesshire. His wife had asked him to go once more to Thornhill and Templand to see after her mother's old servants, and to visit also the grave in Crawford Churchyard. To Crawford he was willing to go; from Templand he shrank as too painful. In leaving it, he thought that he had bid adieu to the old scenes for ever. Still this and anything he was ready to undertake if it would give her any pleasure. Most tender, most affectionate, were the terms in which he gave his promise to go. He did go. He distributed presents among the old people, who in Mrs. Welsh had lost their best friend. Finally, he went also to the churchyard, seeing Thornhill a second time on the way.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Edinburgh: September 2.

As the mail was to start from Dumfries at six o'clock without pause by the way, I preferred the heavy coach yesterday at nine. It took me by Thornhill, &c. I had not duly calculated on that; and yet who knows but a day of such sad solemnity spent in utter silence, though painful exceedingly, was worth enduring. Nobody knew me. I sate two minutes in Thornhill Street, unsuspected by all men, a kind of ghost among men. The day was windless: the earth all still: grey mist rested on the tops of the green hills, the vacant brown moors: silence as of eternity rested over the world. It was like a journey through the kingdoms of the dead, one Hall of Spirits till I got past Crawford. . . . I was as a spirit in the land of spirits, called land of the living. . . . At Crawford I was on a sacred spot, one of the two *sacredest* in all the world—I was at the grave. I tried at first to gain as much time on the coach [as was needed]. This being impossible, the good-natured driver offered to wait. In my life I have had no more unearthly moment. Perhaps it was not right, though doubtless you will thank me. At any rate, I could not decide to pass. Oh heavens!

and all so silent there, smoothed into the repose of *God's* eternity; and the hills look on it, and the skies, and I thought how blessed *all that* was, beyond the dreary sorrows and agitations of all *this*. Why should I dwell on such a matter? I mean to go and see your brave father's grave, too, and I will speak no word about it—you shall hold it done without my speaking.

This was written from Edinburgh on September 2. The 3rd was to be given to Dunbar, and along with Dunbar was to be combined the pilgrimage to that last solemn spot to which he referred with so fine delicacy. Without staying to see any Edinburgh acquaintance except David Laing, he went on direct to Haddington, where he was to be the guest of his wife's old and dear friends, the Miss Donaldsons of Sunny Bank. The thoughts which he had brought from Crawford attended him still as he came among the scenes of Mrs. Carlyle's childhood, where he and she had first looked in each other's faces.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Haddington: September 4, 1848.

These two days the image of my dear little Jeannie has hovered incessantly about me, waking and sleeping, in a sad yet almost celestial manner, like the spirit, I might say, of a beautiful dream. These were the streets and places where she ran about, a merry, eager little fairy of a child: and it is all gone away from her now, and she from it: and of all her possessions, poor I am, as it were, all that remains to her. My dearest, while I live, one soul to trust in shall not be wanting. My poor little Jeannie! How solemn is this *Hall of the Past*, beautiful and mournful; the miraculous river of existence rolling its grand course here, as elsewhere in the most prophetic places, now even as of old; godlike, though dark with death.

Carlyle feeling and writing with such exquisite tenderness, and Carlyle a fortnight later when he was in Cheyne Row making a domestic earthquake and driving his wife distracted because a piano sounded too loud in the adjoining house, are beings so different, that it seemed as if his soul

was divided, like the Dioscuri, as if one part of it was in heaven, and the other in the place opposite to heaven. But the misery had its origin in the same sensitiveness of nature which was so tremulously alive to soft and delicate emotion. Men of genius have acuter feelings than common men; they are like the wind-harp, which answers to the breath that touches it, now low and sweet, now rising into wild swell or angry scream, as the strings are swept by some passing gust.

The rest of this letter describes the expedition to Dunbar, and is written at a more ordinary pitch. September 3 was a Sunday.

No coaches going to Dunbar on that day, I had to resolve on doing the thing by walking. Before quitting Edinburgh, I had gone to David Laing, and refreshed all my recollections by looking at his books, one of which he even lent me out hither. Fortified with all studies and other furtherances, I took a stick from the lobby here and set forth about half-past nine; the morning grey and windy, wind straight in my back. To Linton the walk was delightful; the rich autumn country and Sabbath solitude altogether solacing to me. At Linton, a shoal, or rather endless shoals, of ragged Irish reapers made the highway thenceforth too populous for me. Indeed, between Musselburgh and Dunbar they have made all thoroughfares a continued Donnybrook, every variety of ragged savagery and squalor—the finest peasantry in the world. There is not work for a fourth part of them—wages one shilling a day. They seemed to subsist on the plunder of turnips and beanfields. They did not beg: only asked me now and then for 'the toime, plaise sur,' seeing I had a watch. It was curious to see at Linton the poor remnant of Highland shearers all lying decently in rows on the green, while the Irish were hovering they knew not whither, without plan, without repose.

At Dunbar I found the battle-ground much more recognisable than any I had yet seen; indeed, altogether what one would call clear. It is at the foot and further eastward along the slope of the hill they call the doun that the Scots stood, Cromwell at Broxmouth (Duke of Roxburghe's place), where he 'saw the sun rise over the sea,' and quoted a certain Psalm. I had the conviction that I stood on the very ground. Having time to spare (for din-

ner was at six), I surveyed the old Castle, washed my feet in the sea—smoking the while—took an image of Dunbar with me as I could, and then set my face to the wind and the storm, which had by this time risen to a quite tempestuous pitch. No rougher work have I had for a long time, boring through it with my broadbrim, not *perpendicular* to it; face parallel to the highway—that was the only possible method, except sometimes that I set the broadbrim on my breast and walked bare-headed; the only ill effect of which is that is has filled my hair with sand till the sea-water wash it out again.

Duties all finished, there remained now to get back to Chelsea. The cheapest, and to Carlyle the pleasantest, way was by sea. A day could be given to Edinburgh, two to the Fergusses at Kirkcaldy. Thence he could go to Mr. Erskine and stay at Linlathen till the 15th, when a steamer would sail for Dundee. After the sight of the battle-fields, the 'Cromwell' enterprise seemed no longer impossible. He was longing to be at home and at work; 'at home with Goody and her new house and her old heart.' The boat would be forty-five hours on the way. He would be at Chelsea by the 19th, and 'his long pilgrimage be ended.' He had seen many things in the course of it, but 'nothing half as good as his own Goody.' In the most amiable mood he called on everyone that he knew in Edinburgh—called on his wife's aunts at Morningside, called on Jeffrey at Craigcrook, to whom he was always grateful as his first active friend.

I found him (he says) somewhat in a deteriorated state. The little Duke had lamed his *shin;* sate lean, disconsolate, irritable, talkative, and argumentative as ever, with his foot laid on a stool. Poor old fellow! I talked with him chiefly till two o'clock, and then they drove me off in their carriage.

The days with Erskine in his quiet house at Linlathen were an enjoyment and amusement. Erskine officiating as a country gentleman, as chief commander of a squire's mansion, was a novel spectacle, the most gentle of men

and yet obliged to put on the air of authority, and 'doing it dreadfully ill.' But Carlyle's thoughts were riveted on home. He had been irritable and troublesome before he went away in the summer. He was returning with the sense that in Cheyne Row only was paradise, where he would never be impatient again.

Oh Goody! (he exclaimed in his last letter) I wish I was with thee again. We will go into a room together, and have a little talk about time and space. Thou wilt hardly know me again. I am brown as a berry, face and hands; terribly bilious—sick even, yet with a feeling that there is a good stock of new health in me had I once leave to subside. Courage! in a few hours more it will be done.

CHAPTER XII.

A.D. 1843–4. ÆT. 48–49.

A repaired house—Beginnings of 'Cromwell'—Difficulties—The Edinburgh students—Offer of a professorship—The old mother at Scotsbrig—Lady Harriet Baring—A day at Addiscombe—Birthday present—Death of John Sterling.

ALAS for the infirmity of mortal resolution! Between the fool and the man of genius there is at least this symptom of their common humanity. Carlyle came home with the fixed determination to be amiable and good and make his wife happy. No one who reads his letters to her can doubt of his perfect confidence in her, or of his childlike affection for her. She was the one person in the world besides his mother whose character he completely admired, whose judgment he completely respected, whose happiness he was most anxious to secure; but he came home to drive her immediately distracted, not by unkindness—for unkind he could not be—but through inability to endure with ordinary patience the smallest inconveniences of life. These were times when Carlyle was like a child, and like a very naughty one.

During the three months of his absence the house in Cheyne Row had undergone a 'thorough repair.' This process, which the dirt of London makes necessary every four or five years, is usually undergone in the absence of the owners. Mrs. Carlyle, feeble and out of health as she was, had remained, to spare her husband expense, through the paint and noise, directing everything herself, and re-

storing everything to order and cleanliness at a minimum of cost. The walls had been painted or papered, the floors washed, the beds taken to pieces and remade, the injured furniture mended. With her own hands she had newly covered chairs and sofas, and stitched carpets and curtains; while for Carlyle himself she had arranged a library exactly in the form which he had declared before that it was essential to his peace that his own working-room should have. For three days he was satisfied, and acknowledged 'a certain admiration.' Unfortunately when at heart he was really most gratified, his acknowledgments were limited; he was shy of showing feeling, and even those who knew him best and understood his ways were often hurt by his apparent indifference. He had admitted that the house had been altered for the better, but on the fourth morning the young lady next door began upon her fatal piano, and then the tempest burst out which Mrs. Carlyle describes with such pathetic humour.[1] First he insisted that he would have a room made for himself on the roof where no sound could enter. When shown how much this would cost, he chose to have his rooms altered below—partitions made or taken down—new fireplaces introduced. Again the house was filled with dust and workmen; saws grating and hammers clattering, and poor Carlyle in the midst of it, 'wringing his hands and tearing his hair at the sight of the uproar which he had raised.' And after all it was not the piano, or very little the piano. It is in ourselves that we are this or that, and the young lady might have played her fingers off, and he would never have heard her, had his work once been set going, and he absorbed in it. But go it would not, except fitfully and unsatisfactorily; his materials were all accumulated; he had seen all that he needed to see, yet his task still seemed impossible. The

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i. p. 197.

tumult in the house was appeased: another writing-room was arranged; the unfortunate young lady was brought to silence. 'Past and Present' was done and out of the way. The dinner-hour was changed to the middle of the day to improve the biliary condition. No result came. He walked about the streets to distract himself. His mind wandered to other subjects as one thing or another suggested itself.

Journal.

Chelsea: October 10, 1843.—Began yesterday to dine at 2.30. Perhaps it will do me good on the dyspeptic side. Walked from three to six yesterday afternoon, saw some of Wilkie's prints in a shop-window—'Card-players,' 'Reading a Will,' &c. The pictures I had never seen—discovered for the first time what a genius was in this Wilkie: a great broad energy of humour and sympathy; a real painter in his way, alone among us since Hogarth's time—reflected with sorrow that the man was dead, that I had seen him with indifference, without recognition, while he lived. Poor Wilkie! A very stunted, timidly proud, uninviting, unproductive-looking man. I spoke with him a little in his own house while he was painting Sir David Baird and Seringapatam. The picture seemed to me a hollow cloud, as our other pictures are. The man himself was cold, shy, taciturn. I saw Wilkie and did not know him. One should have his eyes opener. The Life of Wilkie by poor Allan Cunningham, the most chaotic compilation in the world, revealed to me the small but genuine spirit of a man struggling confusedly amid the boundless element of twaddle, dilettantism, shopkeeperism, and other impurity and inanity, of which our earth, and most of all the painter's earth, is at present full. He rebukes me by several of his qualities—by his patience, his submissive, unwearied endeavour in *such* element as he finds—a truly *well-doing* man. His 'Card-players' struck me more than any of his engravings I chanced to see last night; genuine life-figures, a great gluttonous substantiality, some glimpse of universal life looking out through the coarse boor shapes; the awfully massive hips and seats, the teeth and laugh of that President at the board head, &c. Alas! poor Wilkie is not here any more.

Oh, miserable 'slip the labour,' what is become of *thy* endeavour? Not a word of it yet got to paper; the very scheme and shadow of

it hovering distracted in the cloud rack, sport of every wind. I am truly to be pitied, to be condemned.

So Carlyle had been when he began the 'French Revolution.' So it was, is, and must be with every serious man when he is first starting upon any great literary work. 'Sport of every wind' he seems to himself, for every trifle, piano or what not, distracts him. Sterling was in London, then on the edge of his last fatal illness. In the Journal of October 23 Carlyle enters:—

> Methinks I see a hieroglyphic bat
> Skim o'er the zenith in a slipshod hat,
> And to shed infants' blood with horrid strides
> A damned potato on a whirlwind rides.

Fabulously attributed to Nat Lee in Bedlam; composed, I imagine, by John Sterling, who gave it me yesterday.

After this he seemed to make progress. 'Have been making an endeavour one other time to begin writing on Cromwell. Dare not say I have yet begun; all beginning is difficult.' Many pages were covered, with writing of a sort. Mrs. Carlyle, on November 28, describes him as 'over head and ears in Cromwell,' and 'lost to humanity for the time being.' That he could believe himself started gave some peace to her; but he was trying to make a consecutive history of the Commonwealth, and, as he told me afterwards, 'he could not get the subject rightly taken hold of.' There was no seed fitly planted and organically growing; and the further he went, the less satisfied he was with himself. He used to say that he had no genius for literature. Yet no one understood better what true literary work really was, or was less contented to do it indifferently.

To John Sterling.

Chelsea: December 4, 1843.

I am very miserable at present; or call it heavy-laden with fruitless toil, which will have much the same meaning. My abode is,

and has been, figuratively speaking, in the centre of chaos. Onwards there is no moving in any yet discovered line, and where I am is no abiding—miserable enough.

The fact is, without any figure, I am doomed to write some book about that unblessed Commonwealth, and as yet there will be no book show itself possible. The whole stagnancy of the English genius two hundred years thick lies heavy on me. Dead heroes buried under two centuries of Atheism seem to whimper pitifully 'Deliver us! Canst thou not deliver us?' And alas! what am I, or what is my father's house? Confound it! I have lost four years of good labour in the business; and still the more I expend on it, it is like throwing good labour after bad. On the whole, you ought to pity me. Is thy servant a dead dog that these things have fallen on him? My only consolation is that I am struggling to be the most conservative man in England, or one of the most conservative. If the past times, only two centuries back, lie wholly a torpedo darkness and dulness, freezing as with Medusa glance all souls of men that look on it, where are our foundations gone? If the past time cannot become *melodious*, it must be forgotten, as good as annihilated; and we rove like aimless exiles that *have* no ancestors, whose world began only yesterday. That must be my consolation, such as it is.

I see almost nobody. I avoid sight rather, and study to consume my own smoke. I wish among your buildings[1] you would build me some small Prophet's chamber, fifteen feet square, with a separate garret, and a flue for smoking, within a furlong of your big house, sacred from all noises of dogs, cocks, pianofortes, insipid men, engaging some dumb old woman to light a fire for me daily and boil some kind of kettle.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: December 31, 1843.

The saddest story is that of my book, which occasions great difficulty. I not long ago fairly cast a great mass of it into the fire, not in any sudden rage at it, but after quiet deliberation, and deciding on this as the best that I could do. I am now trying the business on another side with hopes of better prosperity there. Prosper or not, I must hold on at it, on one side or the other. I *must* get in upon it, and drive it before me. But the truth is, it will be a long heavy piece of labour, and I must not grumble that

[1] Sterling was improving a house which he had lately bought at Ventnor.

my progress seems so small. I do make progress, as much progress *as I can;* and on the whole why should I plague myself or others about the quantity of my progress? I am a poor discontented creature, and ought at least to hold my peace and 'be thankful I am not in purgatory.'

One of his difficulties lay in his extreme conscientiousness. No sentence would be ever deliberately set down on paper without his assuring himself, if it related to a fact, that he had exhausted every means of ascertaining that the fact was true as he proposed to tell it; or, if it was to contain a sentiment or opinion, without weighing it to see if it was pure metal and not cant or insincere profession. This, however, lay in his nature, and, though it might give him trouble, would give him no anxiety. But his misgiving was that he was creating no living organic work, but a dead manufactured one, and this was intolerable. He flung aside at last all that he had done, burnt part of it, as he said, locked away the rest, and began again, as he told his mother, 'on another side.' He gave up the notion of writing a regular history. He would make the person of Oliver Cromwell the centre of his composition, collect and edit, with introductions and connecting fragments of narrative, the extant letters and speeches of Oliver himself—this, at least, as a first operation—a plain and comparatively easy one. When it was finished, he told me that he found to his surprise that he had finished all which he had to say upon the subject, and might so leave it.

With the new year he was working upon the fresh lines, still diffident, but in better humour with himself and his surroundings.

For my book (he wrote again to his mother on January 11 [1844]) I dare not say much about it, and, indeed, had better altogether keep silent and plague nobody with it further, for nobody can help me in it, do what he will. It is a most difficult book; but by the blessing of Heaven I hope to get it done yet, and to have

accomplished something useful thereby. Nay, indeed, I am sometimes taught more distinctly than usual that *without* the blessing of Heaven *I cannot* get it done; which surely is a wholesome lesson, and one we should be thankful for for ever, even though it come to us in pain. I have heard of an Italian popular preacher who one day before a grand audience fairly *broke down*, and had not a word to say. His shame was great; he blushed; he almost wept; but, gathering himself at last, he said: 'My friends, it is the punishment of my pride; let me lay it to heart and take a lesson by it.' So be it with us all. . . . The people in the next house, whose piano was so loud when I sate down to write, have behaved with the noblest chivalry. They keep their piano silent every day rigorously till two o'clock. At other hours I am not writing, and it does me no ill; rather does me *good*, when I reflect how civil the people are. There is great honour shown here to the literary man.

Journal.

February 2, 1844.—Engaged in a book on the *Civil Wars*, on Oliver Cromwell, or whatever the name of it prove to be; the most frightfully *impossible* book of all I have ever before tried. It is several years since the thing took hold of me. I have read hundredweights of dreary books, searched dusty manuscripts, corresponded, &c. &c., almost with no results whatever. How often have I begun to write, and after a certain period of splunging and splashing found that there was yet no basis for me. Since my return from Scotland and Wales and the North in September last it is just about *five months* complete. Most part of that time I have been really assiduous with this book, or one or the other adjuncts of it, and there really stands now on my paper in any available shape, as it were correctly—*nothing*. Much I have blotted, fairly burnt out of my way. What will become of it and of me? Sometimes I get extremely distressed. What of that? Was it ever otherwise? Will it ever be? Carpenters with contrivances to secure me from noises, treaties about neighbouring pianos, complaints of barking dogs, above a hundred 'Musæum headaches;' no books but 'Rushworthian Torpedos;' little company that is not a torpedo to me; and, to crown the whole, not a vestige of work actually done. This is bad enough. The fact is, I am myself very much to blame. I am full of 'choler,' of impatience, alas! of insincerity of heart. There will be no good come by talking of it here. Yester-

day at the Museum. To-day in quiet sorrow, attempting to begin again to write somewhat. *Non omnes occiderunt soles.*

Scotland meanwhile was remembering Carlyle. The Edinburgh students were not alone in their effort to call him back across the *irremeabilis unda*.

As to my book (he wrote a fortnight later to Scotsbrig) it is not absolutely stopping, *but is going its own gate*, a much longer one than I expected it might be. I study to keep holding on. 'Slow fire does make sweet meat.' I think I shall perhaps make something of it in the end, if I be at once patient and diligent. At all events, I must and will endeavour. This morning there came a letter from Sir David Brewster, about a Professorship in St. Andrews for me. I have already written to decline it. Professorships of that kind do not suit me now. They come a day behind the fair.

The offer of a Scotch professorship was unacceptable, but was of course gratifying. So in a higher degree was the beginning of a new order of legislation setting aside the received doctrines of *laissez-faire*, which he might fairly think to be due at least in part to his own writings. Lord Ashley—Lord Shaftesbury, as he has been so long and so honourably known to us—must have the first place as having successfully carried through the great measure for the protection of the factory children. But Carlyle, too, had affected the thoughts of the younger generation of reflecting politicians, and made possible Lord Ashley's attack upon the political economists. It was with real delight that he informed his mother of the first introduction of this measure.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: March 30, 1844.

All the people are in controversy about Lord Ashley's proposal to restrict the hours of factory labour to twelve, with two allowed for meals—that is, ten hours in all. Numbers of people are loud and bitter against it. As for me, I rejoice greatly that the Government has in *any* way begun to deal with that horrid business, the state of the working people. Innumerable tasks lie there for all

manner of wise governors and parliamenteers and prime ministers. Lord Ashley's Bill was carried once; but Peel and Graham have turned again upon him, saying they will go out if he carry it; so that probably it will be lost this time. But the business is *begun*, that is the great fact. The other day I saw one of the official people—Lord Elliot—in a company who were all talking about this. I told him the Government were absolutely bound either to try whether they could do some good to these people, or to draw them out in line and openly shoot them with grape. That would be mercy in comparison. He seemed much astonished; but I had a fair share of the company on my side.

It was always to his mother that he wrote first when he had anything interesting to tell, whether it was about an Act of Parliament, or the progress of his writing, or when the kitlin had an American mouse to send to the Auld Cat. She was seldom out of his thoughts, as he was seldom out of hers; and she was now growing old and ailing. Here is another of his letters to her:—

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: April 24, 1844.

You have been too frequently ill this spring, my dear mother; you really must take more pains with yourself, Let me beg Jenny,[1] too, to be in all ways careful of you. Alas! what can I do? I am far off, and cannot be of help to you myself, which I would so gladly be. Surely it is well the part of one and all of us to do for our good, true mother whatsoever we can. She did faithfully for us what lay in her when the time was. Jean tells me she has sent you a fowl or two. I have earnestly urged her to continue that. A little soup and wheat bread for dinner would certainly be much wholesomer than what you usually dine on. Besides, the good weather is now come—that of itself will be a great relief to you. Go up to the moor on a sunny day. The sight of the bonny world growing green again will be like a sermon to your pious heart, as indeed such a heart can nowhere want for sermons. The stars in the heavens and the little blue-bells by the wayside alike show forth the handiwork of Him who is Almighty, who is All Good. In a bad, weak world, what would become of us did not our hearts understand at all times that this

[1] The sister living at home with her mother.

is even so? . . . I struggle away here, not always in the successfullest manner, yet trying always to make some progress in my work. 'Many a little makes a mickle.' It will be a long, *dreigh*,[1] and weary job; but I must plod along; keep chopping on, and hope to get through it in time. My health is not to be complained of. I should study well to husband what strength is given me, not fret, as I too often do, on what is denied me. Jane, too, gets better in the bright weather. All is bright here—sunny, and full of blossom. I study to go out to dinner as little as possible, and write refusals to the right and left. Dinners will do nothing for me; only the getting on with my book will do something. . . . Jeffrey is here in poorish health, but much better than he was. He is nearly of your age, but grows no more serious as he grows older. At least, he thinks proper to affect the same light ways—to me not the beautifullest in an old man.

How anxious he was about his mother—how inexpressibly dear she was to him—appears from a note in his Journal:—

May 8.—My dear old mother has, I doubt, been often poorly this winter. They report her *well* at present; but, alas! there is nothing in all the earth so stern to me as that constantly advancing inevitability, which indeed has terrified me all my days.

The same day he enters:—

My progress in 'Cromwell' is frightful. I am no day absolutely idle, but the confusions that lie in my way require far more fire of energy than I can muster on most days, and I sit not so much working as painfully looking on work. A thousand times I have regretted that this task was ever taken up. My heart was never *rightly* in it. My conscience it rather was that drove me on. My chief motive now is a more and more burning desire to have done with it. *Eheu, cheu!* I am very weak in health, too. I am oftenest very sad. The figure of Age, of greyhaired weakness, twilight, and the inevitable night never came on me so forcibly as this year. Age is sad, yet it is noble after a sort; the advance of it upon me is a peculiar tragedy, new for every new life. Words are weak in general to express what I feel. Thou art verily growing old, and thou hast never been young; and thy life has amounted to this poor paltriness, and, &c. &c. &c. There is no wisdom in writing

[1] *Dreigh*, tedious.

such thoughts, or even in more than partially entertaining them. The Future alone belongs to us. Let us doubly and trebly struggle to profit by *that*—turn *that* to double and treble account. Oh heavens! get on with thy 'Cromwell.'

The dissatisfaction of Carlyle with his own work, as long as he was engaged upon it, is a continuous feature in his character. 'The "French Revolution" was worth nothing.' 'To have done with it' was the chief desire which he had. 'To have done with it' was his chief desire again now. 'To have done with it' was the yet more passionate cry in the prolonged agony of 'Frederick.' The art of composition was merely painful to him, so conscious was he always of the distance between the fact as he could represent it and the fact as it actually was. He could be proud when he measured himself against other men; but his estimate of his merit, considered abstractedly, was utterly low. His faults disgusted him; his excellences he could not recognise; and when the work was done and printed, he was surprised to find it so much better than he had thought.

It is always so. The better a man is morally, the less conscious he is of his virtues. The greater the artist, the more aware he must be of his shortcomings. If excellence is to be its own only reward, poor excellence is in a bad way; for the more there is of it, the less aware of itself it is allowed to be. There is and must be, however, a certain comfort in the sense that a man is doing a right thing, if not well, yet as well as he can. Flashes of this kind do occasionally shine in among Carlyle's sad meditations. On May 31 he reports to his mother:—

My book now goes along better or worse, though still far too slowly. I am now, however, beginning to see *above* ground some fruit of the unspeakable puddlings and welterings I had underground. I do hope sometimes that I shall get the poor book done, and that it will turn out to have been worth doing. Oliver Crom-

well is an actually pious, praying, God-fearing, Bible-reading man, and struggles in the high places of the world before God and man to do what he finds written in his Bible—an astonishing spectacle, unexampled, altogether incredible to the beggarly Peel, Russell, and company that have got the guidance of the world now, to all our sorrows. If I can show Oliver as he is, I shall do a good turn; but it is terribly difficult to such an age as this is and has long been.

There was to be no Scotland for Carlyle this year. The starting with 'Cromwell' had been so hard that he did not mean to pause over it till it was done; and an occasional rest of a day or two at the houses of friends near London was all that he intended to allow himself. It was his wife's turn to have a holiday. She had not been in the North since she had lost her mother. All the last summer had been spent with the workmen in Cheyne Row. In autumn and winter she had been ill as usual with coughs, sleeplessness, and nervous headaches. As long as the cold weather lasted she had not been well for a single day, and only her indomitable spirit seemed to keep her alive at all. She never complained—perhaps fortunately—as with Carlyle to suffer in any way was to complain loudly and immediately, and when complaint was absent he never realised that there could be occasion for it. Anyway she was now to have a holiday. She was to go first to her uncle at Liverpool, then to the Paulets at Seaforth, then to stay with Geraldine Jewsbury at Manchester; then, if she wished, to go to Scotland. She was always economical, and travelled at smallest cost. Money matters no longer, happily, required such narrow attention as in former years. Her letters (or parts of them) describing her adventures are published in the 'Letters and Memorials.' Carlyle, busy as he was, made time to write to her regularly, with light affectionate amusing sketches of his visitors or the news of the day; most particularly of the progress of the new acquaintance

which was to have so serious an influence on her own future peace. . . . Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring, whom he had met two years previously, were now both of them becoming his intimate friends. From Mr. Baring[1] there are many letters preserved among Carlyle's papers. They exhibit not only respect and esteem, but the strongest personal confidence and affection, which increased with fuller knowledge, and ceased only with death. They show, too, a fuller understanding of, and agreement with, Carlyle's general views than are to be found in almost any of those of his other correspondents. From Lady Harriet, too, there are abundance of notes, terse, clear, and peremptory, rather like the commands of a sovereign than the easy communications of friendship. She was herself gifted, witty, unconventional, seeing men and things much as they were, and treating them accordingly. She recognised the immense superiority of Carlyle to everyone else who came about her. She admired his intellect; she delighted in his humour. He at first enjoyed the society of a person who never bored him, who had a straight eye, a keen tongue, a disdain of nonsense, a majestic arrogance. As they became more intimate, the great lady affected his imagination. He was gratified at finding himself appreciated by a brilliant woman, who ruled supreme over half of London society. She became Gloriana, Queen of Fairyland, and he, with a true vein of chivalry in him, became her rustic Red Cross Knight, who, if he could, would have gladly led his own *Una* into the same enchanting service. The 'Una,' unfortunately, had no inclination for such a distinguished bondage. The Barings had a villa at Addiscombe, and during the London season frequently escaped into the Surrey sunshine. Carlyle had been invited to meet a distinguished party there.

[1] Lord Ashburton afterwards.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, at Liverpool.

Chelsea: July 7, 1844.

Yesterday I did go to the Barings, but I got home the same night, which was an immense point. We were a truly sublime party, as many as the table would hold. Lord Howick and his wife, Earl Grey's son, a thin, lame man, turned of forty, looking very weak of body, but earnest, clear, affectionate, and honest, with good talent, too, for the spiritual part; the Lady Howick, a pale, aquiline, dark-eyed beauty, bleached white, who did not captivate me or estrange me; the immortal old Lady Holland, really a kind of Witch of the (Kensington) Alps, very impressive in her way. She is terribly broken, poor old lady! has a doctor, the strangest little fellow I have seen, who did not speak one word, good or bad, but seemed happy and perfect in the social gesticulations. Besides him, she carries with her a page, and an old woman to rub her legs. These, with the natural et cæteras, almost fill a house of themselves. Buller of course was there, as in his home; Stanley, too, again, but without his wife; he and others too tedious to mention. The gooseberries were ripe; I had a pocket of cigars, and other smokers to keep me company. The day was soft, grey, without rain: a temperature like silk. The Lady Harriet is the most consummate of landladies, regardless of expense. Baring himself has radiances of real talent. He is, I do think, a good, modest man. The whole matter went off with effect. It is really entertaining to me to be a part of such a company now and then. Their art in speech, more and more noticeable gradually, is decidedly a thing to be considered valuable, venerable. Real good breeding, as the people have it here, is one of the finest things now going in the world. The careful avoidance of all discussion, the swift hopping from topic to topic, does not agree with me; but the graceful skill they do it with is beyond that of minuets.

Among other subjects, we came over, pretty late in the evening, upon Mazzini's letters.[1] Brougham had been privately telling all people in the Lords one day that Mazzini was a scamp after all, that he once 'kept a gaming-house.' So Stanley reported, glad of any stab to Brougham. The old stern Witch of the Alps thereupon asked Lady Harriet what he really was, this Mazzini. 'A

[1] Opened in the English Post Office, about which there was so loud a stir in those years.

Revolutionary man, the head of young Italy,' answered she. 'Oh, then, they surely ought to take him up,' rejoined the Witch. Our adroit hostess hinted No, and that she herself knew him. 'What?' exclaimed the astonished Witch, with wide-open eyes. The other persisted, with the gentlest touch of light irrefragability, 'had actually asked him to come and see her.' I added, addressing the Witch, 'He is a man well worth seeing, and not at all specially anxious to be seen.' 'And did he not keep a gaming-house?' said she. 'He had never the faintest shadow of connection with that side of human business,' said I. 'The proudest person in this company is not farther above keeping a gaming-house than Mazzini is.' 'That means Byng' (an absurd old curly-headed diner-out whom they call Poodle Byng), said Buller, looking at the man, upon which an explosion of laughter swallowed up my over-emphasis and the whole discussion in a lightly felicitous manner.

A certain Mr. Something (Kane, I think: really a very civil official gentleman) volunteered to give me half his cab to Piccadilly—a blessed arrangement for me, for Mr. Kane and I smoked in a very social manner all the way, and the drive did me great good, so that to-day I am far less damaged than could have been anticipated.

The fine society did not make Carlyle forget his own nearer attentions:—

July 13.

It is poor Goody's birthday when she reads this; and one ought to have said what the inner man sufficiently feels: that one is right glad to see the brave little Goody with the mind's and the heart's eye on such an occasion, and wishes and prays all good in this world and in all worlds to one's poor Goody—a brave woman, and, on the whole, a 'Necessary Evil'[1] to a man. And now, dearest, here is a small gift, one of the smallest ever sent. Do not think it cost me any trouble to buy the thing; once fairly in the enterprise, there was a real pleasure in going through with it. I tried hard for a workbox, but there was none I could recommend to myself: I was forced to be content with a little jewel-box, and there, you see, is the key. Blessings on thee with it! I wish I had diamonds to fill the places with for my little wifie. I knew you had a jewel-box already, but this is a newer one, a far smaller one. Besides, I bought it very cunningly, and 'the lady, if she would like any-

[1] Name by which he often laughingly described his wife.

thing better, can at any time get it exchanged.' And so, dear Goody, kiss me and take my good wishes. While I am here there will never want one to wish thee all good. Adieu on the birthday, and may the worst of our days be all done and the best still coming.

Thine evermore.

The 'sulphurous humour' lay close beside the tender, very far from extinct, not even dormant. What Carlyle could least endure was being bored. The anathemas which he heaped on unfortunate bores exceed Ernulphus's in exquisite variety. He mentions soon after this that three gentlemen from Edinburgh had called to see him, introduced by some acquaintance from Haddington. He describes them as 'wretched duds,' 'a precious three to be selected from all the populations of the world;' 'miserable snaffers full of animal magnetism, Free Kirk and other rubbish.' He 'had doubts whether not to rise with redhot oaths, and pack them all instantly into the street.' He says 'he bit in his rage as best he could,' took his hat, pretended business, 'and walked the three out instead of kicking them out.' 'One of Cavaignac's snorts was all that he could give to such things.' 'That visit was the beginning of sorrows to him.' Evening parties could not be wholly escaped. He had been invited to one 'at the Coleridges',' where he expected an equal degree of suffering, 'half thought he would fall sick and stick to Cromwell,' and 'wished he was in Goody's pocket.' Luckily it did not turn out quite so ill. 'Trench, Maurice, Boxall the painter, and other shovel-hatted persons, male and female, were there assembled;' but he met a daughter of Southey, whom he was actually pleased to see, and Mrs Henry Coleridge also, 'really a kind of Phantasmion, so small, so delicate, pretty, and orthodox wise.' In the worst extremities there was always the resource of Bath House.

Last night (he wrote on July 19) I called for Lady Harriet. The usual Buller sate there apparently almost asleep in the 'fever of

digestion' when I entered. The lady herself, in spite of her sickness, is always brisk as a huntress. Buller brightened up soon, argued, talked with me, not to great purpose, but in a cheery, rational manner, presided over by this divinity, and with one cup of innocent black tea and a mouthful of polite human speech I came home little injured. Mazzini is authorised to call 'next week some evening.' Poor victim! At a certain turn of the conversation I was asked to come out to Addiscombe next Sunday, and could not for the moment find means of declining, but did internally decline, and must externally now send some note to that effect. It is very brilliant all at Addiscombe; wealth in abundance, ruled over by grace in abundance; but I—I—am bilious; I am busy—not equal to it for the present.

Some misgiving may have crossed Carlyle's mind that too near an intimacy in these great circles might not be profitable to him. As long as social distinctions survive, an evenness of position is a condition of healthy friendship; and though genius is said to level artificial inequalities, it creates inequalities of another kind, which rather complicate the situation than simplify it. However this may have been, hard work and the London heat tired him out by the end of the summer. He was invited to stay at the Grange, a beautiful place belonging to the Barings in Hampshire, and as the visit was to be a short one he went. Mrs. Baring's father, the Lord Ashburton of the American Treaty, still lived and reigned there. He had heard of Carlyle, and wished to make his acquaintance, as his Transatlantic wife did also. The Grange, in September especially, was the perfection of an English country palace. The habits of it did not suit Carlyle. He was off his sleep, woke early, could get no breakfast till ten, and no food but cigars and sunshine. But the park was beautiful, the riding delightful, 'the solitude and silence divine.' He tried to be amused and happy, and succeeded tolerably.

The Grange: September 12, 1844.

We are a small party. Lady Ashburton is a surgeon patient at present, a stripping off of the skin upon a carriage step, ill dealt with for some days back. She lies in a back drawing-room, keeps all the women about her all day, and we never see her till she is wheeled in at night to tea. She seems very fond of talking to me; a frank, rattling woman, with whom, perhaps, I shall grow to do very well. Were it not for Lady Harriet, who is herself a host, we should be ill off for women. My chief resource at present is the old Lord, a really good old man, of most solid, cheerful ways; fond of talking and being talked to above any rational thing.

September 14, 1844.

Alas! if I could sleep, I might be very well here: but sleep does not come, sleep flies; and I have nights in which the virtue of patience is very useful to me. I do study to keep patient. In fact, there is something very soothing in the deep, dead silence, broken only by the rare hooting of a poor owl, seemingly a mile off, who appeared to be the only living thing awake beside myself. I start generally in the morning with a dull headache, very stupid; but the breezy fresh air, and the constant motion they keep one in, drive it away gradually, and I feel pretty well again.

We are not a brilliant party here; nay, if it were not for the Lady Harriet and myself, we should be almost definable as a dull, commonplace one. Buller is not yet come, but is confidently expected to-night, and will be a welcome acquisition to us. Poodle Byng's companion was one Greville, an old official hack of quality who runs racehorses, whom I have often enough seen before: memorable as a man of true aristocratic manner, without any aristocratic endowment whatever—a Laïs without the beauty. He has Court gossip, political gossip, &c., and is civil to all persons, careless about all persons—equal nearly to zero. Lady Ashburton improves upon one—a square, solid American woman, happily without the accent; but with the rugged go-ahead character of that people. It is from her that your lover Baring takes his features. The old Lord Ashburton, especially as he smokes, is my favourite of all—a really good, solid, most cheery, sagacious, simple-hearted old man. He takes me long walks to see his new churches, his labourers' cottages, his old cedars and yew trees, carries in his pocket cigars, and talks and is talked to. To finish my description, I have only to say that our house is built like 'a Grecian temple,' of two stories; of immense extent, massive in

appearance and fronting every way. The interior is by Inigo Jones, with modern improvements. The rooms are full of exquisite pictures, and there is every convenience. 'All things that were pleasant in life. But the all-wise, great Cre-a-a-tor, &c.' [1]

While this new acquaintance was rising up into Carlyle's sky, another was setting or had set. News were waiting for him when he returned to Cheyne Row, which melted the Grange and its grandeurs into bodiless vapour. John Sterling was dead. Of all the friends whom Carlyle had won to himself since he came to London, there was none that he valued as he valued this one. Sterling had been his spiritual pupil, his first, and also his noblest and best. Consumption had set its fatal mark upon him. His spirit had risen against it and defied it. He had fled for life in successive winters to Italy, to France, and then to Falmouth and to Italy again. If not better, there had been no sign that he was becoming definitely worse. He had lately settled at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. He had added to his house; he had hoped, as his friends had hoped before for him, that years of useful energy might still be granted to him. It seemed impossible that a soul so gifted, so brilliant, so generous, should have been sent upon the earth merely to show how richly it had been endowed, and to pass away while its promise was but half fulfilled. But in this past summer he had been visibly declining. To himself, if to no one else, it had become sternly certain that the end was now near; and on August 10 he had written the letter of farewell, printed by Carlyle in his lost friend's biography, which I am therefore at liberty to transfer to these pages.

To T. Carlyle.

Ventnor: August 10, 1844.

My dear Carlyle,—For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words; merely, however, for remem-

[1] See *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i. p. 160.

brance and farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to you and me, I cannot begin to write, having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me, it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when there, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not a hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by. Your wife knows my mind towards her, and will believe it without asseveration.

Yours to the last,

JOHN STERLING.

Sterling lingered for six weeks after writing this. He had been apparently dying more than once already, and yet had rallied. Carlyle could not believe that he was to lose him, and hoped that it might be so again. But it was not so to be. On September 18, within a day of Carlyle's return from the Grange, his friend was dead.

CHAPTER XIII.

A.D. 1845. ÆT. 50.

Summer in London—Mrs. Carlyle in Liverpool—Completion of 'Cromwell'—Remarks upon it—Effect of Cromwell's history on Carlyle's mind—Rights of majorities—Right and might—Reception by the world—Visit to the Barings—Lady Harriet and Mrs. Carlyle—Letter to Sir Robert Peel—Meditations.

STERLING'S death was the severest shock which Carlyle had yet experienced. Perhaps the presence of a real sorrow saved him from fretting over the smaller troubles of life. He threw himself the more determinately into his work. All the remainder of this year and all the next till the close of the summer he stayed at home, as far as possible alone, and seeing few friends in London except the Barings. His wife had been improved by her excursion. She had been moderately well since her return. Strong she never was; but for her the season had been a fair one. In July 1845, the end of 'Cromwell' was coming definitely in sight. She could be spared at home, and went off again to her relations at Liverpool. Carlyle had another horse —'Black Duncan' this one was called. He rode daily, and sent regular bulletins to his 'Necessary Evil'—many, through haste, undated. The Barings were still his chief resource outside his serious occupations.

Chelsea: July 27, 1845.

Visit to Addiscombe—not the very best of joys; but one ought to be content with it. I had a great deal of talk with Everett, the American Ambassador, who surprises me much, as a thorough drawling Yankee in manner, yet with intelligence and real gentle-

manhood looking through it. Senior, seeing me there, came up in the most cordial manner to shake hands, and we even had a quantity of smoking together and philosophical discoursing together—by motion of his—with unbated aversion of mine. Peace to him!

August 1. 1845.

Thy bright little missives are a real consolation to me in my solitude here—a solitary wrestle with the blockheadisms. That is what I have just now, and there is need of some consolation at times if it could be had.

The leech[1] is very well. I went and saw it this morning; it has an allowance of fresh water every day, and complains of nothing, lying all glued together at the top of the glass (the little villain), and leading a very quiet life of it, never even asking what is taxes? Wednesday proved wet—no riding possible. Walked up to Baringdom in the evening. The poor lady had cold; was sitting with a fire—even she: we are all as cold here as you are in Lancashire. Yesternight had a grand ride over in Surrey; took the conceit out of Duncan; made him gallop at discretion till quite tame. Did my own wearied self some good by the job. After that, while at tea, Thackeray.

August 1.

Just now I have finished copying the last letter of Oliver's. I will try hard yet to be through the *original* stuff this week. There will then be a conclusion of some kind to do; an index to set going. After which I am off *in's Freie. Ay de mi!* The merits of your letters are mirrored in a very fair glass when it is I that read them, and if I call them 'bits of letters' (she had laughingly resented that expression of his), it is perhaps all the better for them from a soul so sulky, so dispirited, dead and buried, as mine now is, in this horrid business of mine. Courage! courage! it will be done soon, and then perhaps better days will *come*.

August.

This place is getting very empty. Last night I came accidentally on the Kensington Gardens band. Their retinue of park horses has dwindled to mere nothing, a thing you could ride without difficulty through the middle of. It is astonishing what real pity I do feel for these poor squires and squires' daughters, all parading about in such places. Good heavens! and is this

[1] One of Mrs. Carlyle's singular pets, of which her husband had charge in her absence.

what you call the flower of life: and age, and darkness, and the grand Perhaps lying close in the rear of it—'Damn ye, be wae for yoursel'." So I am too; and will now run and put on my riding clothes—just three minutes for it. Adieu. Ever your affectionate, *bad* T. C.

Mrs. Carlyle had fallen in at Liverpool with a Unitarian clergyman named J. M., with whom she had conversed on serious matters with considerable interest.[1] M. had seemed to her to be inclined to leave his Unitarianism and to become a pupil of Carlyle.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Chelsea: August 8, 1845.

What did M—— say to you? It was a great thing in him to quote me in his preaching; but, like the deacon of the weavers at Dumfries, one must exclaim, 'Oh, gentlemen, remember that I am but a man.' Thursday night, after a day of thunder, I had my longest ride since you heard last, far out towards Harrow. As I turned homewards there rose visible from the big beautiful Babylon a *tree of smoke*, which said very plainly, 'Here is a house on fire.' It grew and grew, till it covered whole fields of air. I never in any ride saw a more impressive object, seeming to say with a tragical tone of reproach, 'Wilt thou take *me* for *picturesque?* I am the blazing furniture of terrified, distracted men and women.' Phew!

August.

Harvest is a month too late; will hardly fail therefore to be bad; and if the railway bubble burst at the same time, as is likeliest, there will be a precious winter for the poor operatives again, and those that have charge of them. The naked, beggarly greed and mammon-worship of this generation is sorrowfully apparent at present; and I confess sometimes I do not care if their 'wealth' and all the greasy adjuncts of it *were* actually to take wings and fly away. I think we might have a less detestable existence without it; a chance for a less fated life-element than this.

Good be with thee, dear little Goody mine. 'We clamb the hill together' in a very thorny but not paltry way. Now let us

[1] See *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i. p. 245, &c. I may as well say that *initial letters* are not to be relied upon, as I frequently change them.

sit and look around a little. We shall have 'to totter down' also; but 'hand in hand we'll go.'

Adieu, dear Jeannie, T. C.

August 18.

Really, I begin almost to pity poor J. M. The lot of a poor man, of so many poor men, doomed to twaddle all their lives in Socinian jargon, and look at this Divine Universe through distracted, despicable Jew-Greek spectacles, and a whole Monmouth Street of 'Old Cloe,' seems to me very sad. . . . The last speech of Oliver's is fairly ready for printing. Not a line of his now remains, thank Heaven! I have now only to have him die, and then to wind up in the briefest endurable way. I say to myself, why should not, for instance, the *first* of September actually *see* me free of the job altogether, and ready for the road somewhither? We will try. As a preliminary I have started to-day by—a blue pill and castor. Oh heavens! But I suppose it was the most judicious step of all.

August 21.

I know not if you mean to take Egypt's advice [I do not know the person alluded to], and write some book. I have often said you might, with successful effect; but the impulse, the necessity, has mainly to come from within. It is a poor trade otherwise, so we will be content with Goody whether she ever comes to a book or not. One way or other, all the light, and order, and energy, and genuine *Thatkraft* or available virtue we had, does come out of us, and goes very infallibly into God's Treasury, living and working through eternities there—very infallibly, whether the morning papers say much about it or say nothing; whether the wages we get be more or less! We are not lost; not a solitary atom of us —of one of us. When I think of our Oliver Cromwell and of the father of a Burns and other such phenomena, I am very indifferent on the book side. Greater, I often think, is he that can hold his peace, that can *do* his bit of light, instead of speaking it. . . . *Eheu!* what a business is the society of Adam's posterity becoming for me—a *considerable of a bore* for most part. Helps walked home to the door with me last night. We saw Green, the aeronaut, just get aloft from Vauxhall, throwing out all manner of fireworks, red, green, and indigo-coloured stars, and transitory milky ways, the best he could, poor devil! He was hanging a goodish way up in the air, quite invisible except by a cluster of confused fireworks, which looked very small in the great waste

deep of things, and did not last above half a minute in all. No paltrier phenomenon was ever contrived for the solacement of human souls. I figured the wretched mortal sailing through the chill, clear moonshiny night, destitute of *any* object now, and with peril of his life, for the sake of keeping his life in, and had a real pity for him. I am very dark as to the extreme closing up of 'Cromwell,' but it seems to me as if it lay quite close at hand—some one bright day, all that was needed for it—perhaps to-morrow. Really, I am quite near it.

August 26.

Do not seduce poor J. M. from his Unitarian manger, poor fellow! I do not in the least want proselytes. *Ach Gott!* no! What is the use of them? And for himself it might cut off the very staff of bread. Let him hang on there till the rope of itself gives way with him.

You will be sure to see me if you continue staying where you are—my one fixed element of a plan is to go to Annandale, and the way thither leads me through Lancashire. I could also be a very pretty guest at Seaforth, I too for a few days, and be happy and much liked, if the devil of sleeplessness and indigestion did not mark me for a peculiar man. I do hope to have done all my Oliver writing, good heavens! the day after to-morrow.

Fuz (John Forster) came here the night before last, talked long, or was talked to, really not in a quite distracted manner, and passionately solicited and thankfully received your address. They—Dickens, he, and a squad of that sort—have decided to act a play at one of the small theatres, private, to five hundred friends. It is actually to be on the 21st of next month, and it is an immense feature of it to Fuz that you are to be there. The excellent Fuz!

August 28.

I have this moment *ended* Oliver; hang it! He is ended, thrums and all. I have nothing more to write on the subject, only mountains of wreck to burn. Not (any more) up to the chin in paper clippings and chaotic litter, hatefuller to me than most. I *am* to have a swept floor now again.

Thus was finished the first edition of the 'Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell'—the first edition—for other letters, other material of various kinds, came afterwards and had to be woven in with the rest; but essentially the

thing was done on which Carlyle had been labouring for five years; and a few words may now be given to it.

This book is, in my opinion, by far the most important contribution to English history, which has been made in the present century. Carlyle was the first to break the crust which has overlaid the subject of Cromwell since the Restoration, and to make Cromwell and Cromwell's age again intelligible to mankind. Anyone who will read what was written about him before Carlyle's work appeared, and what has been written since, will perceive how great was the achievement. The enthusiast, led away by ambition, and degenerating into the hypocrite, the received figure of the established legend, is gone for ever. We may retain each our own opinion about Cromwell, we may think that he did well or that he did ill, that he was wise or unwise; but we see the real man. We can entertain no shadow of doubt about the genuineness of the portrait; and, with the clear sight of Oliver himself, we have a new conception of the Civil War and of its consequences. The book itself carries marks of the difficulty with which it was written. It has no clear continuity; large gaps are left in the story. Contrary to his own rule, that the historian should confine himself to the facts, with the minimum of commentary, Carlyle breaks in repeatedly in his own person, pats his friends upon the back, expands, applauds, criticises to an extent which most readers would wish more limited. This, however, is to be remembered, that he was reproducing letters and speeches, of which both the thought and the language were obsolete—obsolete, or worse than obsolete, for most of it had degenerated into cant, insincere in everyone who uses such expressions now, and therefore suggesting insincerity in those who used them then. Perhaps he allowed too little for our ability to think for ourselves. But he had seen how fatally through this particular cause the

character of the Commonwealth leaders had been obscured, and, if he erred at all, he erred on the right side. It is his supreme merit that he first understood the speeches made by Cromwell in Parliament, and enabled us to understand them. Printed as they had hitherto been, they could only confirm the impression, either that the Protector's own mind was hopelessly confused, or that he purposely concealed what was in it. Carlyle has shown that they were perfectly genuine speeches, not eloquent, as modern parliamentary speeches are, or aspire to be thought; but the faithful expressions of a most real and determined meaning, about which those who listened to him could have been left in no doubt at all. Such a feat was nothing less than extraordinary. It was not a 'whitewashing,' as attempts of this kind are often scornfully and sometimes deservedly called. It was the recovery of a true human figure of immense historical consequence from below two centuries of accumulated slander and misconception, and the work was completely done. No hammering or criticising has produced the least effect upon it. There once more Cromwell stands actually before us, and henceforth will stand, as he was when he lived upon the earth. He may be loved or he may be hated, as he was both loved and hated in his own time; but we shall love or hate the man himself, not a shadow or a caricature any more.

Detailed criticism of the book, or of any part of it, would be out of place in a biography, and I shall not attempt such a thing. I may mention, however, what Carlyle told me of the effect upon his own mind of his long study of the Commonwealth and its fortunes.

Many persons still believe that, if the army had not pushed the quarrel to extremities, if the 'unpurged' Parliament had been allowed to complete its treaty with the King, the constitutional fruits of the struggle might have

been secured more completely than they actually were; that the violent reaction would never have taken place which was provoked by the King's execution; that the Church of England could and would have then been completely reformed and made Protestant in form and substance; the pseudo-Catholicism—Episcopacy, Liturgy, and Ritual—which has wrought us all so much woe being swept clean from off the stage.

Speculations on what might have been are easy. We see what actually happened; what would have happened we can only guess. Charles, it is certain, was false—how false is now only completely known when the secret negotiations of himself and the Queen with the Catholic Powers have been brought to light. No promises which he had made would have bound him one moment beyond the time when he could safely break them; nor could anyone say what the composition of a new House of Commons might be after the next election. Taking the country through, the Royalists and the Moderates together were in the majority in point of numbers, and Cromwell's conclusion was that, so far as religion was concerned, the cause for which he and the army had fought would be utterly lost if the treaty was carried out. Wearied England, satisfied with having secured control of the purse-strings, would hand over the sour fanatics to Charles's revenge. Carlyle was satisfied that Cromwell was right, and he drew from it a general inference of the incapacity of a popular assembly to guide successfully and permanently the destinies of this or any other country. No such body of men was ever seen gathered together in national council as those who constituted the Long Parliament. They were the pick and flower of God-fearing England, men of sovereign ability, of the purest patriotism—a senate of kings. If they failed, if they had to be prevented by armed force from destroying themselves and the interests

committed to them, no other Parliament here or anywhere was likely to do better. Any pilot or council of pilots might answer, with smooth water and fair winds; but Parliaments, when circumstances were critical, could only talk, as their name denoted. Their resolutions would be half-hearted, their action a compromise between conflicting opinions, and therefore uncertain, inadequate, alternately rash or feeble, certain to end in disaster at all critical times when a clear eye and a firm hand was needed at the helm.

This was one inference which Carlyle drew. Another was on the rights of so-called 'majorities.' He had been bred a Radical, and a Radical he remained to the last, in the sense that he believed the entire existing form of human society, with its extremes of poverty and wealth, to be an accursed thing, which Providence would not allow to endure. He had been on the side of Catholic emancipation, hoping that the wretched Irish peasantry might get some justice by it. He had welcomed the Reform Bill, imagining it to mean that England was looking in earnest for her wisest men, and would give them power to mend what was amiss. He had found, as he said, that it was but the burning off the dry edges of the straw on the dunghill; that the huge, damp, putrid mass remained rotting where it was, and thus would remain, for anything that an extended suffrage would do to cure it. No result had come of the Reform Bill that he could care for. The thing needed was wisdom. Parliaments reflected the character of those who returned them. The lower the franchise, the less wisdom you were likely to find; and after each change in that direction the Parliament returned was less fit, not more fit, than its predecessor. In politics as in all else, Carlyle insisted always that there was a *right* way of doing things and a *wrong* way; that by following the *right* way alone could any good end be arrived at; and

that it was as foolish to suppose that the *right* way of managing the affairs of a nation could be ascertained by a majority of votes, as the right way of discovering the longitude, of cultivating the soil, of healing diseases, or of exercising any one of the million arts on which our existence and welfare depend.

This conclusion he had arrived at, ever since he had seen what came and did not come of the Reform Bill of 1832; and it had prevented him from interesting himself in contemporary politics. But Cromwell's history had shown him that the *right* way had other means of asserting itself besides oratory and ballot-boxes and polling booths. The world was so constructed that the strongest, whether they were more or fewer, were the constituted rulers of this world. It must be so, unless the gods interfered, because there was no appeal. If one man was stronger than all the rest of mankind combined, he would rule all mankind. They would be unable to help themselves. But the world was also so constructed, owing to the nature of the Maker of it, that superior strength was found in the long run to lie with those who had the right on their side. A good cause gave most valour to its defenders; and it was from this, and this alone, the supremacy of good over evil was maintained. Right-minded men would bear much rather than disturb existing arrangements—would submit to kings, to aristocracies, to majorities, as long as submission was possible; but, if driven to the alternative of seeing all that they valued perish or trying other methods, they would prove that, though they might be outvoted in the count of heads, they were not outvoted in the court of destiny. Superior justice in the cause made superior men—men who would make it good in spite of numbers. The best were the strongest, and so in the end would always prove, 'considering who had made them strong.' Behind all constitutions, never so popular, lay an ultimate appeal to force.

Majorities, as such, had no more right to rule than kings, or nobles, or any other persons or groups of persons, to whom circumstances might have given temporary power. The right to rule lay with those who were right in mind and heart, whenever they chose to assert themselves. If they tried and failed, it proved only that they were not right *enough* at that particular time. But, in fact, no honest effort ever did fail; it bore its part in the eventual settlement. The strong thing, in the main, was the right thing, because the world was not the Devil's; and the final issue would be found to prove it whenever the question was raised. Society was in a healthy condition only when authority was in the hands of those most fit to exercise it. As long as kings and nobles were kings and nobles indeed, superior in heart and character, the people willingly submitted to them, and gave them strength by their own support. When they forgot the meaning of their position, lived for ambition and pleasure, and so ceased to be superior, their strength passed from them, and with their strength their authority. That was what happened, and was happening still, in England. There being no longer any superiority of class over class, the integers of society were falling into anarchy, and, to avoid quarrelling, might agree for a time to decide their differences by a majority of votes; but it could be but for a time only, unless all that was great and noble in humanity was to disappear for ever; for the good and the wise were few, and the selfish and the ignorant were many; the many would choose to represent them men like themselves, not men superior to themselves; and, under pain of destruction, it was indispensable that means must be found by which the good and wise should be brought to the front, and not the others. Nature had her means of doing it, and in extremity would not fail to use them.

In some such frame of mind Carlyle was left after he

had finished his 'Cromwell.' I have described in my own words what, in his abrupt and scornful dialect, he often expressed to me. He was never a Conservative, for he recognised that, unless there was a change, impossible except by miracle, in the habits and character of the wealthy classes, the gods themselves could not save them. But the Radical creed of liberty, equality, and government by majority of votes, he considered the most absurd superstition which had ever bewitched the human imagination—at least, outside Africa.

Cromwell thus disposed of, he was off for Scotland, 'wishing,' as he said, to be amiable, but dreadfully bilious, and almost sick of his life, if there were not hopes of improvement. He joined his wife at Seaforth, stayed a day or two with the Paulets there, and then, leaving Mrs. Carlyle to return and take care of the house in Cheyne Row, he made his way on by the usual sea route to Annan and Scotsbrig.

His letters, now that he had leisure, became free and ample again, no reaction after exertion having this time set in. He was, for him, happy, relieved of his long burden; his Journal, which contains chiefly a record of his sorrows, was left untouched. His complaints, such as they were, had reasonable external causes.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Chelsea.

Scotsbrig: September 13, 1845.

My poor Goody is whirling away southward, while I sit here giving her some note of my arrival northward. We are strangely shovelled to and fro in this much too locomotive world. It was above an hour after you left me before our steamship got its tumult consummated and hauled itself out of harbour. In my life I have seen few more distressing and disgusting uproars; indeed, the whole voyage surpassed in discomfort for me any piece of travelling I have executed for years. We saw very near at hand the Vanity Fair of Liverpool: cockneys in full action near the Rock, tents on the sand, swings and whirligigs were very evident;

squealing of fiddles, popping of ginger-beer corks were too conceivable. Hudson, our captain, was engaged in clapping handcuffs on a drunken drover who had proved quarrelsome. One of my fellow-passengers in the cabin proved to be that big Thomson, the cattle-dealer, who once called at Chelsea with Macqueen;[1] grown several stones heavier, faced like Silenus, full of dock English and familiarity, of which the thought was horrible to me. By him my honoured name was imparted to the ship's company in general, and I had the strangest addresses, free and easy as in the Age of Gold. My difficulty not to break into sheer vocal execration was considerable. Then the sleeping-rooms!—but I will talk no more of it. I do not think a more brutal element of human savagery could have been found in any part of British land or water. About half-past seven next morning I was right glad to see Jamie waiting for me at the jetty. We got to Scotsbrig before ten, and Jenny and my mother had some tea for me; and I have glided about ever since, or lain on beds or chairs when I could get it done, very much in the humour (as I fancy it) of Jonah when he found himself vomited from the whale's belly—exceedingly confused and uncertain what his movements ought to be.

At midday I walked with my mother to the moor. It was really as if Pan slept. The sun and sky were bright as silver; the seas and hills lay round, and noise of all kinds had entirely hushed itself, as if the whole thing had been a picture or a dream, which, in fact, the philosophers tell us it properly is. Nothing can exceed my mother's gratitude to you—your two letters themselves had given wonderful delight. *Most of them, I think, are committed to memory—have committed themselves on repeated perusals* [italics mine]. It is worth while to write now and then on such terms.

'The mother' was now fast growing weaker. She brightened up at letters from her daughter-in-law, or on visits from her illustrious son, whom all the world was talking of; but 'all had grown old' about her, except her affection, which seemed younger than ever. Carlyle, while at Scotsbrig, was her constant companion, drove her about in the old gig, carried her down to see his sister Mary at Annan, or his sister Jean at Dumfries; and so the days passed on with autumnal composure, sad but not unhappy.

[1] *Life of Carlyle—First Forty Years*, vol. ii. p. 365.

Now and then troublesome proof-sheets came, which would stir the bile a little. But he kept himself patient, found 'days of humiliation and reflection' extremely useful to him, and grumbled little. 'All work,' he said, 'if it be nobly done, is about alike: really so—one has no reward out of it except even that same. The spirit it was done in, that is blessed or that is accursed—that is all.' The world was saying that he was a great man. He did not believe it. Mrs. Paulet had written some wildly flattering letter, calling him 'the greatest man in Europe.' 'Good heavens!' he said of this; 'he feels himself in general almost the smallest man in Annandale; being very bilious, confused, and sleepless; let him never trouble himself what magnitude he is of.' 'As to his *deserts*, he deserved, if it came to that, to be in purgatory.' In one of his letters he described a long, late, solitary walk.

I passed through old localities like a ghost, and very much in the humour of one; past the Pennersaughs Churchyard, where my grandfather and great-grandfather (the farthest ancestor I can name) lie buried; past Mein Bridge, where I have burned whins and done exploits in fishing eels and in other things. *Ay de mi!* it was better than many sermons, sweet though sad.

Men of genius who make a mark themselves in literature, in art or science, or in any way which brings their name before the world, find ready admittance into the higher social circles; but the *entrée* is granted less readily to their wives and daughters. Where this arrangement is allowed, the feeling on both sides is a vulgar one; the great lady is desirous merely that a person who is talked about shall be seen in her reception rooms, and is not anxious to burden herself with an acquaintance with his inferior connections. The gifted individual is vain of appearing in the list of guests at aristocratic mansions, and is careless of the slight upon his family. The Barings were infinitely superior to paltry distinctions of this kind, nor

would Carlyle have cared for their acquaintance if they had not been. He was far too proud in himself, and he had too high a respect for his wife, to visit in lordly saloons where she would be unwelcome. Mr. Baring had called on Mrs. Carlyle, had seen her often, and had cordially admired her. With Lady Harriet, though they had probably met, there had not yet been an opportunity of intimacy; but Carlyle was most anxious that his wife, too, should be appreciated as she deserved to be by a lady whom he himself so much admired. Mrs. Buller, an experienced woman of the world, who knew both Lady Harriet and Mrs. Carlyle, was convinced that they would not suit each other, and that no good would come from an attempt to bring them into close connection. To Carlyle Mrs. Buller's forebodings seemed absurd. With all his knowledge, he was innocent of insight into the subtleties of women's feelings, and it was with unmixed pleasure that he heard of a visit of his wife to Bath House on her own account, soon after her return.

I am very glad (he said). There is nothing to hinder you, in spite of Mrs. Buller's prediction, to get on very well there, I should hope. Persons of sense, with no tale-bearers or other piece of concrete insanity between them, *can* get on very well. The Lady Harriet has a genius for ruling. Well! I don't know but she may; and, on the whole, did you ever see any lady that had *not* some slight touch of a genius that way, my Goodikin? I know a lady—but I will say nothing, lest I bring mischief about my ears—nay, she is very obedient, too, that little lady I allude to, and has a genius for being ruled withal. Heaven bless her always! Not a bad little dame at all. She and I did aye very weel together; and ''tweel, it was not every one that could have done with her.'

The first impressions had apparently been favourable on both sides. Mrs. Carlyle wrote brightly to him both about the Bath House affair and everything else. Her letters during his absence were exceptionally lively and en-

tertaining. The reader of the 'Letters and Memorials'[1] will remember her adventures with the dog next door and the whisky bottle which had obtained its silence. Carlyle was enchanted with her, most especially because at Scotsbrig he was suffering from a similar cause.

That dog (he says) was more or less the sorrow of my life all the time you were away, though I said nothing of it. Bow-wow-wow at all hours of the day, especially at night when one was shut in. Never was bottle of whisky better bestowed if it quiet the damnable brute even for a month or two. Alas! one cannot get much quiet in this world. Here in mornings when one awakes before five there is a combination of noises, the arithmetical catalogue of which might interest a mind of sensibility—cocks, pigs, calves, dogs, clogs of women's feet, creaking of door-hinges, masons breaking whinstone, and carts loading stones. But I have learnt to care nothing about it. I think it is a law of Nature, and are not they poor brothers and sisters—poor old mothers, too, toiling away in the midst of it? Once or twice I have fallen asleep in the midst of the whole concert of discords. We shall be quiet one day. The destinies, I think, do mean that at least for us.

'Cromwell' done with, he was beginning to consider to what next he should put his hand, and 'Frederick the Great' was already hanging before him as a possibility. He had read Preuss's book in the year preceding. He was now meditating an expedition to Berlin to learn more about this 'greatest of modern men.' His stay in Scotland was to be short. After a fortnight of it he was thinking about his return. How it was to be was the question. The railway from London only reached to Preston, and the alternative was equally horrible—the coach from Carlisle thither or the steamer to Liverpool. One day he thought he would go 'to the whale' again, and say to it, 'Swallow me at once,' 'thou doest it at once.' The whale ultimately proved the least desirable of the various monsters. He chose the coach, and was at home again just when 'Cromwell' was appearing.

[1] Vol. i. p. 260.

The reception of it was, as might be expected, in the highest degree favourable. There was little to offend, and everyone was ready to welcome a fair picture of the great Protector. The sale was rapid, and after a few months, as the interest grew, fresh materials were contributed from unexpected quarters, to be added in new editions. For the moment, however, Carlyle was left idle. He came back to find literally that he had nothing to do. 'Frederick' was still but a thought, and of all conditions that of want of occupation was what he was least fitted to endure. He had drawn his breath when he ended his work in September. He had felt idyllic. He and his poor wife had climbed the hill together by a thorny road. He had arrived at the height of his fame. He was admired, praised, and honoured by all England and America; nothing, he said, could now be more natural than that they should sit still and look round them a little in quiet. Quiet, unhappily, was the one thing impossible. He admired quiet as he admired silence, only theoretically. Work was life to him. Idleness was torture. The cushion on which he tried to sit still was set with spines. Mrs. Carlyle says briefly that after he came back 'she was kept in a sort of worry.' The remedy which was tried was worse than the disease. Mr. Baring and Lady Harriet invited them both for a long visit to Bay House, near Alverstoke in Hampshire. They went in the middle of November and remained till the end of the year. Carlyle, to some moderate extent, seems to have enjoyed himself—certainly his wife did not.

During the middle of their stay he wrote to his brother:—

December 1, 1845.

We live here in the most complete state of Do-nothingism that I have ever in my life had experience of. The day goes along in consulting how the day shall go. For most part I snatch an effectual ride upon my strong horse out of the whirlpool. I read a

little German with the lady after dinner, listen to some music, to much witty talk, and that is all. I seem to improve in health a little, but still do not sleep. The habit of utter idleness getting possession of me is very strange. How long we shall be able to stand such a regimen is not made out. One would think not very long! The prospect of such a thing *for life* was absolutely equal to death. Meanwhile it cannot but be said to be pleasant enough, and perhaps not useless for a season.

To Mrs. Carlyle the visit was neither pleasant nor useful, probably the opposite of both.

Six weeks (she wrote to her friend Mrs. Russell when it was over) I have been doing absolutely nothing but playing at battledore and shuttlecock, chess, talking nonsense, and getting rid of a certain fraction of this mortal life as cleverly and uselessly as possible. Nothing could exceed the sumptuosity and elegance of the whole thing, nor its uselessness. Oh dear me! I wonder why so many people wish for high position and great wealth when it is such an open secret to what all that amounts in these days; merely to emancipating people from all the practical difficulties which might teach them the facts of things and sympathy with their fellow-creatures. This Lady Harriet Baring whom we have just been staying with is the cleverest woman out of sight that I ever saw in my life—and I have seen all our distinguished authoresses. Moreover she is full of energy and sincerity, and has, I am sure, an excellent heart. Yet so perverted has she been by the training and lifelong humouring incident to her high position, that I question if in her whole life she has done as much for her fellow-creatures as my mother in one year; or whether she will ever break through the cobwebs she is entangled in so as to be any other than the most amusing and graceful woman of her time. The sight of such a woman should make one very content with one's own trials, even when they feel to be rather hard.[1]

Mrs. Buller was turning out a true prophet. Mrs. Carlyle and Lady Harriet did not suit each other. Mrs. Carlyle did not shut her eyes to the noble lady's distinguished qualities: but even these qualities themselves might be an obstacle to cordial intimacy. People do not

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i. p. 267.

usually take to those who excel in the points where they have themselves been accustomed to reign supreme. Mrs. Carlyle knew that she was far cleverer than the general run of lady adorers who worshipped her husband. She knew also that he was aware of her superiority; that, by her talent as well as her character, she had a hold upon him entirely her own, and that he only laughed good-naturedly at the homage they paid him. But she could not feel as easy about Lady Harriet. She saw that Carlyle admired her brilliancy, and was gratified by her queenly esteem. To speak of jealousy in the ordinary sense would be extravagantly absurd; but there are many forms of jealousy, and the position of a wife, when her husband is an intimate friend of another woman, is a difficult and delicate one. If there is confidence and affection between the ladies themselves, or if the friend has a proper perception of a wife's probable susceptibilities, and is careful to prevent them from being wounded, or if the wife herself is indifferent and incapable of resentment, all is well, and the relation may be delightful. In the present case there were none of these conditions. No one could suspect Lady Harriet Baring of intending to hurt Mrs. Carlyle; but either she never observed her discomfort, or she thought it too ridiculous to notice. She doubtless tried in her own lofty way to be kind to Mrs. Carlyle, and Mrs. Carlyle, for her husband's sake, tried to like Lady Harriet. But it did not answer on either side, and in such cases it is best to leave things to take their natural course. When two people do not agree, it is a mistake to force them into intimacy. They should remain on the footing of neutral acquaintance, and are more likely to grow into friends the less the direct effort to make them so. Gloriana may have a man for a subject without impairing his dignity—a woman in such a position becomes a dependent. Carlyle unfortunately could not see the dis-

tinction. To such a lady a certain homage seemed to be due; and if his wife resisted, he was angry. When Lady Harriet required her presence, she told John Carlyle that she was obliged to go, or the lady would quarrel with her, 'and that meant a quarrel with her husband.'[1] The Red Cross Knight was brought to evil thoughts of his 'Una' by the enchantments of Archimage. To a proud fiery woman like Mrs. Carlyle the sense that Lady Harriet could come in any way between her husband and herself was intolerable.

Things had not come to this point during the Bay House visit, but were tending fast in that direction, and were soon to reach it.

In February 1846 a new edition was needed of the 'Cromwell.' Fresh letters of Oliver had been sent which required to be inserted according to date; a process, Carlyle said, 'requiring one's most excellent talent, as of shoe-cobbling, really that kind of talent carried to a high pitch.'

He had 'to unhoop his tub, which already held water,' as he sorrowfully put his case to Mr. Erskine, 'and insert new staves.'

To T. Erskine.

Feb. 28, 1846.

I must not complain; I am bound to rejoice rather: but I did not so much need the new money I am to get; and I can honestly say the feeling of faithfulness to a hero's great memory and to my own small task in regard to that is nearly the only consideration that practically weighs with me. The unmusical or musical voice of critics, totally ignorant of the matter for most part, and of most insincere nature at any rate, gives me little pain and little pleasure any more. We shall be dead soon, and then it is only the fact of our work that will speak for us through all eternity. One thing I do recognise with much satisfaction, that the general verdict of our poor loose public seems to be that Oliver *was* a genuine man, and if so, surely to them a very surprising one. It will do them much good, poor bewildered blockheads, to understand that no

[1] Undated letter of Mrs. Carlyle to John Carlyle.

great man was ever other; that this notion of theirs about 'Machiavelism,' 'Policy,' and so forth, is on the whole what one might call blasphemous—a real doctrine of devils.

The Barings were at Addiscombe in the spring, and it was arranged that Mrs. Carlyle should be with them there for the benefit of country air; he remaining at his work, but joining them on Saturdays and Sundays. She could not sleep, she did not like it. He who had meant everything for the best, tried to comfort her as well as he could.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Addiscombe.

Chelsea: April 8.

A considerable gap is made in the 'Cromwell' rubbish. It is fast disappearing before me. Heigho! but my existence is not now so haggard as it was for some days past. The sun is shining, the work going on all day. One has many sad reflections, but they are not unprofitable wholly, nor the worse for being sad. 'No man can help another,' sighed the melancholy Pestalozzi, which is but partly true. A kind and trustful word is very helpful from one to another. Oh, my poor Goody, let us endeavor to *be* wise and just and good! Nothing more is required of mortals. That is a fact one forgets sometimes. I am very sorry to hear of you 'pitted against Chaos' all night, and coming off second best. My poor little woman! But you will be home again soon. I will at least try to help you against Chaos, now and henceforth as heretofore. I will do my best in that. For one thing, I really wish you could find an eligible house somewhere, out under the quiet sky, removed fairly from these tumults and loud-braying discords of every kind, which it is growing really horrible and miserable to me to spend the remnant of my days among. 'Like living in a madhouse,' as the lady says. Truly so, and one has nothing to do with it either.

Evidently he was labouring at his task under complications of worry and trouble. Perhaps both he and she would have been better off after all at Craigenputtock. The 'stitching and cobbling,' however, was gone through with. 'Cromwell' thus enlarged was now in its final form; and as soon as it was done, he took a step in con-

nection with it which, I believe, he never took before or after with any of his writings: he presented a copy of it to the Prime Minister. Sir Robert Peel had hitherto been no favourite of his, neither Peel nor any one of the existing generation of statesmen; Sir Jabesh Windbag in 'Past and Present' representing his generic conception of them. But Peel was now repealing the Corn-laws; not talking of it, but doing it; and imperilling in one righteous act his own political fortune. That had something of greatness in it, especially with Carlyle, who had believed heroic sacrifice of self to be an impossible virtue in a Parliamentary leader. He discovered Peel to be a real man; and he sent his 'Cromwell' to him with the following letter:—

Chelsea: June 18, 1846.

Sir,—Will you be pleased to accept from a very private citizen of the community this copy of a book which he has been occupied in putting together, while you, our most conspicuous citizen, were victoriously labouring in quite othe· work? Labour, so far as it is true, and sanctionable by the Supreme Worker and World Founder, may claim brotherhood with labour. The great work and the little are alike definable as an extricating of the true from its imprisonment among the false; a victorious evoking of order and fact from disorder and semblance of fact. In any case, citizens who feel grateful to a citizen are permitted and enjoined to testify that feeling each in such manner as he can. Let this poor labour of mine be a small testimony of that sort to a late great and valiant labour of yours, and claim reception as such.

The book, should you ever find leisure to read and master it, may perhaps have interest for you—may perhaps—who knows?—have admonition, exhortation, in various ways instruction and encouragement for yet other labours which England, in a voiceless but most impressive manner, still expects and demands of you. The authentic words and actings of the noblest governor England ever had may well have interest for all governors of England; may well be, as all Scripture is, as all genuine words and actings are, 'profitable'—profitable for reproof, for correction, and for edifying and strengthening withal. Hansard's Debates are not a kind of literature I have been familiar with; nor indeed is the arena

they proceed from much more than a distress to me in these days. Loud-sounding clamour and rhetorical vocables grounded not on fact, nor even on belief of fact, one knows from of old whither all that and what depends on it is bound. But by-and-by, as I believe, all England will say what already many a one begins to feel, that whatever were the spoken unveracities of Parliament, and they are many on all hands, lamentable to gods and men, here has a great veracity been *done* in Parliament, considerably our greatest for many years past—a strenuous, courageous, and needful thing, to which all of us that so see it are bound to give our loyal recognition and furtherance as we can.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obliged fellow-citizen and obedient servant,

T. CARLYLE.[1]

Peel answered:—

Whitehall: June 22, 1846.

Sir,—Whatever may have been the pressure of my public engagements, it has not been so overwhelming as to prevent me from being familiar with your exertions in another department of labour, as incessant and severe as that which I have undergone.

I am the better enabled, therefore, to appreciate the value of your favourable opinion; and to thank you, not out of mere courtesy, but very sincerely, for the volumes which you have sent for my acceptance; most interesting as throwing a new light upon a very important chapter of our history; and gratifying to me as a token of your personal esteem.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

T. Carlyle, Esq. ROBERT PEEL.

The success of this book had been a real enjoyment to Carlyle—enjoyment in the true noble sense—he felt that he had done a good work, and had done it effectively.

To T. Erskine.

Chelsea: July 11, 1846.

The second edition of 'Cromwell' which has kept me sunk all spring and summer in a very ignoble kind of labour, is now off my

[1] There are two versions of this letter among Carlyle's papers, not quite identical; I do not know which was sent. The differences are unimportant, except to show that the letter was carefully composed.

hands for ever. The lively interest the people have taken in that heavy book—the numbers that read, and in some good measure understand something of it; all this is really surprising to me. I take it as one other symptom of the rapidly deepening seriousness of the public mind, which certainly has call enough to be serious at present. The conviction, too, among all persons of much moment seems to be pretty unanimous, that this is actually the history of Oliver; that the former histories of him have been extraordinary mistakes—very fallacious histories—as of a man walking about for two centuries in a *universal masked ball* (of hypocrites and their hypocrisies spoken and done), with a mask upon him, this man, which no cunningest artist could get off. They tried it now this way, now that: still the mask was felt to remain: the mask would not come off. At length a lucky thought strikes us. This man *is in his natural face.* That is the mask of this one! Of all which I am heartily glad. In fact, it often strikes me as the fellest virulence of all the misery that lies upon us in these distracted generations, this blackest form of *incredulity* we have all fallen into, that great men, too, were paltry shuffling Jesuits, as we ourselves are, and meant nothing true in their work, or mainly meant lies and hunger in their work, even as we ourselves do. There will never be anything but an *enchanted* world, till that baleful phantasm of the pit be chased thither again, and very sternly bidden abide there. Alas! alas! It often seems to me as if poor Loyola and that *world* Jesuitry of which he is the sacrament and symbol, was the blackest, most godless spot in the whole history of Adam's posterity: a solemn wedding together in God's high name of truth and falsehood—as if the two were now one flesh and could not subsist apart—whereby, as some one now says, we are all become Jesuits, and the falsity of them has, as it were, obtained its apotheosis and is henceforth a consecrated falsity.

My wife went off a few days ago to Lancashire. She had been in a very weakly way ever since our summer heats came on, had much need of quiet and fresh air. . . . I, too, am tattered and fretted into great sorrow of heart; but that is partly the nature of the beast, I believe—that will be difficult to cure in this world.

CHAPTER XIV.

A.D. 1846–7. ÆT. 51–52.

Domestic confusions—Two letters from Mazzini—Mrs. Carlyle at Seaforth—Clouds which will not disperse—Gloriana—Tour with the Barings in Dumfriesshire—Moffat and its attraction—Carlyle at Scotsbrig.

It was hard on Carlyle that, while engaged with work into which he was throwing his entire heart and soul, he should be disturbed and perplexed with domestic confusions. But it was his fate—a fate, perhaps, which could not be avoided; and those confusions were to grow and gather into a thick black cloud which overshadowed his life for many weary years. When Mrs. Carlyle returned to him from Addiscombe, it was, as she said, 'with a mind all churned to froth'—not a pleasant condition. Carlyle, in spite of his good resolutions, was occasionally 'a little ill-haired.' At last things went utterly awry. She set off alone to the Paulets at the beginning of July. There was a violent scene when they parted. Her words, if seldom smoother than oil, were 'very swords' when she was really angry. She did not write on her arrival, as she had promised to do, and she drew these sad lines from him in consequence:—

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Seaforth.

Chelsea: July 6, 1846.

My Dear,—I hope it is only displeasure or embarrassed estrangement from me, and not any accident or illness of your own, that robs me of a note this morning. I will not torment myself with that new uneasiness. But you did expressly promise to announce

your arrival straightway. This is not good: but perhaps an unfriendly or miserable letter would have been worse, so I will be as patient as I can. Certainly we never parted before in such a manner; and all for—literally nothing. But I will not enter upon that at all. Composure and reflection at a distance from all causes of irritation or freaks of diseased fancy will show us both more clearly what the God's truth of the matter *is*. May God give us strength to follow piously and with all loyal fidelity what that is!

On coming home on Saturday in miserable enough humour, the saddest I think I have been in for ten years and more, I directly got out my work and sate down to it, as the one remedy I had. Yesterday I suppose you fancied me happy at Addiscombe. Alas! I was in no humour for anything of that laughing nature. I sate digging all day in the rubbish heaps, &c. It was a day of the resurrection of all sad and great and tender things within me—sad as the very death, yet not unprofitable, I believe. Adieu, dearest—for that *is*, and if madness prevail not may forever be, your authentic title. Be quiet; do not doubt of me—do not yield to the enemy of us all, and may God bless thee always.

T. C.

Among Mrs. Carlyle's papers are two letters—the first of them dated only July, yet in answer to one which she must have written before leaving London, showing that in her distress she had taken the strong step of consulting a friend on the course which she ought to follow. Happily she could have consulted no one who could have advised her more wisely.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

London: July, 1846.

My dear Friend,—I was yesterday almost the whole day out, and did not receive your notes, except in the evening, when it was too late to answer them. Your few words sound sad, deeply, I will not say irreparably sad; and the worst of it is that none can help you but yourself. It is only you who can, by a calm, dispassionate, fair re-examination of the past, send back to nothingness the ghosts and phantoms that you have been conjuring up. It is only you who can teach yourself that, whatever the *present* may be, you must front it with dignity, with a clear perception of all your duties, with a due reverence to your immortal soul, with a

religious faith in times yet to come, that are to dawn under the approach of other cloudless suns. I could only point out to you the fulfilment of duties which can make life—not happy—what can? but earnest, sacred, and resignated;[1] but I would make you frown or scorn. We have a different conception of life, and are condemned here down to walk on two parallels. Still it is the feeling of those duties that saves me from the atheism of despair, and leads me through a life every day more barren and burdensome, in a sort of calm composed manner—such, I repeat, as the consciousness of something everlasting within us claims from every living mortal. For I now most coolly and deliberately do declare to you, that partly through what is known to you, partly through things that will never be known, I am carrying a burden even heavier than you, and have undergone even bitterer deceptions than you have. But by dint of repeating to myself that there is no happiness under the moon, that life is a self-sacrifice meant for some higher and happier thing: that to have a few loving beings, or if none, to have a mother watching you from Italy or from Heaven, it is all the same, ought to be quite enough to preserve us from falling, and by falling, parting. I have mustered up strength to go on, to work at my task as far as I have been able to make it out, till I reach the grave; the grave for which the hour will come, and is fast approaching without my loudly calling for it.

Awake, arise, dear friend! Beset by pain or not, we must go on with a sad smile and a practical encouragement from one another. We have something of our own to care about, something godlike that we must not yield to any living creature, whoever it be. Your life proves an empty thing, you say! Empty! Do not blaspheme. Have you never done good? Have you never loved? Think of your mother, and do good—set the eye to Providence. It is not as a mere piece of irony that God has placed you here; not as a mere piece of irony that He has given us those aspirations, those yearnings after happiness that are now making us both unhappy. Can't you trust Him a little longer? How long will you remain at Seaforth? Does he himself propose to go anywhere? I was coming to see you on Saturday. Write if and when it does good even homœopathically to you, and be assured that to me it will always do. Ever yours,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

[1] Mazzini's English, generally excellent, slips occasionally in a word.

Either this letter or her own reflections led Mrs. Carlyle, after a day's delay, to write softly to her husband. He, poor man, as innocent of any thought of wrong, as incapable of understanding what he had done to raise such a tornado, as my Uncle Toby himself could have been, was almost piteously grateful.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Seaforth.

Chelsea: July 7.

Thousand thanks, dear Goody, for thy good little letter! It has lifted a mountain from my poor inner man. Oh, if you could see *there* the real fact of the thing; verily, it would all be well. It would indeed—as by God's blessing it shall yet be, and so let us say not a word more of it; but pray earnestly from our very inmost heart that we *may* be enabled to do all that is true and good, and be helpful, not hindersome to one another; and in spite of our anomalous lot be found as wise ones, not as foolish. For *thy* great unwearied goodness, and true ever-watchful affection, mixed as it is with human infirmity, oh, my dearest, woe to me for ever if I could forget it or be in any way unjust to it! But let us say nothing. Let us each try to see, try to do, better always and better; and one thing does remain ever dear to me, ever sure for both of us. No honourable, truly good, and noble thing we do or have done for one another, but *will* bear its good fruit. That is as true as truth itself—a faith that should never fail us.

On July 13 he wrote, enclosing his never-forgotten birthday present.

I send thee a poor little card-case, a small memorial of Bastille day, and of another day also very important to me and thee. My poor little Jeannie! no heart ever wished another more truly 'many happy returns;' or, if 'happy returns' are not in our vocabulary, then 'wise returns,' wise and true and brave, which, after all, are the only 'happiness,' as I conjecture, that we have any right to look for in this segment of eternity that we are traversing together, thou and I. God bless thee, and know thou always, in spite of the chimæras and illusions, that thou art dearer to me than any earthly creature. That *is* a fact, if it can be of any use to thy poor soul to know; and so accept my little gift and kiss it as I have done, and say, in the name of Heaven it shall yet

all be well, and my poor husband *is* the man I have always known him from of old, is and will be.

This is the letter of which she speaks so touchingly in her reply,[1] the letter which had been delayed at the Seaforth post-office. She, agitated by a thousand thoughts, had feared that he had let the day pass without writing to her, and had been thrown into a 'tumult of wretchedness.' She had written again, it appears, to Mazzini; for from him, too, came another letter, tenderly sympathetic, yet wise and supremely honourable to him. No ghostly confessor could have been more judicious.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Seaforth.

July 15.

My dear Friend,—I could not write yesterday, as I intended, on account of the death of Scipioni Petrucci's wife. . . . Yes; 'sad as death, but not basely sad.' That is what you must be, what I want you to be, and what a single moment of truly earnest thought and faith will cause you to be. Pain and joy, deception and fulfilled hopes are just, as I often said, the rain and the sunshine that must meet the traveller on his way. Bless the Almighty if He has thought proper to send the latter to you. Button or wrap your cloak around you against the first, but do not think a single moment that the one or the other have anything to do with the *end* of your journey. You know that; but you want the *faith* that would give you strength to fulfil the task shown by the intellect. These powers will give you that too, if you properly apply to them—affection, a religious belief, and the dead. You have affection for me, as I have for you: you would not shake mine? You would not add yourself to the temptations haunting me to wreck and despair? You would not make me worse than I am by your example, by your showing yourself selfish and materialist? You believe in God. Don't you think, after all, that this is nothing but an ephemeral trial; and that He will shelter you at the journey's end under the wide wing of his paternal love? You had, have, though invisible to the eyes of the body, your mother, your father too. Can't you commune with them? I know that a single moment of true fervent love for them will do more for you

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i. p. 273.

than all my talking! Were they now what you call living, would you not fly to them, hide your head in their bosom and be comforted, and feel that you owe to them to be strong—that they may never feel ashamed of their own Jane? Why, can you think them to be *dead*, gone for ever, their loving immortal soul annihilated? Can you think that this vanishing for a time has made you less responsible to them? *Can you, in a word, love them less because they are far from sight?* I have often thought that the arrangement by which loved and loving beings are to pass through death is nothing but the last experiment appointed by God to human love; and often, as you know from me, I have felt that a moment of true soul-communing with my dead friend was opening a source of strength for me unhoped for, here down. Did we not often agree about these glimpses of the link between ours and the superior life? Shall we now begin to disagree? Be strong then, and true to those you loved, and proud, nobly proud in the eyes of those you love or esteem. Some of them are deeply, silently suffering, but needing strength too, needing it perhaps from you. Get up and work; do not set yourself apart from us. When the Evil One wanted to tempt Jesus, he led Him into a solitude.

Believe me, my dear friend, ever yours,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

The birthday present, and the words which had come with it, ought to have made all well; and yet it did not, for the cause remained. The condition into which she had wrought herself through her husband's Gloriana worship would have been ridiculous if it had not been so tragic—tragic even in its absurdity, and tragic in its consequences. Fault there was little on any side. Want of judgment, perhaps, and want of perception; that was all. Carlyle had formed an acquaintance which he valued and she disliked, because she fancied that a shadow had risen between herself and him, which was taking from her part of what belonged to her. A few hearty words, a simple laugh, and the nightmare would have vanished. But neither laugh nor spoken word of any such salutary kind had been possible. Carlyle in such matters had no more skill than the Knight of La Mancha would have had.

He was very shy, for one thing. He wrote with exquisite tenderness. In conversation he shrank from expressions of affection, even at moments when he felt most deeply. On the other hand, he was keenly sensitive to what he thought unreasonable or silly. He was easily provoked; and his irritation would burst out in spurts of angry metaphor, not to be forgotten from their very point and force. Thus his letters failed in producing their full effect from their contrast with remembered expressions which had meant nothing; while, again, he might himself naturally feel impatient when called on to abandon friends whose high character he admired, and who had been singularly kind to him, for a cause which he knew to be a preposterous creation of a disordered fancy, and which, in yielding, he would have acknowledged tacitly to have been just. A 'man of genius,' especially one whose function it was to detect and expose chimæras, out to have contrived better. Some strange mismanagement there must have been to have created such a condition of things. Yet 'a man of genius' is no better off in such situations than an ordinary mortal. He was confronted with a problem which a person with a thousandth fraction of his abilities, either of brain or heart, would have solved in a moment by a smile; yet he wandered from mistake to mistake. He continued to argue with his 'bewildered Goody.'

Do not (he wrote), oh, do not fret thyself in that way about nothing at all! In thy tragic sorrows and black confusions there is a noble element peering through, a gleam of something divine and true, which is *worth* following. By God's blessing we shall yet look back on all those miserable things, and find that a blessing beyond price did lie in them. Be still! Oh, be still, and do not fret thyself for any cobweb or brainweb!

This was very well; yet in the same letter he had to tell her that a plan had been arranged for the Barings to go to the Highlands, that it had been proposed that he

should accompany them, that he did not think he would, but that possibly he might.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Chelsea: July 18.

I was at the Barings' last night, saw Buller, &c. I do not go to Addiscombe to-day nor to-morrow, nor, indeed, for an indefinite, perhaps infinite, time to come. To the lady I have, of course, told nothing, except that you are very unwell. But she seems to have discerned pretty clearly for herself that our intercourse is to be carried on under different conditions henceforth, or probably to cease altogether before long: to which arrangement she gives signs of being ready to conform with fully more indifference than I expected; with no unkindness at all; but with no discernible regret either; on the whole, with the most perfect politeness and graceful conformity to destiny, such as becomes all people—such as I, too, am ready for, if it come to that. That perversity of fate, too, I can adopt or accept as I have had to do a few in my time. An opening is left for my meeting them about Carlisle or Edinburgh on their Scotch tour; but it seems to be with little expectation on either side that it will take effect. We shall endeavour to see what the real monition of the matter is when the time arrives.

Again:—

July 23.

I took leave of the Barings last night. All is handsome and clear there, and nothing is wrong; except *your* and my ill-genius may still force it to be so a little. To the lady I 'said' simply nothing; and her altered manner, I suppose, might proceed altogether from the evident chagrin and depression of mine. Was that unnatural in me? In fact, I myself was heartily weary of a relation grown so sad, and in my mind almost repented that it had ever been. But you may take it as a certainty, if you like, that there is no unkindness or injustice harboured to you there; and if you chose to write a little word of news to Lady Harriet, as to how you are and what things you are amidst, I do believe it would be a real and very welcome kindness to her. Her intents towards you and towards me, so far as I can read them, *are* charitable and *not* wicked. My relation to her is by a very *small* element in her position, but by a just and laudable one, and I wish to retain that

if I can and give it up if I cannot. *Voilà tout!* Oh, Goody dear! be wise, and all is well.

He was struggling in a cobweb, and was not on the way to extricate himself. That a man of genius should enjoy the society of a brilliant and gifted lady of high rank was 'just and laudable,' as he called it. It was natural, too, if not laudable, that Mrs. Carlyle should not be equally interested in a person who rivalled her in her own domain. She, for her own part, had no wish to be intimate with a great lady who could have no interest in her. Carlyle made the mistake of trying to force her into a position which she detested; and every step which he took in this direction only made the irritation greater.

His plans for the summer had been laid out independent of the Highland tour. He was to go first to his mother at Scotsbrig for a few days, and afterwards to run across to Ireland. The 'Young Ireland' movement, the precursor of the Home Rule movement, was just then rising into heat. Charles Gavan Duffy, of the 'Nation' newspaper, with others of the leaders, had sought him out in London in consequence of what he had written in 'Chartism' about Irish misgovernment. He had promised to go over, when he had leisure, and see what they were doing. Had he confined himself to this programme, he would have given time for the waves to go down; but he went for a day or two to see his wife at Seaforth on his way to Scotland. It then appeared that he had engaged to meet the Barings after all, and that Mrs. Carlyle herself was pressed to join their party. His letters after he reached Scotsbrig show that the barometer was still at 'stormy.'

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Seaforth.

Scotsbrig: August 8, 1846.

My poor old mother met me once again on the *Close* here, with a moist radiance of joy in her old eyes: once again—not many times more—perhaps never once more: and then it is all done,

and that part of the universal destiny is for me also complete. It is not a merry place this world—it is a stern and awful place. Soon after my arrival, I flung myself upon a bed and fell fast asleep. I am very unwell, so far as biliary and other confusions go. Yesterday I did not sleep long, and to-day I awoke at four o'clock. Deep silence and some friendly pillow, watched by some *victorious* loving one, to lay my head on, that was the thing for me, and that is not to be had here. The loving ones here are all *un*victorious too. I do not remember a more miserable set of hours for most part than those since I left you. But we will hope for a good issue out of them too—nay, believe in it, and manfully strive with our best strength for it. That will do something. That will do instead of all. Oh, my dearest, how little I *can* make thee know of me! In what a black baleful cloud for myself and thee are all our affairs involved to thy eyes, at this moment threatening shipwreck if we do not mind!

There will clearly be no continuing for me here beyond a very few days. Jack has adjusted himself into the direction of all the mechanism of this house, and there is not room for both of us at all. I cannot hope for more than to get along without offence till I do the indispensably necessary, and then fly elsewhither to look for shelter; back to Chelsea, I sometimes think. But, indeed, to-day I am below par in my dispiritment, as of a *hanged* man—one of the 'weal wight men' that sing after they are hanged. Courage, courage! I say, we will not surrender to the Devil yet—we will defy him yet, and do the best we can to set our foot on the throat of him yet. . .

My mother enters with a message of kind remembrances to you—emphatic earnest message, evidently far sincerer than such almost ever are. Poor old woman! she said yesterday, 'Does Jane never mean to see us again, then, at all?' To-day she repeats in other form the same sad thought, as sad, and kind, and truly affectionate, I do believe, as dwells in any heart but my own for you at present. . . You will tell me about Haddington[1] when your resolution on it is once clear. I shall be ready at the end of next week—sooner, if the Barings, warned by these thunders and rains, decide on *not* coming. How incredible is it to my poor little Jeannie, and yet how certain in fact, that an intimation to that effect would be among the *gladdest* I could get in a small way during these days! I will write to the lady to-morrow that I am

[1] They were to have gone to Haddington together.

here according to engagement, but of invitation to her I cannot have much. This too, by God's blessing, what of integrity and propriety there was in all this will one day become clear to all parties. Oh, to think that my affection for *thee!*—but I will not speak on that thing at present. Adieu, my own Jane, whom nothing can divide from *me*. God bless thee ever! T. CARLYLE.

For several days no answer at all came from Mrs. Carlyle, and he grew impatient.

What am I to make (he asked) of this continued silence? It surely is not fair. Write to me as briefly as you like—but write. There can be no propriety in punishing me by such feelings as *these* are. It is like seething a kid in its mother's milk. If I cared less about you, the punishment would be less. It is not fair nor right. What thoughts I have day and night I will not state at all till there come some means of getting belief to my words again. Oh, if you could look into my heart of hearts, I do not think you could be angry with me, or sorry for yourself either! May good angels instead of bad again visit you! May *I* soon meet you again, for I still think I can be your good angel if you will not too much obstruct me.

On the point of starting on August 14 to join his friends at Carlisle, he wrote again:—

No word from you yet; not the scrape of a pen this morning either. It is not right, my poor dear Jeannie! it is not just nor according to *fact;* and it deeply distresses and disturbs me who had no need of disturbance or distress otherwise, if all were well known to thee. But it is best that I suffer it with little commentary. To thee, also, I will believe it is no luxury. I said to myself last night, while tossing and tumbling amid thousandfold annoyances, outward and inward, 'It is not fair all this—really it is not fair.' I wanted to do none any injury. My one wish and aim *was* to pass among them without hurting any, doing good to some if I could. My own lot has been but emptiness, and they all cry: 'See, thou hast taken something of mine!' The jackass brayed, or the horse neighed, or some of the children coughed, and roused me from these unprofitable reflections. Silence is better than most speech in the case. This, however, I will say and repeat: 'The annals of insanity contain nothing madder than "jealousy" directed against such a journey as I have before me to-day.' Be-

lieved or not, that is verily a fact. To the deepest bottom of my heart that I can sound, I find far other feelings, far other humours and thoughts at present than belong to 'jealousy' on your part. Alas! alas! I must, on the whole, allow the infernal deities to go *their* full swing: but madness shall not conquer, if all my saints can hinder it. Oh, my Jeannie! my own true Jeannie! bravest little life-companion, hitherto, into what courses are we tending? God assist us both, and keep us free of frightful Niagaras and temptations of Satan. I am, indeed, very miserable. My mother asks: 'No word from Jane yet?' And, in spite of her astonishment, I am obliged to answer: '*None*.'

It is ludicrous to contrast with all this tempest the fate of the expedition which was the occasion of it. The projected tour with Mr. Baring and Lady Harriet lasted but five days, and was as melancholy as Mrs. Carlyle could have desired. They went from Carlisle to Moffat, sleeping 'in noisy cabins, in confused whiskey inns,' and in the worst of weather. The lady was cross; Mr. Baring only patient and good-humoured. They had designed a visit to Drumlanrig: but 'the Buccleuch household gave notice that they had the hooping-cough,' and were not to be approached; and Beattock, near Moffat, was the furthest point of the journey.

Beattock (Carlyle reported) was very bad. In blinks of fair weather we did tolerably well; but they were rare. During rain we had to sit in a little room where neither fire in the grate nor the smallest chink of ventilation otherwise could be permitted. One grew half distracted, naturally, in such an element, and prayed for fair weather as the alternative of suicide. The brave Baring's cheerfulness and calmness never failed him for a moment.

They had one fine day, which was given to Moffat and the neighbourhood, and then parted, the Barings to go on to the Highlands, Carlyle to reatreat to Scotsbrig again—'to sleep, and practical sense, and the free use of tobacco,' and to prepare for his trip to Ireland. Mrs. Carlyle was in no spirits for Haddington, and returned alone to her own resting-place in Cheyne Row, after a day or two with

Miss Jewsbury at Manchester. So the 'weighty matter,' which had called up such a storm, was over, and the gale had blown itself out. She, like a sensible woman, crushed down her own dissatisfaction. The intimacy was to go on upon whatever terms Carlyle pleased, and she resigned herself to take a part in it, since there was no reasonable cause to be alleged for cessation or interruption. But the wound fretted inwardly and would not heal. She and her husband had quarrelled often enough before—they had quarrelled and made it up again, for they had both hot tempers and sharp tongues—but there had been at bottom a genuine and hearty confidence in each other, a strong sincere affection, resting on mutual respect and mutual admiration. The feeling remained essentially unbroken, but the fine edge of it had suffered. Small occasions of provocation constantly recurred. Mrs. Carlyle consented to stay with Lady Harriet and submit to her authority as often and as much as she required; the sense of duty acting as perpetual curb to her impatience. But the wound burst out at intervals, embittering Carlyle's life, and saddening a disposition which did not need further clouds upon it. She wrote to him while he was at Scotsbrig about indifferent things in the spirit of the resolution which she had made, and he, man-like, believed that all was well again.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: August 26, 1846.

My dear Goody,—I had thy letter yesterday, at last. Many thanks for it, and do not keep me waiting so long again. No news could be welcomer than that you have been recreating and improving your mind by assiduous inspection of the works and ways of Manchester—most welcome unexpected news. The black spider-webs that take possession of one's fancy, making one poor little heart and soul all one Golgotha and Egyptian darkness, are best of all to be sent about their business—home to the Devil, whose they are—by opening one's eyes to the concrete fact of human life in some such way as that. Oh, my Goody! my own dear little

Jeannie! But we will hope all that black business has now got safe into the past, and will not tear up our poor forlorn existence in so sad a way again. God be thanked you are better; and now tell me that you eat a little food at breakfast as well as dinner, and I will compose myself till we meet.

Total idleness still rules over me here. The brightest still autumn weather, blue skies, windless, with Noah's ark clouds hung over them, plenty of good tobacco, worthless Yankee literature, and many ruminations on the moor or Linn—that is all; the voice of the Devil's caldron singing me into really a kind of waking sleep. In spite of cocks, children, bulls, cuddies, and various interruptions at night, I victoriously snatch some modicum of real sleep for most part, and could certainly improve in health were a continuance of such scenes of quiet permitted me. But it is not. I must soon lift anchor again and go. . . . Jenny and my mother are this day *washing* with all their might, cleaning up my soiled duds for me.

August, 29.

I lie totally inert here, like a dead dry bone bleaching in the silent sunshine; often enough, my feeling of loneliness, of utter isolation in this universe, is great. Useful, I dare say. One requires, occasionally, to be somewhat severely taught. Abdallah, the Vizier, used to retire at intervals and contemplate the wooden clogs he had first started with, and found it do him good amid his vanities. Probably there may lie a little more work in me: nay, I think there will and shall. Complaint is not the dialect one should speak in. Courage! . . . I shall like better to fancy you in Chelsea, earthquaking and putting all in order, than tossing and tumbling as you now are. Home, therefore, is the word, and remember one thing, to write a little oftener to me, and as near the old tone as you can come to, before the spider-webs got upon the loom at all. In me is no change, nor was, nor is like to be. Alas! I do not much deserve to be loved by anybody—not much, or at all; but I am very grateful if anybody will take the trouble to do it. God guide us all, for our pathway is sometimes intricate, and our own insight is now and then very bad. But there will come a day when all that will be intelligible again. I should be miserable if I thought there would not. Again, courage!

CHAPTER XV.

A.D. 1846-7. ÆT. 51-52.

Six days in Ireland—John Mitchel—Return to London—Margaret Fuller—Visit to the Grange—Irish famine—Dr. Chalmers—Literature as a profession—Matlock—Sight near Buxton—Visit to Rochdale—John and Jacob Bright—Emerson comes from America—The 'Jew Bill'—Hare's Life of Sterling—Plans for future books—Exodus from Houndsditch.

IRELAND had long been an anxious subject of Carlyle's meditations. It was the weak point of English constitutional government. The Constitution was the natural growth of the English mind and character. We had imposed it upon the Irish in the confident belief that a system which answered among ourselves must be excellent in itself, and be equally suited for every other country and people. Carlyle's conviction was that even for England it was something temporary in itself, an historical phenomenon which in time would cease to answer its purpose even where it originated, and that Ireland was the weak spot, where the failure was first becoming evident. He had wished to see the unfortunate island with his own eyes, now particularly when its normal wretchedness was accentuated by the potato blight and famine. He had no present leisure for a detailed survey, but he had resolved at least to look at it if only for a few days.

On the last of August he left Scotsbrig, went to Dumfries, and thence made a hasty visit to Craigenputtock, which was now his own property, and where there was

business to be attended to. From Dumfries he went by coach to Ayr and Ardrossan, from which a steamer carried him at night to Belfast. Gavan Duffy and John Mitchel had arranged to meet him at Drogheda. The drive thither from Belfast was full of instruction; the scene all *new* to him; the story of the country written in ruined cabins and uncultivated fields, the air poisoned with the fatal smell of the poisoned potato. He had an agreeable companion on the coach in a clever young Dublin man, who pleased him well. Drogheda must have had impressive associations for him. There is no finer passage in his 'Cromwell' than his description of the stern business once enacted there. But he did not stay to look for traces of Oliver. He missed his two friends through a mistake at the Post Office, and hurried on by railway to Dublin, where he stopped at the Imperial Hotel in Sackville Street. Here for a day or two he was alone. He had come for a glance at Ireland, and that was all which he got. He witnessed, however, a remarkable scene, the last appearance of O'Connell, then released from prison, in Conciliation Hall. He says, long after:—

I saw Conciliation Hall and the last glimpse of O'Connell, chief quack of the then world; first time I had ever heard the lying scoundrel speak—a most melancholy scene to me altogether; Conciliation Hall something like a decent Methodist Chapel, but its audience very sparse, very bad and blackguard-looking; brazen faces like tapsters, tavern-keepers, miscellaneous hucksters, and quarrelsome male or female nondescripts the prevailing type; not one that you would have called a gentleman, much less a man of culture; and discontent visible among them. The speech, on potato rot, most serious of topics, had not one word of sincerity, not to speak of wisdom, in it. Every sentence seemed to you a lie, and even to know that it was a detected lie. I was standing in the area in a small group of non-members and transitory people, quite near this Demosthenes of blarney, when a low voice whispered in high accent, 'Did you ever hear such damned nonsense in all your life?' It was my Belfast-Drogheda coach com-

panion, and I thoroughly agreed with him. Beggarly O'Connell made out of Ireland straightway and never returned—crept under the Pope's petticoat to die (and be 'saved' from what he had merited), the eminently despicable and eminently poisonous professor of blarney that he was.

The Young Irelanders had waited at Drogheda, and only discovered their guest at last at Dundrum, to which he had gone to some address which Mr. Duffy had given him. There he was entertained at a large dinner-party. 'Young Ireland almost in mass.' The novelist Carleton was there, 'a genuine bit of old Ireland.' 'They talked and drank liquids of various strengths.' Carlyle was scornful. The Young Irelanders fought fiercely with him for their own views; but they liked him and he liked them, wild and unhopeful as he knew their projects to be. He could not see even the surface of Ireland without recognising that there was a curse upon it of some kind, and these young enthusiasts were at least conscious of the fact, and were not crying 'Peace' when there was none. The next day he dined with one of them; then, perhaps, the most notorious.

Dined at Mitchel's (he writes) with a select party, and ate there the last truly good potato I have met with in the world. Mitchel's wife, especially his mother (Presbyterian parson's widow of the best Scotch type), his frugally elegant small house and table, pleased me much, as did the man himself, a fine elastic-spirited young fellow, whom I grieved to see rushing on to destruction, palpable, by attack of windmills, but on whom all my persuasions were thrown away. Both Duffy and him I have always regarded as specimens of the best kind of Irish youth, seduced, like thousands of them in their early day, into courses that were at once mad and ridiculous, and which nearly ruined the life of both, by the big Beggarman who had 15,000*l.* a year, and, *proh pudor!* the favour of English Ministers, instead of the pillory from them, for professing blarney with such and still worse results.

'Poor Mitchel!' (Carlyle said afterwards) 'I told him he would most likely be hanged, but I told him too they could not hang the immortal part of him.'

On the last day of his stay he was taken for a drive, one of the most beautiful in the world, by the Dargle and Powerscourt, and round through the Glen of the Downs to Bray. Before entering the Dublin mountains, they crossed the low rich meadows of the old Pale, the longest in English occupation, a fertile oasis in the general wretchedness. I have heard that he said, looking over the thick green grass and well-trimmed fences and the herds of cattle fattening there, 'Ah, Duffy, there you see the hoof of the bloody Saxon.' This was his final excursion, a pleasant taste in the mouth to end with. The same evening his friends saw him on board the steamer at Kingstown; and in the early morning of September 10 he was sitting smoking a cigar before the door of his wife's uncle's house in Liverpool till the household should awake and let him in.

He had looked on Ireland, and that was all; but he had seen enough to make intelligible to him all that followed. When he came again, three years later, the bubble had burst. Europe was in revolution; the dry Irish tinder had kindled, and a rebellion which was a blaze of straw had ended in a cabbage garden. Duffy, Mitchel, and others of that bright Dundrum party had stood at the bar to be tried for treason. Duffy narrowly escaped. The rest were exiled, scattered over the world, and lost to Ireland for ever. Mitchel has lately died in America. The 'immortal part' of him still works in the Phenix Park and in dynamite conspiracies; what will come of it has yet to be seen.

To the family at Scotsbrig Ireland had been a word of terror, and Carlyle hastened to assure them of his safe return.

Tell my dear mother (he wrote to his brother John) that the Papists have not hurt me in the least; on the contrary, they were abundantly and over-abundantly kind and hospitable to me, and

many a rough object has been put in my head which may usefully smooth itself for me some day.

In London, when he was again settled there, he had nothing of importance to attend to. No fresh work had risen upon him. There had been trouble with servants, &c. The establishment at Cheyne Row consisted of a single maid-of-all-work, and to find a woman who would take such a place, and yet satisfy a master and mistress so sensitive to disorder, material or moral, was no easy matter. Mrs. Carlyle has related her afflictions on this score; just then they had been particularly severe, and she had been worried into illness. The 'fame' from 'Cromwell' had made Carlyle himself a greater object of curiosity than ever. He did not like being an object of curiosity.

October 8, 1846.

Yesternight (he says) there came a bevy of Americans from Emerson, one Margaret Fuller, the chief figure of them, a strange lilting lean old maid, not nearly such a bore as I expected. Miss Martineau was here and is gone—to Norwich, after which to Egypt—broken into utter wearisomeness, a mind reduced to these three elements: Imbecility, Dogmatism, and Unlimited Hope. I never in my life was more heartily bored with any creature.

Margaret Fuller, then on her way to Italy to be married to a Count Ossoli there, and to be afterwards tragically drowned, has left an account of this meeting with Carlyle, and being an external view of him and by a clever woman it deserves a place here. Her first evening at Cheyne Row, she says, 'delighted' her. Carlyle 'was in a very sweet humour, full of wit and pathos, without being overbearing and oppressive.' She was 'carried away with the rich flow of his discourse; and the hearty noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which was once upon his writing before she wearied of it.' She admired his Scotch dialect, 'his way of singing his great full sentences so that each one was like the stanza of a

narrative ballad.' 'He talked of the present state of things in England, giving light witty sketches of the men of the day; and some sweet homely stories he told of things he had known among the Scotch peasantry. . . . There was never anything so witty as his description of ———. It was enough to kill one with laughing.' 'Nor was he ashamed to laugh himself when he was amused;' 'he went on in a cordial human fashion.'

On a second visit the humour was less sweet, though 'more brilliant,' and Miss Fuller was obliged to disagree with everything that he said.

The worst of hearing Carlyle (she says, and she is very correct in this) is that you cannot interrupt him. I understand the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him, so that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. To interrupt him is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down. True he does you no injustice, and with his admirable penetration sees the disclaimer in your mind, so that you are not morally delinquent; but it is not pleasant to be unable to utter it.

This was not the last meeting, for the Carlyles in turn spent an evening with their new American acquaintances. Mazzini was there, whom Miss Fuller admired especially, and had perceived also to be 'a dear friend of Mrs. Carlyle.' 'Mazzini's presence,' she writes, 'turned the conversation to Progress and ideal subjects, and Carlyle was fluent in invectives on "rosewater imbecilities." Mazzini, after some efforts to remonstrate, became very sad.' Mrs. Carlyle said to Miss Fuller: 'These are but opinions to Carlyle; but to Mazzini, who has given his all, and helped to bring his friends to the scaffold in pursuit of such objects, it is matter of life and death.'

All Carlyle's talk that evening (she goes on) was a defence of mere force, success the test of right. If people would not behave well, put collars round their necks. Find a hero, and let them be his slaves. It was very Titanic and Anticelestial. I wish the last

evening had been more melodious. However, I bade Carlyle farewell with feelings of the warmest friendship and admiration. We cannot feel otherwise to a great and noble nature, whether it harmonise with one's own or not. I never appreciated the work he has done for his age till I saw England—I could not. You must stand in the shadow of that mountain of Shams to know how hard it is to cast light across it.

Cheyne Row being made uncomfortable by change of servants, an invitation to Carlyle and his wife to stay at the Grange was accepted without objection on either side. Objections on that score were not to be raised any more. Mrs. Carlyle liked old Lord and Lady Ashburton well, and the Grange was one of the pleasantest houses in England. But it proved to be one of the great autumn gatherings which were a mere reproduction of London society. The visit lasted a fortnight, and gave little pleasure to either of them. The men were shooting all day; the women dispersed to their rooms in the forenoon, met at luncheon, strolled or rode in the afternoon; none of them *did* anything, and Carlyle was a fish out of water. He says:—

It was a strange nightmare of smoke and flame, indigestion and Do-nothingism, which I was very willing to see end. We had many people there, nearly all insignificant except by their manners and rank. Old Rogers stayed the longest, indeed as long as ourselves. I do not remember any old man (he is now eighty-three) whose manner of living gave me less satisfaction. A most sorrowful, distressing, distracted old phenomenon, hovering over the rim of deep eternities with nothing but light babble, fatuity, vanity, and the frostiest London wit in his mouth. Sometimes I felt as if I could throttle him, the poor old wretch! but then suddenly I reflected 'it is but for two days more.' Pity the sorrows of a poor old man! Lady Harriet lived mostly in her own apartments, dined at another hour than we, and, except at breakfast and tea, did not much appear.

The Grange was Lord Ashburton's, his son, Mr. Baring, and Lady Harriet living (as has been seen), when not

in London or Addiscombe, at Bay House, near Alverstoke. Mrs. Carlyle, after the Grange visit, became very ill, confined to bed for three weeks with cough and incessant headache. The new servant did not understand her business. Carlyle himself was '*totally idle*, trying merely to read books, and the books a disgust to him.' Lady Harriet, when Mrs. Carlyle became able to move, proposed that she and her husband should spend a month with her at Bay House for change of air. Mr. Baring had many engagements, and for part of the time she would be alone. Carlyle, writing to his brother about it, said 'that he did not regard this scheme as quite unquestionable, and so had rather held back, but Jane having engaged for it would go through with the affair.' Lady Harriet was most attentive; she secured them a separate compartment on the railway. Her carriage was waiting at the station with rugs, wrappings, and hot-water bottles. They went in the middle of January. On the 28th Carlyle wrote:—

We have terribly windy weather here, otherwise genial and of mild temperature. We are doing very tolerably well. In the end of last week Jane took sore throat, and for three days she had a very bad time of it; but now the disorder is quite gone, and she is visibly better than before for a long time past. I myself do little reading, little of anything, rove about in silence among the whins and shingle beaches here, and I suppose shall get profit in the long run.

February brought other visitors, Buller, Milnes, &c. Lady Anne Charteris, who lived near Bay House, came often to sit with Mrs. Carlyle and play chess with her. On the 15th, when the month was near out, he could send a good account to his mother.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Bay House: Feb. 15, 1847.

Jane has greatly improved in health; indeed she is now about as well as usual, and we hope may now do well henceforth. I myself expect if we were home again to feel somewhat better.

Certainly I ought to be so: for I have gone *bone idle* these four weeks and more, and have been well done to every way. But the great tumult of servants and equipments here considerably confuses me always while it lasts. . . . I have passed great part of my time *alone*, wandering in silence by the shore of the sea, or among the shallow lanes up and down, which is not an unprofitable thing either in its course. The memory of many things which it were not good at all to forget rises with strange clearness on me in these solitudes, very touching, very sad, out of the depths of the old dead years. Oh! my dear old mother, what a stupendous thing is this human life, that we live in many cases as if it were of no consequence! When I think of those old dear ones that are with God, and how we shall all soon be there ourselves, I have no word to say.[1]

Ireland weighed heavily on his thoughts. Each post brought news this spring of a land stricken with death. He had seen the place, and could realise what was passing there. Tens of thousands were perishing, and the wretched people, having lost their potatoes, were refusing even to plough. 'Why,' they asked, 'should they raise a crop, when the landlords would come and take it all?' The Government would be obliged to feed them, whether they worked or not. 'Never,' he cried, 'was there such a scene as Ireland.' He longed to write something on it, but felt that he did not yet see through the problem. Nay, he believed an equal catastrophe lay over England herself, if she did not mend her ways. It was to this that he must next direct himself, when he could determine how; but there was no longer any immediate need to write anything. He would pause and consider. 'Frederick' was still far off, nearer subjects were more pressing.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: March 8, 1847.

In the way of putting pen to paper I am still altogether inactive, and decline every offer made to me by such poor hawkers as call on me by chance for that object; but in the way of sorting

[1] The remainder of this letter is missing.

the abstruse confusions within my own self (which I suppose is the first condition of writing to any purpose) I have plenty to do; and for doing it I find one good condition is to *hold your tongue*, if you can. Happily I now *can*. My poor books bring me in a little money now to fill the meal barrel every year, and the wealth of all the Bank of England is daily a smaller and smaller object to me; indeed it is long since well near no object at all, which is perhaps a very good definition of being extremely *rich*, the 'richest author in Britain' at present. I think I shall hold my tongue for a pretty while yet; and *then*, if I live, there will another word perhaps be found in me which I shall be obliged to speak—a terribly hard job when it comes. I read books, but seldom find any that contain what I want. Indeed, one's busiest time is often when altogether silent and quiescent, if one can stand to that rightly.

In a postscript to this letter he enclosed a five-pound note, part of which his mother was to give, if she liked, to 'Jenny' as a present from herself, that his sister might not feel too heavily obliged to him—one of his characteristic bits of fine delicacy. In return came hams, butter, &c., from Scotsbrig, unceasing and affectionate exchanges. The months went by. The season brought its usual distractions, but he stayed mostly at home.

London (he wrote on May 21) is an awful whirl this month, but we try to have but little to do with it—nothing for most part but a glimpse at it once a day, and a thankful return out of the noise and discord back to the river-side here, and to the sight of country fields and the company chiefly of books and one's own thoughts again. . . . We had a flying visit from Jeffrey last week. He has been in the Isle of Wight and other regions hereabouts for health's sake. He was just then on his way for Edinburgh again, looking thin, but brisk enough, scarcely a little more *serious* as he grows older, in fact the same old man. We are always very happy with him for a little, but could not stand it *long*, I think, without coming upon innumerable points of discrepancy. A much more interesting visitor than Jeffrey was old Dr. Chalmers, who came down to us also last week, whom I had not seen before for, I think, five-and-twenty years. It was a pathetic meeting. The good old man is grown white-headed, but is otherwise wonderfully little altered—grave, deliberate, very gentle in his deportment, but with

plenty too of soft energy; full of interest still for all serious things, full of real kindliness, and sensible even to honest mirth in a fair measure. He sate with us an hour and a half, went away with our blessings and affections. It is long since I have spoken to so *good* and really pious-hearted and beautiful old man.

Chalmers had never forgotten Carlyle, whom he had seen long before with Irving at Glasgow. He had watched his progress, recognised the essential piety of his nature under the forms of heterodoxy, and in 'Cromwell' had seen a noble addition to the worthy kind of English literature. He had gone to Cheyne Row to express his feelings, and look once more on Carlyle's face. Neither he nor his host guessed then how near he stood to the end of his pilgrimage.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: June 19, 1847.

I mentioned to you that Dr. Chalmers had seen us here for an hour one day, and how interesting it was. We thought we had hardly ever seen a finer-looking old man, so peaceable, so hopeful, modest, pious. You have since heard of his sudden call from this world. I believe there is not in all Scotland, or all Europe, any such Christian priest left. It will long be memorable to us, the little visit we had from him. And O'Connell, too, the wretched blustering quack, is dead; died with his mouth full of superstitious nonsense, among other things. Unfortunate old man! on what side could he look with clearness of hope? He had been lying, as no good man ever does or did, openly for fifty years, preaching to the Irish that they were just about to get Repeal from the English and become a glorious people—being indeed noble men at bottom, though to all appearance blackguards and lying slaves—and he leaves them sinking into universal wreck, and nothing *but* their connection with England between the whole mass of them and black death. To him for one I will not raise a monument.

With the hot weather came a visit to Addiscombe—visits to the Barings, at one place or another, continually recurring, in which Mrs. Carlyle was as often as possible

included. There is nothing to be said, save that Lady Harriet's attentions to her were unremitting. Carlyle himself was still what he called idle, *i.e.*, incessantly reading all kinds of books, and watching the signs of the times. Of books freshly coming out he read, among others, Maurice's 'Religions of the World,' on which he wrote to Maurice with warm compliments. Another letter written this summer is worth quoting for the advice it contains to young men wishing to make literature their profession. Some stranger from Manchester had written to consult him. Having time on his hands, he sent this reply:—

Chelsea: July, 1847.

My dear Sir,—Unluckily it is not possible to answer your main inquiry. The incomes of literary men even of a high reputation vary, according as the men work for popularity by itself, or for other objects, from 4,000*l.* a year to perhaps 200*l.* or lower. Add to which that all such incomes are uncertain, fluctuating on the wildest chance, and that not one literary man in the hundred ever becomes popular or successful at all. You perceive it is like asking what may be the income of a man that shall decide to live by gambling. No answer to be given. Reporters to the daily papers, whose industry is the humblest of all real or *un*servile kinds in literature, receive, as I have heard, about 200*l.* a year. Perhaps, all things considered, a man of sense, reduced to live by writing, would decide that, in the economical respect, these men's position was actually the best. By quitting reality again, and taking in to some popular department of literary *rope-dancing*, a person of real toughness and assiduity, not ashamed to feel himself a slave, but able even to think himself *free* and a king in rope-dancing *well paid*, contrives, with moderate talent otherwise, if he be really tough and assiduous, to gain sometimes considerable wages; in other cases dies of heartbreak, drinking, and starvation. That really is his economic position, so far as I have seen it. But for a man really intent to do *a man's work* in literature in these times, I should say that even with the highest talent he might have to be fed oftentimes like Elijah, by the ravens; and if his talent, though real, was not very high, he might easily see himself cut off from wages altogether; all men saying to him, 'The thing you have to offer us is,

in the supply and demand market, worth nothing whatever.' Such a man as that latter, if he could live at all, I should account him lucky.

This, my generous young friend, this is the sad No answer I have to give you—a sad but a true one. The advice I ground on it you already discover—Not by any means to quit the solid paths of practical business for these inane froth oceans which, however gas-lighted they may be, are essentially what I have called them somewhere, base as Fleet Ditch, the mother of dead dogs. Surely it is better for a man to *work* out his God-given faculty than merely to speak it out, even in the most Augustan times. Surely of all places in this planet the place where the gods do most need a working man of genius is Manchester, a place sunk in sordid darkness of every kind except the glitter of gold, and which, if it were once irradiated, might become one of the beautifullest things this sun has ever seen. Believe me yours, with real good will,

Kinder than it looks,

T. CARLYLE.

He was himself to see Manchester this summer, and perhaps his correspondent there. At the end of July he took his wife to Matlock for change of air. At Matlock they were joined by the now famous W. E. Forster, then one of his ardent admirers, and accompanied him to his house at Rawdon, whence Carlyle sent his mother, as usual, an account of his adventures, which is curious as showing his habits of observation and the objects which most interested him. He had seen all the watering-places, the wonders of wonders in Derbyshire, 'the Devil's-i-Peak,' 'the horrid cavern so called,' &c.

Among the sights (he says) was that of a lone old woman living literally like a rabbit, burrowed under ground. This was near Buxton, a sight worth remembering. There are huge quarries of lime there; the rubbish, ashes of the kilns, &c., when many years exposed to the weather, hardens into real stone, and is then a kind of rocky moleheap of large dimensions, with grass on the top. The natives then scrape out the inside, and make a cottage of the upper crust! There are five or six such huts in that place, and used to be more. This poor old woman and her hut were all as

tidy as a new pin, whitewashed, scoured, &c.; a most sensible, haughty, and even dignified old woman; had been born there, had lost father, mother, husband, son there, and was drinking her poor tea there in dignified solitude when we came, no company with her but a cat, and no wish to have any, she said, 'till the Lord was pleased to take her to those she had lost.' An elder sister, upwards of fourscore, inhabiting with some children and grandchildren a similar cave not far off, had just fallen into the fire and been burnt to death two days before. None of us, I think, will ever forget that poor old woman, with her little teapot, her neat *mutch* and black ribbon, her lean hook nose and black old eyes as sharp as eagles'. We left a shilling with her and great respect, and came our way.

He might now have had his choice among the great houses of the land if he had cared to visit them, but he steadily reserved every available autumn for his mother. The week at Rawdon being over, his wife went home, and he made for Scotsbrig, pausing at Manchester with Miss Jewsbury and her brother Frank to see iron works and cotton mills; to talk with some of the leaders of the working men, who were studying his writings with passionate interest, and himself to be stared at in the Jewsbury drawing-room by the idle and curious. The most interesting of his Manchester adventures was a day at Rochdale, when he made acquaintance with Mr. Jacob Bright and his distinguished brother.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: September 13, 1847.

The mills! oh the fetid, fuzzy, ill-ventilated mills! And in Sharp's cyclopean smithy[1] do you remember the poor 'grinders' sitting underground in a damp dark place, some dozen of them, over their screeching stone cylinders, from every cylinder a sheet of yellow *fire* issuing, the principal light of the place? And the men, I was told, and they themselves knew it, and 'did not mind it,' were all or mostly *killed* before their time, their lungs being ruined by the metal and stone dust! Those poor fellows, in their paper caps with their roaring grindstones, and their yellow *ori-*

[1] Mrs. Carlyle had been there in a previous year.

flammes of fire, all grinding themselves so quietly to death, will never go out of my memory. In signing my name, as I was made to do, on quitting that Sharp establishment, whose name think you stood next, to be succeeded by mine? In a fine flowing character, *Jenny Lind's!* Dickens and the other Player Squadron (wanting Forster, I think) stood on the same page.

I will tell you about Bright and Brightdom, and the Rochdale Bright mill some other day. Jacob Bright, the younger man, and actual manager at Rochdale, rather pleased me—a kind of delicacy in his features when you saw them by daylight—at all events, a decided element of 'hero-worship,' which of course went for much. But John Bright, the Anti-Cornlaw member, who had come across to meet me, with his cock nose and pugnacious eyes and Barclay-Fox-Quaker collar—John and I discorded in our views not a little. And, in fact, the result was that I got to talking occasionally in the Annandale accent, and communicated large masses of my views to the Brights and Brightesses, and shook peaceable Brightdom as with a passing earthquake; and, I doubt, left a very questionable impression of myself there! The poor young ladies (Quaker or ex-Quaker), with their 'abolition of Capital Punishment'—*Ach Gott!* I had great *remorse* of it all that evening; but now begin almost to think I served them right. Any way *we cannot help it;* so there it, and Lancashire in general, may lie for the present.

At Scotsbrig, when he reached it, he sank into what he called 'stagnation and magnetic sleep.' 'Grey hazy dispiritment, fit for nothing but tobacco and silence.' In his own country he was as solitary as in a foreign land, and had more than ever the feelings of a ghost. Even with his mother he could talk less freely than usual, for he found her 'terribly sensitive on the Semitic side of things,' and he was beginning to think that he must write something about that—the 'Exodus from Houndsditch,' as he termed it, being a first essential step towards all improvement. The news from Ireland disgusted him, 'Meagher of the Sword' talking open treason.

I think (he said) the native people are ripening towards rebellion, and are not unlikely some of them to get *hanged* before all

end. Oh that illustrious O'Connell! how fast his lies, like dragons' teeth, are sprouting up into armed and *mad* men! The wonderfullest benefaction he that even this foolish age has crowned with vivats and welcomed as one sent from heaven!

He wandered about the moors at night, 'the driving clouds and moaning winds his only company.' Even these were not impressive, 'for his heart was sunk into its cell, and refused to be impressed.' He 'said silently to the muddy universe, Yes, thou art there then; the fact is no better than so. Let me recognize the fact, and admit it and adopt it.'

He had reasons for uneasiness besides the state of the universe. His wife had been ill again. Lady Harriet Baring, hearing she was alone in Cheyne Row, had carried her off to Addiscombe, and little guessing the state of her mind, and under the impression that she was hypochondriacal, had put her under a course of bracing. She wanted wine when she was exhausted; Lady Harriet thought wine unwholesome. She was not allowed to go to bed when tortured with headache. She suffered from cold, and lighted a fire in her bedroom. Fires were not allowed at Addiscombe so early in the autumn, and the housemaid removed the coals. Lady Harriet meant only to be kind, but was herself heaping fuel on a fire of a more dangerous sort. Carlyle himself was relieved when he heard that 'she was at home again, out of that constrained lodging.' 'My mother's rage,' he wrote, 'has been considerable ever since she heard of it; "that the puir creature could na get a bit fire! not so much as a bit of fire for a' their grandeur."' Money, if you exclude better things which are apt to go with the want of it, is of small value to the possessor or others. True enough! but one asks with wonder why he could not tell Lady Harriet plainly that, if she wished for his wife's friendship, she must treat her differently; why he insisted on the continuance of an

intimacy which could never become an affectionate one, instead of accepting and adopting the facts, as a condition of the mud in the universe. His mother was full of tenderness for her forlorn daughter-in-law. She insisted, when Carlyle was going home, on sending her 'a pair of coarse knit stockings' by him, 'though he said she would never wear them, and two missionary narratives, which even he could not be persuaded to read.' He was to write his wife's name in them at Chelsea, and say, 'from her old, withered mother.'

Two bad nights before his departure sent him off in a dreary condition. 'Ah me!' he exclaimed, 'my poor old mother, poor old Annandale, poor old life in general; and in this shattered state of nerves all stands before one with such a glaring ghastliness of hideous reality.'

It is curious that a man with such powerful practical sense should have indulged such feelings. It was 'the nature of the beast,' as he often said, but he was evidently much disturbed. He was at home by the second week in October, where an unexpected pleasure was waiting for him. His friend Emerson had arrived from Boston. Between Emerson and him there had been affectionate correspondence ever since they had met at Craigenputtock. Emerson had arranged for the publication of his books in the United States, and had made his rights respected there. He in turn had introduced Emerson's Essays to the English world by a preface, and now Emerson had come in person to show himself as a lecturer on English platforms. I remember this visit. I already knew Emerson by his writings; I then learned to know him personally, for he came to see us at Oxford, and his conversation, perhaps unknown to himself, had an influence on my after life. On his first landing he was a guest at Cheyne Row, and then went away to Manchester. 'I rather think,' Carlyle wrote shortly after, 'his popularity is not very

great hitherto. His doctrines are too airy and thin for the solid practical heads of the Lancashire region. We had immense talking with him here, but found he did not give us much to chew the cud upon—found, in fact, that he came with the rake rather than the shovel. He is a pure high-minded man, but I think his talent is not quite so high as I had anticipated.'

A far more important thing was what Carlyle was next to do himself, for as long as he was idle he was certain to be miserable—and he had been idle now for more than a year. He brought out another edition of his 'Miscellanies' this autumn.

> These books of mine, poor things! (he said, in sending his mother a copy) bring me in some money now, like cows that give a drop of milk at last, though they had a terrible time of it as calves. Let us be thankful. It is better to have one's evil days when one is young than when one is old.

The 'French Revolution' was going into another edition also. For this and the 'Miscellanies' he was paid 600*l.* So that he could say:—

> I am pretty well in funds at present, not chased about as I used to be by the haggard Shade of Beggary, which is a great relief to me. I am very thankful for my poverty, and for my deliverance from it in good time.

In January came an indispensable visit to the Barings. Mrs. Carlyle was to have gone, and they were to have stayed four weeks; but the winter was cold; she was feeble, and afraid of a chill. Wish to go she of course had none; and though Lady Harriet wrote warmly pressing letters, she insisted on remaining at home. Carlyle went, but if he describes his condition correctly, he could hardly have been an agreeable guest. For him there was no peace but in work, and life in such houses was organised idleness. To his mother he speaks of himself as wandering disconsolately on the shore watching the gangs of

Portsmouth convicts; to his wife as 'unslept, dyspeptic, bewildered.'

Ach Gott! (he writes to her). Why do I complain to poor thee, confined to thy own bed at present? Well, I will not complain. Only, if *you* had been strong, I would have told you how very weak and wretched I was. Some time about three, I think, I got asleep after bathing, woke again some time after five, went out of doors to smoke, had slept about three minutes more when the valet, with his brushed clothes, started me up again, and there it ended. That is my history, an excuse at least for incoherent writing. In fact, if it were not for my own consolation—for I know thou lovest me in spite of thy harshnesses and mistrusts—I think I need not have written at all. It seemed to me last night with triple and tenfold emphasis what it has all along seemed, that I had been much better in my own bed at Chelsea.

He was worried, he said, with 'the idleness, the folly, the cackling and noise.' Milnes was his best resource. Milnes had come, and the Taylors and Bullers and Bear Ellice, and the usual circle; but it would not do. He was sickly, dispirited, unwell.

I have (he said) with less suffering and exertion compassed the attendance of six college classes in my time. Perhaps there is a lesson in this. Nay, doubtless there is, and I hope I shall learn it, for the fees are not inconsiderable. My reflections in my few hours of solitude in the early mornings, amid the tramplings and trottings, ought to be of a didactic nature.

Again a little later:—

For me, I feel as if it were little I had got here, or were likely to get, but a huge nightmare of indigestion, insomnia, and fits of black impatience with myself and others—self chiefly. . . . I am heartily sick of my dyspeptic bewilderment and imprisonment. Something beautiful and good is in the heart of the thing too, but it is clearly not for *me* (at least so seems it) to unravel and get hold of. —— says little except elaborate nothingness to the women, or with solemnity reads Shakespeare. We are a pretty society, but a distracted one. Ten days of such, with a cold to help, is about enough, I guess.

Enough it proved; he could stand no more of it, and fled home. But it is impossible not to ask 'What was Carlyle doing in such a galley?' Why was he there at all? It is with real relief that I approach the end of the half-enchanted state into which he had fallen after 'Cromwell.' It had been a trying time, both for his wife and for him. The next letter, written after he had got back from Bay House, gives the first glimpses of intended fresh occupation.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Feb. 12, 1848.

Jane has had rather a wearisome bout of it; never very ill, but feeble, coughing, and quite unable to front the bad season with any freedom. She got out of her *room* about a week ago, went and had a short walk in the streets one day, but has never ventured out since, the weather, though bright, having grown a little frosty. She stirs about the house now, and her cough is well nigh quite gone. If the sun were fairly on his feet, she too will be reestablished, I think. . . . A book consisting of my poor friend John Sterling's scattered writings has just come out, edited by one Julius Hare, an Archdeacon, soon to be a Bishop, they say; a good man, but rather a weak one, with a Life of Sterling which by no means contents me altogether. Probably one of my first tasks will be something in reference to this work of poor Sterling's; for he left it in charge to me too, and I surrendered my share of the task to the Archdeacon, being so busy with 'Cromwell' at the time. But I am bound by very sacred considerations to keep a sharp eye over it, and will consider what can now be done.[1] Sterling was a noble creature, but had too little patience, and indeed too thin and sick a constitution of *body*, to turn his fine gifts to the best account.

The Parliament has come back, and the town, especially our Western quarter of it, is getting very loud with carriages and population again. But we hitherto have little to do with all that. There has been, as you might see, much vain controversy about a

[1] Emerson told me that in the summer of this year 1848 he and Carlyle talked over this subject. They concluded that Sterling was too considerable a man to be set up as a 'theological cockshy,' and that either Carlyle or he himself must write a true account of him.

certain very useless Dr. Hampden and his being made a bishop against the will of some. Nothing could seem to me more entirely contemptible and deplorable than the whole figure of that thing has been. Now they are for getting Jews into Parliament. For the 'Jew Bill,' too, I would not give half a snuff of tobacco, for or against. We will leave that too, and much else, to fight its own battle.

He does not tell his mother, as he might have done in this last paragraph, that he had been invited to take a share in that battle. I tell the story as he told it to me. Some time while the Jew Bill was before Parliament, and the fate of it doubtful, Baron Rothschild wrote to ask him to write a pamphlet in its favour, and intimated that he might name any sum which he liked to ask as payment. I inquired how he had answered. 'Well,' he said, 'I had to tell him it couldn't be; but I observed, too, that I could not conceive why he and his friends, who were supposed to be looking out for the coming of Shiloh, should be seeking seats in a Gentile legislature.' I asked what Baron Rothschild had said to that. 'Why,' Carlyle said, 'he seemed to think the coming of Shiloh was a dubious business, and that meanwhile, &c. &c.'

The Journal had remained almost a blank for four years, only a few trifling notes having been jotted down in it, but it now contains a long and extremely interesting entry. The real Carlyle is to be especially looked for in this book, for it contains his dialogues with his own heart.

Journal.

Feb. 9, 1848.—Chapman's money[1] all paid, lodged now in the Dumfries Bank. New edition of 'Sartor' to be wanted soon. My poor books of late have yielded me a certain fluctuating annual income; at all events, I am quite at my ease as to money, and that on such low terms. I often wonder at the luxurious ways of the age. Some 1,500*l.*, I think, is what has accumulated in the bank. Of fixed income (from Craigenputtock) 150*l.* a year. Perhaps as

[1] Chapman & Hall, now Carlyle's publishers.

much from my books may lie fixed amid the huge fluctuation (last year, for instance, it was 800*l.*; the year before 100*l.*; the year before that about 700*l.*; this year again it is like to be 100*l.*; the next perhaps nothing—very fluctuating indeed)—some 300*l.* in all, and that amply suffices me. For my wife is the best of housewives; noble, too, in reference to the property which is *hers*, which she has never once in the most distant way seemed to know to be hers. Be this noted and remembered; my thrifty little lady—every inch a lady—ah me! In short, I authentically feel indifferent to money, would not go this way or that to gain more money. So *do* the Destinies reward us; not in the way we expected, but in a far diviner way. They do make us rich if we have deserved to be so. How rich, for example, is Hudson, King of Railways? For certain quantities of yellow metal you can still command him to go lower than any shoeblack goes, to make himself an *unhangable swindler* namely. That, I understand, as it was explained to me, has been and is the intrinsic nature of many of his operations. In sane hours I sometimes feel a pious thankfulness on the economic side.

For above two years now I have been as good as totally idle, composedly lying *fallow*. It is frightful to think of! After getting out of 'Cromwell,' my whole being seemed to say, more sulkily, more wearisomely than ever before, 'What good is it?' I am wearied and near heartbroken. Nobody on the whole '*believes* my report.' The friendliest reviewers, I can see, regard me as a wonderful athlete, a ropedancer whose perilous somersets it is worth sixpence (paid into the Circulating Library) to *see*; or at most I seem to them a desperate half mad, if usefullish fireman, rushing along the ridge tiles in a frightful manner to quench the burning chimney. Not one of them all can or will *do* the least to help me. The blockheads! A snuff of tobacco for them and their eulogies too! This is what they and their sweet voices are worth. Neither does Art, &c., in the smallest hold out with me. In fact, that concern has all gone down with me, like ice too thin on a muddy pond. I do not believe in "Art"—nay, I do believe it to be one of the deadliest *cants*; swallowing, it too, its hecatombs of souls. So that the world, daily growing more unspeakable in meaning to me, as well as daily more inarticulate, and I quite indisposed to *try* speaking to it, the result has been silence and fallow, which, unless I will go *mad*, must end, as I begin to see, before long. 'Too much to say,' I suppose, is not so bad a

complaint as 'too little;' but it too is very troublesome. In brief, nothing is—but by *labour*, which we call sorrow, misery, &c. Thou must gird up thy loins again and work another stroke or two before thou die.

At Alverstoke in January last, for the third time now, and very full of *suffering* in all ways there. Have seen a good deal of the higher ranks—plenty of lords, politicians, fine ladies, &c. Certainly a new *topdressing* for me that, nor attainable either without peril. Let me see if any growth will come of it, and what. The most striking conclusion to me is, how like all men of all ranks in England (and doubtless in every land) intrinsically are to one another. Our aristocracy, I rather take it, are the best, or as good as any class we have; but their position is fatally awry. Their whole breeding and way of life is to go 'gracefully idle'—most tragically so; and which of them can mend it? X. was at Alverstoke, dull to a degree, commonplace, dogmatic, limited, productive of very little, yet something essentially genial, true, and friendly in the heart of him withal; an *honest* man, precious, though with only insular or even parish culture—enveloped in Southeyisms, Shovel-hattisms, &c. Milnes also was there, fresh from Spain, full of sophistries and socialities as usual. I was very solitary, sleepless, and unhappy all the time. Came off after ten days, as Jane could not risk venturing after me. . . . Alfred Tennyson here sometimes lately. Gone out of town with a certain Aubrey de Vere to Curragh Chase, Limerick. His 'Princess,' a gorgeous piece of writing, but to me new melancholy proof of the futility of what they call 'Art.' Alas! Alfred too, I fear, will prove one of the *sacrificed*, and in very deed it is pity.[1] Emerson is now in England, in the North, lecturing to Mechanics' Institutes, &c.; in fact, though he knows it not, to a kind of intellectual *canaille*. Came here and stayed with us some days on his first arrival. Very *exotic;* of smaller dimensions, too, and differed much from me, as a gymnosophist sitting idle on a flowery bank may do from a wearied worker and wrestler passing that way with many of his bones broken. Good of him I could get none, except from his friendly looks and elevated exotic polite ways; and he would not let me sit silent for a minute. Solitary on that side, too, then? Be it so, if so it must be. But we will try a little farther. Lone-

[1] Carlyle mentions in one of his letters that it had been he who first set on foot the requisition to the Government for Tennyson's pension. For himself he never sought a pension, nor would accept one when offered.

lier man is not in this world that I know of. . . . No deliverance from 'confusion,' from practical *uncertainty*, and all its sad train of miseries and waste, is to be looked for while one continues in this world. Life consists, as it were, in the sifting of huge rubbish-mounds, and the choosing from them, ever with more or less error, what is golden and vital to us.

Schemes of books to be now set about.

'*Exodus from Houndsditch.*' That, alas! is *im*possible as yet, though it is the gist of all writings and wise books, I sometimes think—the goal to be wisely aimed at as the first of all for us. Out of Houndsditch, indeed! Ah, were we but out and had our own along with us! But they that come out hitherto come in a state of brutal nakedness, scandalous mutilation; and impartial bystanders say sorrowfully, 'Return rather, it is better even to return.'

'*Ireland: Spiritual Sketches.*' Begin with St. Colm.; end with the *rakes of Mallow*. All lies in Spiritualism. The outer miseries of Ireland, and of all lands, are nothing but the inevitable body of that soul. Had I more knowledge of Ireland, I could make something of it in that form.

'*Life of John Sterling.*' I really must draw up some statement on that subject—some picture of a gifted soul whom I knew, and who was my friend. Might not many things withal be *taught* in the course of such a delineation?

'*The Scavenger Age.*' Chadwick's men are working in sight of me daily at present at Chelsea old Church. Our age is really up to nothing better than the sweeping *out the gutter*. Might it but do that well! It is the indispensable beginning of all.

The Exodus from Houndsditch Carlyle saw to be then impossible—impossible; and yet the essential preliminary of true spiritual recovery. The 'Hebrew old clothes' were attached so closely to pious natures that to tear off the wrapping would be to leave their souls to perish in spiritual nakedness; and were so bound up with the national moral convictions that the sense of duty could not be separated from a belief in the technical inspiration of the Bible. And yet Carlyle knew that it could do no good to anyone to believe what was untrue; and he knew also that since science had made known to us the real re-

lation between this globe of ours and the stupendous universe, no man whose mind and heart were sound could any longer sincerely believe in the Christian creed. The most that such a man could arrive at was to persuade himself by refined reasonings that it might perhaps be true, that it could not be proved false, and that therefore he might profess it openly from the lips outwards with a clear conscience. But the convictions which govern the practical lives of men are not remote possibilities, but concrete certainties. As long as the 'Holy Place' in their souls is left in possession of powerless opinions, they are practically without God in this world. The 'wealth of nations' comes to mean material abundance, and individual duty an obligation to make money; while intellect, not caring to waste itself on shadows, constructs philosophies to show that God is no necessity at all. Carlyle's faith, on the other hand, was that without a spiritual belief—a belief in a Divine Being, in the knowledge of whom and obedience to whom mortal welfare alone consisted—the human race must degenerate into brutes. He longed, therefore, that the windows of the shrine should be washed clean, and the light of heaven let into it. The longer the acknowledgment of the facts regarding inspiration, &c., was delayed, the more hollow grew the established creeds, the falser the professional advocates of the creeds, the more ungodly the life and philosophy of the world. It was said of old, 'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye enter not in yourselves, and those that would enter in ye will not suffer.'

Yes (he exclaimed), the Redeemer liveth. He is no Jew, or image of a man, or surplice, or old creed, but the Unnameable Maker of us, voiceless, formless within our own soul, whose voice *is* every noble and genuine impulse of our souls. He is yet there, in us and around us, and *we* are there. No Eremite or fanatic whatever had more than we have; how much less had most of them?

Why, then, did he find it *im*possible to speak plainly on this momentous subject? Because, as he had said of the poor priests at Bruges, because, false as they were, there was nothing to take their places if they were cast out but the Gospel of Progress, which was falser even than they. God Himself would in due time build a new temple for Himself above the ruins of the old beliefs. He himself, meanwhile, would do ill to wound simple hearts like that of his poor old mother. His resolution was often hardly tested. Often he would exclaim fiercely against 'detestable idolatries.' Often, on the appearance of some more than usually insincere episcopal manifesto, he would wish the Bishops and all their works dead as Etruscan soothsayers. But the other mood was the more prevalent. He spoke to me once with loathing of Renan's 'Vie de Jésus.' I asked if he thought a true life could be written. He said, 'Yes, certainly, if it were right to do it; but it is not.'

The Exodus, nevertheless, always lay before him as a thing that would have to be, if men were ever to recover their spiritual stature. 'The ancient mythologies and religions,' he says in his Journal, 'were merely religious readings of the History of Antiquity, genial apprehensions, and genial (that is, always *divine*) representations of the events of earthly life, such as occur yet, only that we have no geniality to take them up, nothing but stupidity to take them up with.'

All sorrows are included in that, the fountain of degradation for the modern man, who is thereby reduced to baseness in every department of his existence, and remains hopelessly captive and caitiff till that nightmare be lifted off him. Oh, ye Colleges of Ancient Art, Modern Art, High Art! oh, ye Priest Sanhedrims! ye Modern Colleges, Royal Academies, ye Greek Nightmares, and still worse Hebrew Nightmares, that press out the soul of poor England and poor Europe, when will you take flight, and let us have a little breath, think you? Exodus from Houndsditch, I believe, is the first beginning of such deliverance.

Almost forty years have passed since these words were written, and we still wait to be delivered. Nay, some think that we need no deliverance—*ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί.* The water of life is again flowing in the old fountains. It may be so. The Ark of the Church has been repainted and gilded and decorated, and with architecture and coloured windows, and choral services, and incense, and candlesticks, and symbolic uniforms for mystic officiators, seemingly the dying body has been electrified into a semblance of animation. Is this life or merely galvanism? There are other signs not favourable to the pretensions of the Church revivalists. The air has cleared. It is no longer a sin to say what one thinks, and power no longer weights the scale in favour of orthodoxy. Forty years ago the law said to a clergyman, 'You shall teach what the formulas prescribe, whether you believe it or not, and you shall stay at your post, even though you know that you disbelieve it; for you shall enter no other profession; you shall teach this, or you shall starve.' That is gone, and much else is gone. Men are allowed to think and speak as they will without being punished by social ostracism. Truth must stand henceforth by its own strength, and what is really incredible will cease to be believed. Very much of the change in this happy direction is due to Carlyle's influence; in this direction, and perhaps also in the other, for every serious man, of every shade of opinion, had to thank him for the loud trumpet notes which had awakened the age out of its sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

A.D. 1848–9. ÆT. 53–54.

Revolutions of February in Paris—Thoughts on Democracy—London Society—Macaulay—Sir Robert Peel—Chartist petition, April 10—Articles in the 'Examiner'—Paris battles in the streets—Emerson—Visit to Stonehenge—The Reaction in Europe—Death of the first Lord Ashburton, and of Charles Buller—Mazzini at Rome—King Hudson—Arthur Clough—First introduction to Carlyle—His appearance.

One or other of the subjects for a new book on which we saw Carlyle to be meditating would probably have been now selected, when suddenly, like a bolt out of the sky, came the Revolution of February 24 at Paris. The other nations of Europe followed suit, the kings, as Carlyle expressed it, 'running about like a gang of coiners when the police had come among them.' Ireland blazed out. English Chartists talked of 'physical force.' The air seemed charged with lightning, threatening the foundations of modern society. So extraordinary a phenomenon surprised Carlyle less than it surprised most of his contemporaries. It confirmed what he had been saying for many years. The universal dungheap had caught fire again. Imposture was bankrupt once more, and 'Shams' this time, it was to be hoped, would be finished off in earnest. He did not believe in immediate convulsion in England; but he did believe that, unless England took warning and mended her ways, her turn would come.

Journal.

March 4, 1848.—Third French insurrection. Louis Philippe flung out; he and his entire pack, with a kind of exquisite ignominy, 'driving off in a street cab,' the fraternity arriving here in slow detail, dribbling in for a week past, all the young men without their wives. Louis Philippe himself, the old scoundrel, is since Saturday night safe at Claremont; came to England in an old P-jacket, like King Crispin.

March 5.—Scheme of volume: *Democracy*. What one might have to say on it? (1) Inevitable now in all countries: regarded vulgarly as *the* solution. Reason why it cannot be so; something farther and ultimate. (2) Terrible disadvantage of the Talking Necessity; much to be said here. What this comes from. Properly an insincere character of mind. (3) Follows *deducible* out of that! *Howardism*. Regard every Abolition Principle man as your enemy, ye reformers. Let them insist not that punishment be abolished, but that it fall on the right heads. (4) *Fictions*, under which head come Cants, Phantasms, alas! Law, Gospel, Royalty itself. (5) Labour question. Necessity of government. Notion of voting to all is delirium. Only the vote of the wise is called for, of advantage even to the voter himself. Rapid and inevitable progress of anarchy. Want of bearing *rule* in all private departments of life. Melancholy remedy: 'Change as often as you like.' (6) Though men insincere, not all equally so. A great choice. How to know a sincere man. Be sincere yourself. Career open to talent. This actually is the conclusion of the whole matter.

Six things. It would make a volume. Shall I begin it? I am sick, lazy and dispirited.

The state of Europe was too interesting and too obscure to permit composure for writing. For the four months of that spring, the papers each morning announced some fresh convulsion, and the coolest thinkers could only look on and watch. When the Young Ireland deputation went to Paris to ask the Provisional Government to give a lift to the Irish Republic, war with France was at one moment on the cards. Ledru Rollin and the advanced sections, knowing that if peace continued they would have to

reckon with the reaction, were inclined to follow the example of 1793, and go in for a republican propagandism. Carlyle's general thoughts are expressed in an interesting letter to Erskine.

To Thomas Erskine, Linlathen.

Chelsea: March 24, 1848.

To us as to you this immense explosion of democracy in France, and from end to end of Europe, is very remarkable and full of interest. Certainly never in our time was there seen such a spectacle of history as we are now to look at and assist in. I call it very joyful; yet also unutterably sad. Joyful, inasmuch as we are taught again that all mortals do long towards justice and veracity; that no strongest charlatan, no cunningest fox of a Louis Philippe, with his great *Master* to help him, can found a habitation upon lies, or establish a 'throne of iniquity'—nay, that he cannot even attempt such a problem in these times any more; which we may take to be blessed news indeed, in the pass we were come to. But, on the other hand, how sad that the news *should* be so *new* (for that is really the vital point of the mischief); that all the world, in its protest against False Government, should find no remedy but that of rushing into No Government or anarchy (kinglessness), which I take this republican universal suffragism to inevitably be. Happily they are not disposed to fight, at least not with *swords*, just yet; but abundance of *fighting* (probably enough in all kinds) one does see in store for them; and long years and generations of weltering confusion, miserable to contemplate, before anything can be *settled* again. Hardly since the invasion of the wild Teutons and wreck of the old Roman Empire has there been so strange a Europe, all turned topsy turvy, as we now see. What was at the top has come, or is rapidly coming, to the *bottom*, where indeed, such was its intrinsic quality, it deserved this long while past to be.

All over London people are loud upon the French, Hôtel de Ville especially; censure universal, or light mockery; no recognition among us for what of merit those poor people have in their strange and perilous position at present. Right to hurl out Louis Philippe, most of us said or thought, but there I think our approval ended. The what next upon which the French had been thinking, none of our people will seriously ask themselves. I, in vain, strive to explain that this of the 'organisation of labour' is

precisely the question of questions for all governments whatsoever; that it vitally behoved the poor French Provisional to attempt a solution; that by their present implements and methods it seems impossible they should succeed; but that they, and what is better, all governments, must actually make some advance towards success and solve said question more and more, or disappear swiftly from the face of the earth without successors nominated. There seems to me only that alternative; and, however it may fare with the French, I calculate that we here at home shall profit inexpressibly by such an example, if we be wise to try the inevitable problem while it is yet *time*. In fact, I have a kind of notion to write a book about it, I myself; but I am not yet grown sufficiently *miserable* to set about it straightway. Fraternity, liberty, &c., I want to explain, is not the remedy at all; but true *government* by the wise, true, and noble-minded of the foolish, perverse, and dark, with or *against* their consent; which I discern to be the eternal law of the world, and a rugged and severe but most blessed law, terribly forgotten in the universal twaddle, insincerity, and cowardly sloth of these latter times. Peace! peace! when there is no peace? I have, in fact, a great many things to say, far too many; and my heart is as if half-dead, and has no wish to speak any more, but to lie *silent*, if so might be, till it sank into the Divine silence, and were then at rest. Courage, however!

London parties in an 'era of revolutions' were excited and exciting. The leading men came out with their opinions with less reserve. Carlyle had frequently met Macaulay in drawing-rooms; but they had rather avoided each other. He had been much struck, many years before, with the 'Essay on Milton;' indeed to the last he always spoke respectfully of Macaulay; but when two men of positive temperament hold views diametrically opposite, and neither can entertain even a suspicion that the other may accidentally be right, conversation between them is usually disagreeable. Thus they had not sought for any closer acquaintance, and common friends had not tried to bring them together. It happened now and then, however, that they were guests at the same table.

Journal.

March 14, 1848.—Friday last at Lord Mahon's to breakfast; Macaulay, Lord and Lady Ashley there, &c. Niagara of eloquent commonplace talk from Macaulay. 'Very good-natured man;' man cased in official mail of proof; stood my impatient fire-explosions with much patience, merely hissing a little steam up, and continued his Niagara—supply and demand; power ruinous to powerful himself; *im*possibility of Government doing more than keep the peace; suicidal distraction of new French republic, &c. Essentially irremediable, commonplace nature of the man; all that was in him now gone to the tongue; a squat, thickset, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty. These be thy gods, oh Israel! Ashley is very straight between the eyes—a bad form of physiognomy; otherwise a stately aristocratic-looking man.

A far more interesting meeting was with Sir Robert Peel, 'one of the few men in England whom Carlyle had any curiosity to see.' Peel had known him by sight since the present of 'Cromwell,' and had given him looks of recognition when they met in the streets. The Barings brought about a personal acquaintance, which increased till Peel's death. It began at a dinner at Bath House.

Journal.

March 27.—Went to the Peel enterprise; sate next Sir Robert—an evening not unpleasant to remember. Peel is a finely-made man of strong, not heavy, rather of elegant, stature; stands straight, head slightly thrown back, and eyelids modestly drooping; every way mild and gentle, yet with less of that fixed smile than the portraits give him. He is towards sixty, and, though not broken at all, carries, especially in his complexion, when you are *near* him, marks of that age: clear, strong blue eyes which kindle on occasion, voice extremely good, low-toned, something of *cooing* in it, rustic, affectionate, honest, mildly persuasive. Spoke about French Revolutions new and old; well read in all that; had seen General Dumouriez; reserved seemingly by nature, obtrudes nothing of *diplomatic* reserve. On the contrary, a vein of mild *fun* in him, real sensibility to the ludicrous, which feature I liked best of all. Nothing in that slight inspection seemed to promise better

in him than his laugh. 'Milnes *Ouvrier*,'[1] he said to M——, with an innocent archness, in allusion to our coming revolution. 'I reserves myself for the toolip' (for the mitre on the coach panel); so said a London rioter in the Reform Bill time, when a body of the rioters had been set to howl down the Lords in their coat-of-arms coaches. 'Why don't you shout?' cries one. 'No,' answered his neighbour, 'I reserves myself for the toolip.' They say this is a common story of Peel's. He told it very well, and one likes to see the grave politician taking hearty hold of such a thing. Shall I see the Premier again? I consider him by far our first public man—which indeed is saying little—and hope that England in these frightful times may still get some good of him.

N.B.—This night with Peel was the night in which Berlin city executed its last terrible battle (19th of March to Sunday morning the 20th, five o'clock). While we sate there the streets of Berlin city were all blazing with grapeshot and the war of enraged men. What is to become of all that? I have a book to write about it. Alas!

We hear of a great Chartist petition to be presented by 200,000 men. People here keep up their old foolish levity in speaking of these things; but considerate persons find them to be very grave; and indeed all, even the laughers, are in considerable secret alarm.

The Chartist petition and the once famous April 10, are now all but forgotten; the main points of the Charter having become law, with what advantage to those who threatened to fight for them they themselves can best tell. The day itself and what happened upon it are described by Carlyle in a letter to his wife, who had been carried off to Addiscombe again for change of air. He had been trying to set some of his thoughts on paper.

The history of all Europe (he had noted on April 5) is at present to me the saddest, though on the whole decisive and universal expulsion and ejection of the genus Sham King is less mournful, than quiescent composed satisfaction with said accursed genus, which used to be, and still is *here*, the general law. The future for all countries fills me with a kind of horror. I have been scribbling, scribble, scribble—alas! it will be long before that makes

[1] Albert *Ouvrier* was one of the famous ten members of the Provisional Government at Paris.

a book. Persist however. Anthony Sterling has sworn himself in as anti-Chartist special constable. All the people are swearing in, he says, and in considerable alarm about Monday next and the 200,000 processioning petitioners.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, at Addiscombe.

Chelsea: April 10, 1848.

The demon got me last night, for I could not sleep. . . . I have lived all day without speaking twenty words hitherto, a most shivering, dispirited, disgraceful kind of creature, and am more like an ancient Egyptian mummy at present than a modern living British man.

How can I tell you of the 'Revolution' in these circumstances? I did go out earlier than usual to see it, or at least all buttoned up, and decided to walk myself into a glow of heat—but—but the venomous cold wind began unexpectedly in Cadogan Place to spit rain, and I had no umbrella! At Burlington Arcade things had grown so questionable in that respect, I resolved to step in for a few minutes, which done I found the rain had commenced pouring, and I had nothing for it but to hail a Chelsea omnibus and come home again. Judge then whether I can tell you of the 'Revolution.' My sole knowledge of it is from my eyes in the above short distance, and from a kind of official individual, a 'Paisley lawyer bodie,' to whom I put three words of question and got an answer of inordinate length, indeed longer than I would take with the rain just beginning to be serious. Know, however, oh Goody! there is *no* revolution nor any like to be for some months or years yet; that the City of London is as safe and quiet as the farm of Addiscombe; and that empty rumours and 150,000 oaths of special constables is hitherto the sole amount of this adventure for us. Piccadilly itself, however, told us how frightened the people were. Directly at Hyde Park Corner one could see that there was something in the wind. Wellington had his iron blinds all accurately down; the Green Park was altogether shut, even the footpaths of it; the big gates of Constitution Hill; and in the inside there stood a score of mounted Guardsmen privately drawn up under the arch—dreadfully cold, I dare say. For the rest, not a single fashionable carriage was on the street; not a private vehicle, but, I think, two surgeons' broughams, all the way to Egyptian Hall; omnibuses running, a few street cabs, and even a mud cart or two; nothing else; the flag pavements also nearly vacant, not a fifth of

their usual population there, and those also of the strictly business kind; not a *gentleman* to be seen, hardly one or two of the sort called *gents*. 'Most mysterus!' Happily, however, the Paisley body explained it all to me. A meeting, some kind of meeting, had been allowed to take place at Kennington Common; but Feargus O'Connor had there warned the said meeting that there would and should be no 'procession,' but that everybody, under pain of broken crowns, must now make for home in a detached capacity; which, said the Paisley body, is at this time being peaceably done, and, continued he, the people of these streets are all gone to the New Road to, &c., &c., in hopes of seeing the 'procession' pass, and there is no 'procession!' And—— I started off here waving my adieus, and took shelter in Burlington Arcade. This is all I know about the No Revolution we have just sustained: and so may the Lord put an end to all cruel wars!

The book that was to be written could not take shape. He knew that he ought to say something, he the author of 'Chartism,' now that the world was turning upside down, and Chartism was actually moving. Foolish people, too, came about him, pressing for his opinions. From his account of the reception which he gave them, they were not likely to come a second time.

April 12, 11 P.M.

Oh, my dear, be sorry for me! I am nearly out of my wits. From three o'clock till now I have been in a tempest of twaddle. . . . Just when I was about escaping into solitude and a walk through the lanes, enter D—— and P——. To them R——, and a violent diatribe extorted from me about Chartisms—a most wearisome, wearing walk and talk. May the devil take that wretched mortal who never walks with me but for my sins! . . . In the evening came in poor E——, and shortly after the 'Ape,' and they are but gone this minute. May the devil confound it! I feel as if I had got enough for one day. . . . No wonder I am surly at people. The wonder is rather I do not shoot them. You wretched people! you cannot help me, you can only hinder me. Of you I must for ever petition in vain that you would simply not mind me at all, but fancy in your hearts I was a gray stone, and so leave me. . . . E—— was in the car along with Fear-

gus O'Connor and the other Chartists. Never, he says, in the world was there a more total irremediably ludicrous failure than that operation; seldom a viler cowardly scoundrel (according to E——) than that same Feargus as E—— there read him; and now the Moral Force Chartists (Lovett, Cooper, &c.) are to come out and—in short, the world, take it how we will, is mad enough.

Not seeing his way to a book upon Democracy, Carlyle wrote a good many newspaper articles this spring; chiefly in the 'Examiner' and the 'Spectator,' to deliver his soul. Even Fonblanque and Rintoul (the editors), friendly though they were to him, could not allow him his full swing. 'There is no established journal,' he said, 'that can stand my articles, no single one they would not blow the bottom out of.' More than ever he wished to have some periodical of his own, which would belong to no party, and where he could hit out all round.

We are going to have sore times in this country (he said), and the trade of governor will not long be possible as poor Lord John and the like of him are used to manage it. Our streets even here —what I never saw before—are getting encumbered with *Irish* beggars; and in the manufacturing districts, as I hear from people on the spot, there hardly ever was greater misery. Something does imperatively require to be *done*, and I want Lord John to know that, or go about his business as soon as he can.

The theory that the title of governments in this world is 'the consent of the governed' will lead by-and-by, if it lasts long enough, to very curious conclusions. As a theory it was held even in 1848 by speculative Liberal thinkers; but the old English temper was still dominant whenever there was necessity for action. Parliament was still able and willing to pass a Treason Felony Act through its three readings in one afternoon, and teach Chartists and Irish rebels that these islands were not to be swept into the Revolution. But that spirit, Carlyle saw, must abate with the development of Democracy. The will of the people, shifting and uncertain as the weather, would make

an end of authoritative action. And yet such a government as he desired to see could be the product only of revolution of another kind. He said often that the Roman Republic was allowed so long a day because on emergencies the constitution was suspended by a dictatorship. Dictatorships might end as they ended at Rome, in becoming perpetual—and to this he would not have objected, if the right man could be found; but he was alone in his opinion, and for the time it was useless to speak of such a mighty transformation scene.

The spring wore on, and the early summer came, and all eyes were watching, sometimes France and sometimes Ireland. Events followed swiftly in Paris. The government fell into the hands of the Party of Order, the moderate Republicans; and the workmen, who had been struggling for the 'organization of labour,' determined to fight for it. Out of this came the three tremendous days of June, the sternest battle ever fought in a modern city.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: July 7, 1848.

Doubtless you have been reading of these awful explosions in Paris, which interest everybody, and are indeed an alarming symptom of the misery of this poor time. To us the most interesting feature of all this is this General Cavaignac, who has had the command in that terrible business. He is the younger brother of the Cavaignac we loved much and were very intimate with here, while he lived. We often heard of him as a just and valiant and every way excellent man, whom his brother much loved; and, indeed, I believe him to be really such; which kind of character was certainly never more wanted than in the place he is now in. Perhaps no man in all the world could have had so cruel a duty laid upon him as that of cannonading and suppressing these wretched people, whom, we may say, his father and brother and all his kindred had devoted themselves to stirring up; but he saw it to be a *duty*, and he has bravely done it. I suppose he will get himself killed in the business one day, and indeed he appears privately to look

for nothing else. His poor old mother still lives; has now no child but him; has a strange history, indeed, to look back upon from the days of Robespierre all the way. It is very curious to me to think how the chiefs of these people, as Armand Marrast, Clément Thomas (late commander of the National Guards), used to sit and smoke a pipe with me in this quiet nook some years ago; and now Louis Philippe is out and *they* are in—not for ever either. 'The Wheel of Fortune,' as old Aunt Babbie's dream said—'the Wheel of Fortune,' 'one spake up and the other spake down!'

Emerson's curiosity had taken him to Paris in May, to see how Progress and Liberty were getting on. He had visited Oxford also, where he had been entertained at Oriel by my dear friend, Arthur Clough. He had breakfasted in Common Room, where several of us were struck by a likeness in his face to that of one once so familiar in the same spot, who had passed now into another fold—John Henry Newman. Figure and features were both like Newman's. He was like a ghost of Newman born into a new element. The Oxford visit over, Emerson went back to London to finish his lectures. I heard the last of them (at the Polytechnic, I think), and there first saw Carlyle, whom Clough pointed out to me. We were sitting close behind him, and I had no sight of his face; but I heard his loud, kindly, contemptuous laugh when the lecturer ended; for, indeed, what Emerson said was, in Carlyle's words, 'rather moonshiny.'

He was to sail for Boston in the week following. Before he left, he and Carlyle went on a small expedition together into Wiltshire, to look at Stonehenge—they two, the latest products of modern thought, and Stonehenge, the silent monument of an age all trace of which, save that one circle of stone, has perished. Emerson has told the story of this adventure in his 'English Notes.' Carlyle mentions it in his Journal, with a few notes on other things.

July 12, 1848.—Went with Emerson on Friday last to see Stonehenge. Saw it in a dim windy evening, very cold, and again on the morrow—windy sunny morning; a guide with us this last time. Trilithons of huge dimensions, mostly fallen, mostly, indeed, removed altogether; circular ditch outside, and huge stone sunk on the brow of it, very visible: inside that, remains of *four* circles; big one lintelled all round, then a lower one some six or nine feet from the former—an ellipse, or egg-shaped, this latter they say; then the biggest of all (separate trilithes); lastly, a small inmost circle of thin little upright stones, six or seven feet high, granite these last, and from Devonshire or *Kildare*, the others being a hard Wiltshire stone, seemingly bastard limestone. Barrows lie dumb all round, the plain itself vacant except of sheep, and dumb even as *Stone hang* itself is. Nobody in the least knows what, when, or how it could have been. Sad, not to say almost dismal, that night as the angry clouds heaped themselves in the wind: and we, wearied, bent homewards to our dismal inn, where was tea and not even milk with it, in the ancient town of Amesbury, sunk quite silent now, the great road (Exeter and London) having become a railway and left it.

Chartist concern, and Irish Repeal concern, and French Republic concern have all gone a bad way since the March entry—April 10 (immortal day already dead), day of Chartist monster petition; 200,000 special constables swore themselves in, &c., and Chartism came to nothing. Riots since, but the leaders all lodged in gaol, tried, imprisoned for two years, &c., and so ends Chartism for the present. Irish Mitchel, poor fellow! is now in Bermuda as a felon; letter from him, letter to him, letter to and from Lord Clarendon—was really sorry for poor Mitchel. But what help? French Republic *cannonaded* by General Cavaignac; a sad outlook there. The windbag of Lamartine quite burst in this manner—so many windbags still bursting and to burst. Gave Emerson a 'Wood's Athenæ;' parted with him in peace. A spiritual *son* of mine? Yes, in a good degree, but gone into philanthropy and other moonshine; for the rest, a dignified, serene, and amiable man of a certain indisputable natural faculty, whose friendliness to me in this world has been great.

The sun of freedom which had risen so augustly on February 24 had been swiftly clouded. Carlyle had not expected definite good from it, and ought not to have been

disappointed; yet he had not looked for a collapse so swift and so complete. He had thought that something would have been gained for poor mankind from such a break-down of sham governments. Europe had revolted against them, but the earthquake, alas! had been transient. The sham powers, temporal and spiritual, had been shaken in their seats; but the shock passed, and they had crept back again. Cant, insincerity, imposture, and practical injustice ruled once more in the name of order. He was not entirely cast down. He was still convinced that so wild a burst of passion must have meant something, and the 'something' in time would be seen; but the fog had settled back thick as before, probably for another long interval. Before two years were over, France saw Louis Napoleon and the Second Empire, with the Catholic Church supporting. French bayonets again propped up the Pope, who, in the strength of them, was to declare himself infallible. England rested contented with Laissez-faire and the 'Dismal Science.' In Ireland were famine and famine-fever; for remedy an Encumbered Estates Act; whole villages unroofed by fire or crowbar; two millions of the miserable people flying across the Atlantic with curses on the Anglo-Saxon in their mouths; the Anglo-Saxons themselves blessing Providence for ridding them so cheaply of the Irish difficulty. He saw clearly enough that there was no cure here for the diseases of which modern society was sick. Behind an order so restored could grow only the elements of mischief to come, and he was sickened at the self-satisfied complaisance with which the upper classes in England and everywhere welcomed the victory of the reaction. The day of reckoning would come whether they believed it or not, and the longer judgment was delayed the heavier it would be. They had another chance allowed them, that was all. Nor was he alone in such reflections. When the small German poten-

tates were restored again, Bunsen read at his breakfast table, in my presence, a letter from Professor Dahlmann, of which I remember this one sentence: 'The crowned heads have again the power in their hands. Let them look how they use it, or the next generation will read the fate of their dynasties on the tombstones of the last kings.'

What Carlyle could do or say it was not easy for him to decide. No advice of his would find attention in the existing humour. The turn which things were taking, the proved impotence of English Chartism especially, seem to justify the impatience with which practical politicians had hitherto listened to him. It would be a waste of words to go on denouncing 'shams' when 'shams' everywhere were receiving a new lease of life. He stayed in London through the summer, Mrs. Carlyle with him, but doing nothing. On August 10 he writes:—

May I mark this as the *nadir* of my spiritual course at present? Never till now was I so low—utterly dumb this long while, barren, undecided, wretched in mind. My right hand has altogether lost its cunning. Alas! and I have nothing other wherewith to defend myself against the world without, and keep it from overwhelming me, as it often threatens to do. Many things close at hand are other than happy for me just now; but that is no excuse. If my own energy desert me, I am indeed deserted. . . . The most popular character a man can have is that which he acquires by being offensive to nobody, soft and agreeable to everybody. All men will cordially praise him, and even in some measure love him if so. A fact worth some reflection: a fact which puts the popular judgment *out of court*, in individual moral matters. People praise or blame according as they themselves have fared softly or fared hardly in their intercourse with a man. And now who are '*they*'? Cowardly egoists, greedy slaves; servants of the Devil, for most part. Woe unto you if you treat them softly, if *they* fare well with you! Oliver Cromwell, for doing more of God's will than any man, has to lie under the curses of all men for 200 years. Consider and remember.

In all humours, light or heavy, he could count on the unshaken affection of his friends the Barings. A change

in this last year had passed over their worldly situation. The old Lord had died in May, and Mr. Baring was now Lord Ashburton.

He is a very worthy man (Carlyle wrote when the event happened), a very worthy man, as his father was, and I hope will do good in his day and generation, as at least he has a real desire to do. He is now immensely rich, but having no children, and for himself no silly vanity, I believe does not in the least rejoice at such a lot. Poor fellow! He looked miserably ill the day I called on him after his return from the sad scene; and though we did not speak of that, I found him thin and pale, and the picture of a sorrow which well became him. One could not but ask oneself again, thinking of 60,000*l.* a year, 'Alas! what *is* the use of it?'

In September there was to be a great gathering of distinguished persons at the Grange under its new ownership, and the Carlyles, as this year he had not gone to Scotland, were invited for a long autumn visit. He hesitated to join the brilliant circle. He had 'proved by experience that Marquises and Ministers did not differ from little people, except in the clothing and mounting.' He went, however, and his wife went with him. As usual, he kept his mother well informed of his condition.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

The Grange: September 8, 1848.

The first night I did not sleep. It was a strange thing to lie thinking of you all in the deep night here, and have Scotsbrig and the ever dear ones there all present in a place so foreign to them. Last night, however, I made a fair sleep, and to-day feel wonderfully well. I look out of my two big windows here (which are generally flung up) northward into deep masses of wood with avenues and greensward, all in beautiful sunshine and solitude; and silent, except for the twittering of some birds, and, occasionally, the caw of some distant rooks not yet quite fallen dumb. I could sit whole hours, if they would let me alone, and converse only with my own confused thoughts, and try to let them settle a little within me. . . . Charles Buller is here—a very cheerful

man to have beside one. The Lady's mother (the widow Lady Sandwich) is the only woman visitor except Jane. Lady Sandwich used to live always in Paris, till she was driven home by the late revolution; a brisk, talking, friendly, and rather entertaining character; has been very beautiful at one time. She has no other daughters left but this, and no son but one; plenty of money, and fair health; but, alas! *Nothing to do.* That is not a very easy life after all. For the present, too, we have a store of other Lords—Lansdowne, Auckland, Granville, with one or two official commoners. Alas! as Stephenson the engineer said, and as I often say, 'if it were not for the clothes, there would be little difference.' To say truth, I wish we were well home again; and yet I suppose it is useful to come abroad into such foreign circles now and then. Persons so very kind to us are not lightly to be refused.

To his brother he wrote also.

To John Carlyle.

The Grange: September 11, 1848.

As for one's life in this grand mansion, it is one of total idleness, and has in it scarcely anything one can call an event, even for a penny letter. It is a sumptuous elaborate *representation*, which has to be transacted seemingly for its own sake: no result attained by it, or hardly any, except the representation itself. To one like me, it would be frightful to live on such terms. We rise about eight. A valet, who waits here, is charged not to disturb me till half-past eight; but he comes whenever I ring, and that is almost always before the ultimate limit of time. Shaving, bathing, dressing, all deliberately done, last three-quarters of an hour. I have an excellent and airy room, *two* rooms, if I needed, with three windows looking out into the woods and lawns, which are very pretty; a large old-fashioned bed with curtains, which latter is a rare blessing; and a degree of quietness which cannot be surpassed. Were it not for the unwholesome diet, which I try to mend and manage, one might sleep to perfection here. Sleep, in fact, is one's best employment at present. Before nine we are out, most of us, I eastward into a big portico that looks over lake and hillside towards the rising sun, where among the bushes I have a pipe lodged, which I light and smoke, sauntering up and down, joined by Jane if she can manage it, much to my satisfaction. Jane lodges some doors from me, also in two pretty rooms. Breakfast is at half-past nine, where are infinite flunkeys, cates, condiments—very super-

fluous to me, with much 'making of wits,' and not always a very great allowance of grave reason. That ends in about an hour. From that till two, I continue trying to keep private to my own room, but do not always succeed. To go down into the drawing-room is to get into the general whirl. After luncheon, all go for exercise, the women to drive, the men to ride.

The tide of guests ebbed and flowed and ebbed again; occasionally even the host and hostess were absent for a day or two, and the Carlyles were left alone 'in the vast establishment,' as 'in some Hall of the Past,' with horses, carriages, and all at their disposal. 'Strange quarters for the like of them!' he observed. He would not waste his time entirely, and used it to study the habits of the Hampshire peasantry, to amuse his mother with an account of them.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

The Grange: September 29, 1848.

The people here seem to me much less hardworked than in the North. They are very ill off, I believe, if their landlords did not help them; but seem to require much more to make them *well* off than Scotch people do. Their cottages are mostly very clean, with trees about them, flower-bushes into the very windows, and a trim road, paved with bricks, leading out from them to the public way. The ploughmen, or farm-servants generally, go about girt in buckskin leggings from toe to midthigh, 'gey firm about the feet;' rags are seen nowhere; nor, I suppose, does *want* anywhere do other than come upon the parish and have itself supplied. The gentry, I imagine, take a great deal more pains with their dependents than ours do. For the rest, the tillage is all more or less sluttish, thistles abounding, turnips sown broadcast, bad fences, abundance of waste ground, and, in particular, such a quantity of roads and foot and bridle paths as fills a Scotchman with astonishment. I do believe there is something like *ten* times as much ground occupied that way as there is with us. Nay, it seems virtually the rule, which I now act upon like the others, that you can *ride* in any direction whatsoever at your own pleasure, and nobody dreams of finding fault with you. There are walks and rides, green and red, I think twenty miles long, in the park, and solitary as if you were in the heart of America.

The motive which tempted Carlyle to linger so long in these scenes and return so often to them, is not very easy to find. It was certainly not the honour of the thing. He had a genuine regard for the Barings, and was indebted to them for a good deal of kindness; but neither regard nor gratitude required so constant a sacrifice. It was not pleasure, as is shown by the notes which were entered in his Journal.

October 16.—Returned Thursday gone a week from a long visit (five weeks all but a day) to the Grange. Plenty of high company there, coming and going; friendliness of all and sundry to us extreme. Feelings, nevertheless, altogether unfortunate, generally painful, and requiring to be kept *silent*. Idle I throughout as a dry bone; never spent five lonelier, idler weeks. If not in their loneliness, there was no good in them at all. But it was notable what strange old *reminiscences* and secret elegiac thoughts of various kinds went on within me; wild and wondrous; from my earliest days even till then, in that new foreign element I had got into. Nor is there any *work* yet. Ah! no! none! What will become of me? I am growing old; I am grown old. My next book must be that of an old man, and I am not yet got into that dialect. Again and again I ask myself: Wilt thou never work more then? and the answer is a mere groan of misery, and also of cowardliness and laziness. Heaven help me! But how can *it* when I do not help myself?

He was trying to write something. He says in a letter at this time 'that he was doing a little every day, though to small purpose.' In the way of visible occupation I find only that he was reading Fichte, with small satisfaction, the 'Ich' and 'Nicht Ich' 'proving shadowy concerns.' John Carlyle amused him with a story of his mother, whose mode of treating impertinence seems to have been not unlike her son's.

Jack made us merry last night (he wrote to her in November) with that flat-soled hero-worshipper and your reception of him. 'The mother of Thomas Carlyle?' 'Yes.' 'Born where?' 'Ecclefechan.' He said no fastidious duchess could have done the

poor blockhead better than you by the simple force of nature and practical desire to get rid of idle babble. Such people often enough come staggering about in here, and require to be managed in somewhat the same way.

Charles Buller had been at the party at the Grange, brilliant as usual. In this winter he suddenly died through the blundering of an unskilful surgeon. Buller was one of the few real friends that Carlyle had left in the world, and was cut off in this sudden way just when the highest political distinctions were coming within his reach. His witty humour had for a time made his prospects doubtful. The House of Commons likes to be amused, but does not raise its jesters into Cabinets. Buller said he owed his success to Peel. He had been going on in his usual way one night when Peel said, 'If the honourable member for Liskeard will cease for a moment from making a buffoon of himself, I will, &c.' For these sharp words Buller was for ever grateful to Peel. He achieved afterwards the highest kind of Parliamentary reputation. A great career had opened before him, and now it was ended. Carlyle felt his loss deeply. He wrote a most beautiful elegy, which was published in the 'Examiner' in time for Buller's poor mother to read it. Then she died, too, of pure grief. Her husband had gone before, and the family with whom Carlyle had once been so intimately connected came to an end together. It was a sad season altogether.

Journal.

December 14, 1848.—Surely a time will come for me once more! I understand this long while what the old romancers meant by a knight being enchanted. That is precisely my own condition—unable to stir myself, writhing with hand and foot glued together, under a load of contemptible miseries. Often, very often, I think, 'Would the human species universally be but so kind as to leave me altogether alone!' I mean to hurt nobody, I; and the hurt that others (involuntarily for most part) do me is incalculable. But these are shallow impatiences. The thought is froward and un-

just. The good souls that still love me, even while they l... distress me, can I wish them deliberately away from me ... never! The fault, I discern, always will at length be fou... own.

In certain conditions of bodily health the daintiest fo... is nauseous. It is the same, or nearly so, with the mind, and this perhaps may explain the impatient passage which follows. Yet he must have read again what he had written, and had not erased the words, which must be supposed therefore to represent his real opinion.

December 29, 1848.—It seems as if all things were combining against me to hinder any book or free deliverance of myself I might have in view at present. We shall see. Milnes has written this year a book on *Keats*. This remark to make on it: 'An attempt to make us eat dead dog by exquisite currying and cooking.' Won't eat it. A truly unwise little book. The kind of man that Keats was gets ever more horrible to me. Force of hunger for pleasure of every kind, and want of all other force—that is a combination! Such a structure of soul, it would once have been very evident, was a chosen 'Vessel of Hell;' and truly, for ever there is justice in that feeling. At present we try to love and pity, and even worship, such a soul, and find the task rather easy, in our own souls there being enough of similarity. Away with it! There is perhaps no clearer evidence of our universal *immorality* and cowardly untruth than even in such sympathies.

The winter went by with no work accomplished or begun, beyond the revising 'Cromwell' for a third edition, as it was still selling rapidly. 'I find the book is well liked,' he could say, 'and silently making its way into the heart of the country, which is a result I am very thankful for.'

The book had been too well liked, indeed; for it had created a set of enthusiastic admirers who wanted now to have a statue of the great Protector, or, at least, some public memorial of him. Carlyle was of Cato's opinion in that matter. He preferred that men should rather ask where Oliver's statue was than see it as one of the anomalous

images which are scattered over the metropolis. He was asked to give his sanction.

The people (he wrote to his mother) having subscribed 25,000*l.* for a memorial to an ugly bullock of a Hudson, who did not even pretend to have any merit except that of being suddenly rich, and who is now discovered to be little other than at heart a horse-coper and dishonest fellow, I think they ought to leave Cromwell alone of their memorials, and try to honour him in some more profitable way—by learning to be honest men like him, for example. But we shall see what comes of all this Cromwell work—a thing not without value either.

When he was least occupied his Notebook is fullest, throwing light into the inmost parts of him.

Journal.

April 26, 1849.—Little done hitherto—nothing definite done at all. What other book will follow? That is ever the question, and hitherto the unanswered one. Silent hitherto, not from having nothing to say, but from having *all*—a whole world to say at once. I am weak too—forlorn, bewildered, and nigh *lost*—too weak for my place, I too. Article in the 'Spectator' about *Peel and Ireland;* very cruel upon Russell, commanding him to get about his business for ever. Was written very ill, but really to satisfy my conscience in some measure. . . . My voice sounds to me like a One Voice in the world, too frightful to me, with a heart so sick and a head growing grey! I say often *Was thut's? Be silent then!* all which I know is very weak. Louis Blanc was twice here—a pretty little miniature of a man, well shaped, long black head, brown skin; every way French aspect: quick, twinkling, earnest black eyes; a smallish, melodious voice, which rather quavers in its tones; free, lively, ingenious utterance, full of friendliness, transparency, logical definiteness, and seeming good faith; not much vanity either; a good little creature, to whom, deeply as I dissented from him, I could not help wishing heartily well. 'Literary world' (bless the mark!) much occupied of late with 'Macaulay's History,' the most popular history book ever written. Fourth edition already, within, perhaps, four months. Book to which four hundred editions could not lend any permanent value, there being no depth of sense in it at all, and a

very great quantity of rhetorical wind and other temporary ingredients, which are the reverse of sense.

Pio Nono was not yet upon his throne again. Rome was held by the Triumvirs—Mazzini in brief triumph, and unable to believe that the glories of 1848 were absolutely to disappear. In Rome and Hungary the revolution was still struggling, though to most eyes the inevitable end had long been apparent. Carlyle had loved Mazzini well, but had never believed in him. He was now watching his fortunes with anxious interest. His mother, he knew, would be pleased to hear of any brave man in death-grapple with the old Antichrist.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: May, 1849.

Yesterday there came a certain Italian political character, one Marioni, who has come hither from Rome to negotiate about the poor Roman Republic and its many troubles. Mazzini had given him a card for Jane. I talked a long time with him; found him a rational, sincere-looking man. All people, he says, are clear against readmitting the Pope to temporal rule at Rome, and will fight violently before they be constrained to it. Nobody knows which way the French and others will settle that beggarly *bankruptcy* of impotence. To settle it well will exceed the power of all of them united, I believe. Mazzini, an old friend of ours, and one of the most zealous, pious-minded men I know, is one of the three Kings of Rome just now, and I suppose is the most resolute of them all. He lives in the Pope's palace at present. The other day he was in a poor house somewhere here, which seems a change when one reflects on it. Louis Napoleon, too, I have often seen in these streets driving his cabriolet; once I dined where he was, and talked a good deal to him—no great promotion for a man at that time. Alas! it is conjectured, too, that such a time may very easily return; that Louis Napoleon is very likely to drive cabriolets here again, poor fellow! The world is grown a much madder place than it ever was before. In fact, ruin has come upon all manner of supremely deceptive persons. The day of trouble for supreme quacks everywhere *has* arrived; for which should we not all thank the Righteous Judge?

Journal.

May 17, 1849.—Mazzini busy at Rome resisting the French, resisting all people that attack his 'Repubblica Romana,' standing on his guard against all the world. Poor Mazzini! If he *could* stand there in Rome, in sight of all Italy, and practically defy the whole world for a while, and fight till Rome was ashes and ruin, and end by blowing himself and his assailants up in the last strong post, and so yielding only with life, he might rouse the whole Italian nation into such a rage as it has not known for many centuries; and this might be the means of shaking out of the Italian mind a very foul precipitate indeed. Perhaps that is really what he was worth in this world. Strange, providential-looking, and leading to many thoughts—how, of all the immense nonsense that lay in this brave man, the one element of noble perennial truth that pervaded him wholly withal is at length laid hold of by the upper powers of this universe, and turned to the use that was in it. Whatsoever good we have, the gods know it well, and will know what to make of it in due season. Mazzini came much about us here for many years, patronised by my wife; to me very wearisome, with his incoherent Jacobinisms, George-Sandisms, in spite of all my love and regard for him; a beautiful little man, full of sensibilities, of melodies, of clear intelligence, and noble virtues. He had found Volney, &c., in a drawer in his father's library while a boy, and had read and read, recognising a whole new promised land illuminated with suns and volcanoes. Father was a physician in Genoa. He, forced to be a lawyer, turned himself into Young Italy, and, after many sad adventures, is *there*. What *will* become of him? we ask daily with a real interest. A small, square-headed, bright-eyed, swift, yet still, Ligurian figure; beautiful, and merciful, and fierce; as pretty a little man when I first saw him, eight or nine years ago, as had ever come before me. True as steel, the word the thought of him pure and limpid as water; by nature a little lyrical poet; plenty of quiet fun in him, too, and wild emotion, rising to the *shrill* key, with all that lies between these two extremes. His trade, however, was not to write verses. Shall we ever see him more?

Under the same date in the Journal also is a notice of a contrasting figure—one of whom, as long as he had been successful, the English world had thought as well as it had thought ill of poor Mazzini.

King Hudson flung utterly prostrate, detected 'cooking accounts;' everybody kicking him through the mire. To me and to quiet onlookers he has not changed at all. He is merely detected to me what we always understood he was. The rage of fellow-gamblers, now when he has merely lost the game for them, and ceased to swindle with impunity, seems to us a very baseless thing. One sordid, hungry *canaille* are they all. Why should this, the chief terrier among them, be set upon by all the dog fraternity? One feels a real human pity for the ugly Hudson. T. Spedding the other night was describing to us the late figure of H.'s private life, as S. himself and others had observed it. Overwhelmed with business, yet superadding to it ostentatious and high-flown amusements, balls at great country houses fifty miles off, &c., &c. With early morning he was gone from Newby Park, and his guests off by express trains over all the island; returned weary on the edge of dinner, then first met his guests, drank largely of champagne, with other wines; 'ate nothing at all, hardly an ounce of solid food;' then tumbled into bed, worn out with business and madness. That was the late daily history of the man. Oh, Mammon! art thou not a hard god? It is now doubtful whether poor Hudson will even have any money left. Perhaps that would be a real benefit to him. His brother-in-law has drowned himself at York. What a world this ever is! full of Nemesis, ruled by the Supernal, rebelled in by the Infernal, with prophetic tragedies as of old. Murderer Rush, Jermy's natural brother! To pious men, he too might have seemed one of the fated. No son of Atreus had more authentically a doom of the gods. The old laws are still alive. Even railway scrip is subject to them.

Ireland, of all the topics on which he had meditated writing, remained painfully fascinating. He had looked at the beggarly scene, he had seen the blighted fields, the ragged misery of the wretched race who were suffering for others' sins as well as for their own. Since that brief visit of his the famine had been followed by the famine-fever, and the flight of millions from a land which was smitten with a curse. Those ardent young men with whom he had dined at Dundrum were working as felons in the docks at Bermuda. Gavan Duffy, after a near escape from the

same fate, had been a guest in Cheyne Row; and the story which he had to tell of cabins torn down by crowbars, and shivering families, turned out of their miserable homes, dying in the ditches by the roadside, had touched Carlyle to the very heart. He was furious at the economical commonplaces with which England was consoling itself. He regarded Ireland as 'the breaking-point of the huge suppuration which all British and all European society then was.' He determined to see it again, look at it further and more fully, 'that ragged body of a diseased soul,' and then write something about it which might move his country into a better sense of its obligations. So earnest he was that he struggled seriously to find some plainer form of speech, better suited to the world's comprehension, which they might read, not to wonder at, but to take to their hearts for practical guidance.

Often in my sleep (he says) I have made long passages and screeds of composition in the most excellent approved commonplace style. I wish I could do it awake; I could then write many things—fill all newspapers with my writing. The dream seems to say the talent is in me, as I suppose it sure enough to be; but the *knack* is wanting, and will perhaps for ever be. All talents, specific aptitudes of a handicraft—nay, worse, all outlines of learning (so called), which I once had are gradually melting into the vague, and threatening to leave me—a wild sea surely, and a lonesome voyage surely! 'ware ahead!

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: May 26, 1849.

We have beautiful warm weather now; we are tolerably well in health, too, all of us. Both Jane and I go grumbling on as usual, not worse than usual. I am thinking rather seriously of getting out into the country as soon as the weather grows too hot. A tour of a week or two in Ireland has often been in my head of late; some kind of tour which would take me away from the noise of this Babylon while the pavements are so hot and so crowded. . . . I do not expect to find much new knowledge in Ireland if I go; but much that I have lying in me to say might perhaps

get nearer to some way of utterance if I were looking face to face upon the ruin and wretchedness that is prevalent there; for that seems to me the spot in our dominions where the *bottomless gulf* has broken out, and all the lies and delusions that lie hidden and open in us have come to this definite and practical issue there. 'They that sow the wind, they shall reap the whirlwind;' that was from of old the law.

It was while Carlyle was preparing for this Irish tour that I myself became first personally acquainted with him. He had heard of me from Arthur Clough, who left Oxford when I left it. We had felt, both of us, that, thinking as we did, we were out of place in an Article-signing University, and we had resigned our Fellowships. Of Clough Carlyle had formed the very highest opinion, as no one who knew him could fail to do. His pure beautiful character, his genial humour, his perfect truthfulness, alike of heart and intellect—an integrity which had led him to sacrifice a distinguished position and brilliant prospects, and had brought him to London to gather a living as he could from under the hoofs of the horses in the streets—these together had recommended Clough to Carlyle as a diamond sifted out of the general rubbish-heap. Of me, with good reason, he was inclined to think far less favourably. I had written something, not wisely, in which heterodoxy was flavoured with the sentimentalism which he so intensely detested. He had said of me that I ought to burn my own smoke, and not trouble other people's nostrils with it. Nevertheless, he was willing to see what I was like. James Spedding took me down to Cheyne Row one evening in the middle of June. We found him sitting after dinner, with his pipe, in the small flagged court between the house and the garden. He was studying without much satisfaction the Life of St. Patrick by Jocelyn of Ferns in the 'Acta Sanctorum.' He was trying to form a notion of what Ireland had been like before

Danes or Saxons had meddled with it, when it was said to have been the chosen home of learning and piety, and had sent out missionaries to convert Northern Europe. His author was not assisting him. The life of St. Patrick as given by Jocelyn is as much a biography of a real man as the story of Jack the Giant-killer. When we arrived Carlyle had just been reading how an Irish marauder had stolen a goat and eaten it, and the Saint had convicted him by making the goat bleat in his stomach. He spoke of it with rough disgust; and then we talked of Ireland generally, of which I had some local knowledge.

He was then fifty-four years old; tall (about five feet eleven), thin, but at that time upright, with no signs of the later stoop. His body was angular, his face beardless, such as it is represented in Woolner's medallion, which is by far the best likeness of him in the days of his strength. His head was extremely long, with the chin thrust forward; the neck was thin; the mouth firmly closed, the under lip slightly projecting; the hair grizzled and thick and bushy. His eyes, which grew lighter with age, were then of a deep violet, with fire burning at the bottom of them, which flashed out at the least excitement. The face was altogether more striking, most impressive every way. And I did not admire him the less because he treated me—I cannot say unkindly, but shortly and sternly. I saw then what I saw ever after—that no one need look for conventional politeness from Carlyle—he would hear the exact truth from him, and nothing else.

We went afterwards into the dining-room, where Mrs. Carlyle gave us tea. Her features were not regular, but I thought I had never seen a more interesting-looking woman. Her hair was raven black, her eyes dark, soft, sad, with dangerous light in them. Carlyle's talk was rich, full, and scornful; hers delicately mocking. She was fond of Spedding, and kept up a quick, sparkling con-

versation with him, telling stories at her husband's expense, at which he laughed himself as heartily as we did.

It struck me then, and I found always afterwards, that false sentiment, insincerity, cant of any kind would find no quarter, either from wife or husband; and that one must speak truth only, and, if possible, think truth only, if one wished to be admitted into that house on terms of friendship. They told me that I might come again. I did not then live in London, and had few opportunities; but if the chance offered, I never missed it.

THOMAS CARLYLE

VOL. II.

THOMAS CARLYLE

A HISTORY OF HIS LIFE IN LONDON

1834–1881

BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

HONORARY FELLOW OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

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LIFE IN LONDON.

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CARLYLE'S purpose of writing a book on Ireland was not to be fulfilled. He went thither. He travelled through the four provinces. After his return he jotted down a hurried account of his experiences; but that was all the contribution which he was able to make for the solution of a problem which he found at once too easy and too hopeless. Ireland is an enchanted country. There is a land ready, as any land ever was, to answer to cultivation. There is a people ready to cultivate it, to thrive, and cover the surface of it with happy, prosperous homes, if ruled, like other nations, by methods which suit their temperament. If the Anglo-Saxons had set about governing Ireland with the singleness of aim with which they govern India or build their own railways, a few seasons at any

time would have seen the end of its misery and discontent. But the Anglo-Saxons have never approached Ireland in any such spirit. They have had the welfare of Ireland on their lips. In their hearts they have thought only of England's welfare, or of what in some narrow prejudice they deemed to be such, of England's religious interests, commercial interests, political interests. So it was when Henry II. set up Popery there. So it was when Elizabeth set up the Protestant Establishment there. So it is now when the leaders of the English Liberals again destroy that Establishment to secure the Irish votes to their party in Parliament. The curse which has made that wretched island the world's by-word is not in Ireland in itself, but in the inability of its conquerors to recognise that, if they take away a nation's liberty, they may not use it as the plaything of their own selfishness or their own factions. For seven hundred years they have followed on the same lines: the principle the same, however opposite the action. As it was in the days of Strongbow, so it is to-day; and 'healing measures,' ushered in no matter with what pomp of eloquence or parade of justice, remain, and will remain, a mockery. Carlyle soon saw how it was. To write on Ireland, as if a remedy could be found there, while the poisonous fountain still flowed at Westminster unpurified, would be labour vain as spinning ropes of moonshine. He noted down what he had seen, and then dismissed the unhappy subject from his mind; giving his manuscript to a friend as something of which he desired to hear no more for ever. It was published after his death, and the briefest summary of what to himself had no value is all that need concern us here. He left London on the 30th of June in a Dublin steamboat. He could sleep sound at sea, and therefore preferred 'long sea' to land when the choice was offered him. Running past the Isle of Wight, he saw in the distance Sterling's

house at Ventnor; he saw Plymouth, Falmouth, the Land's End. Then, crossing St. George's Channel, he came on the Irish coast at Wexford, where the chief scenes of the Rebellion of 1798 stand clear against the sky.

I thought (he writes) of the battle of Vinegar Hill, but not with interest; with sorrow, rather, and contempt; one of the ten times ten thousand futile, fruitless battles this brawling, unreasonable people has fought; the saddest of distinctions to them among peoples.

At Dublin he met Gavan Duffy again; stayed several days; saw various notabilities—Petrie, the antiquarian, among others, whose high merit he at once recognised; declined an invitation from the Viceroy, and on the 8th (a Sunday), Dublin and the neighbourhood being done with, he started for the south. Kildare was his first stage.

Kildare, as I entered it, looked worse and worse—one of the wretchedest wild villages I ever saw, and full of ragged beggars: exotic, altogether like a village in Dahomey, man and church both. Knots of worshipping people hung about the streets, and everywhere round them hovered a harpy swarm of clamorous mendicants—men, women, children; a village winged, as if a flight of harpies had alighted on it. Here for the first time was Irish beggary itself.

In the railway 'a big blockhead sate with his dirty feet on seat opposite, not stirring them for Carlyle, who wanted to sit there.' 'One thing we're all agreed on,' said he. 'We're very ill governed—Whig, Tory, Radical, Repealer, all admit we're very ill governed.' Carlyle thought to himself, 'Yes, indeed. You govern yourself. He that would govern you well would probably surprise you much, my friend, laying a hearty horsewhip on that back of yours.'

Owing to the magic companionship of Mr. Duffy, he met and talked freely with priests and patriots. Lord

Monteagle's introductions secured him attention from the Anglo-Irish gentry. He was entertained at the Castle at Lismore, saw Waterford, Youghal, Castlemartyr, and then Cork, where he encountered 'one of the two sons of Adam who, sixteen years before, had encouraged Fraser, the bookseller, to go on with "Teufelsdröckh,"' a priest, a Father O'Shea, to whom for this at least he was grateful.

Killarney was the next stage; beauty and squalor there, as everywhere, sadly linked to one another. Near Killarney he stayed with Sir —— and his interesting wife; good people, but strong upholders of the Anglo-Irish Church, which, however great its merits otherwise, had made little of missionary work among the Catholic Celts. He wished well to all English institutions in Ireland, but he had a fixed conviction that the Anglo-Catholic Church at least, both there and everywhere, was unequal to its work. He went with his friends to the 'service,' which was 'decently performed.'

I felt (he says) how English Protestants, or the sons of such, might with zealous affection like to assemble here once a week and remind themselves of English purities and decencies and Gospel ordinances, in the midst of a black, howling Babel of superstitious savagery, like Hebrews sitting by the streams of Babylon. But I felt more clearly than ever how impossible it was that an extraneous son of Adam, first seized by the terrible conviction that he had a soul to be saved or damned, that he must read the riddle of this universe or go to perdition everlasting, could for a moment think of taking this respectable 'performance' as the solution of the mystery for him. Oh heavens! never in this world! Weep by the stream of Babel, decent, clean English Irish; weep, for there is cause, till you can do something better than weep; but expect no Babylonian or any other mortal to concern himself with that affair of yours. . . . No sadder truth presses itself upon me than the necessity there will soon be, and the call there everywhere already is, to quit these old rubrics and give up these empty performances altogether. All religions that I fell in with in Ireland seemed to me too irreligious: really, in sad truth, doing mischief to the people instead of good.

Limerick, Clare, Lough Derg on the Shannon, Galway, Castlebar, Westport—these were the successive points of the journey. At Westport was a workhouse and 'human swinery at its acme;' 30,000 paupers out of a population of 60,000; 'an abomination of desolation.' Thence, through the dreariest parts of Mayo, he drove on to Ballina, where he found Forster, of Rawdon, waiting for him—W. E. Forster, then young and earnest, and eager to master in Carlyle's company the enigma which he took in hand as Chief Secretary three years ago (1881, &c.), with what success the world by this time knows. Carlyle, at least, is not responsible for the failure, certain as mathematics, of the Irish Land Act. Forster perhaps discovered at the time that he would find little to suit him in Carlyle's views of the matter. They soon parted. Carlyle hastened on to Donegal to see a remarkable experiment which was then being attempted there. Lord George Hill was endeavouring to show at Gweedore that, with proper resources of intellect, energy, and money wisely expended, a section of Ireland could be lifted out of its misery even under the existing conditions of English administration.

His distinct conclusion was that this too, like all else of the kind, was building a house out of sand. He went to Gweedore; he stayed with Lord George; he saw all that he was doing or trying to do, and he perceived, with a clearness which the event has justified, that the persuasive charitable method of raising lost men out of the dirt and leading them of their own accord into the ways that they should go, was, in Ireland at least, doomed to fail from the beginning.

I had to repeat often to Lord George (he says), to which he could not refuse essential consent, his is the largest attempt at benevolence and beneficence on the modern system (the emancipation, all for liberty, abolition of capital punishment, roast goose

at Christmas system) ever seen by me or like to be seen. Alas! how can it prosper, except to the soul of the noble man himself who earnestly tries it and works at it, making himself a slave to it these seventeen years?

It would be interesting to compare Carlyle's tour, or any modern tour, in Ireland, with Arthur Young's, something over a hundred years ago—before Grattan's constitution, the Volunteers, the glorious liberties of 1782, Catholic emancipation, and the rest that has followed. Carlyle found but one Lord George Hill hopelessly struggling with impossibilities; Arthur Young found not one, but many peers and gentlemen working effectively in the face of English discouragement: draining, planting, building, making large districts, now all 'gone back to bog' again, habitable by human beings, and successfully accomplishing at least a part of the work which they were set to do. All that is not waste and wilderness in Ireland is really the work of these poor men.

From Gweedore to Derry was an easy journey. There his travels were to end; he was to find a steamer which would take him to Scotland. Five weeks had passed since he landed. On August 6 he met at breakfast a company of Derry citizens, who had come to hear the impression which these weeks had left upon him.

Emphatic talk to them, far too emphatic: human nerves being worn out with exasperation. Remedy for Ireland? To cease generally from following the Devil! No other remedy that I know of. One general life element of humbug these two centuries. And now it has fallen *bankrupt*. This universe, my worthy brothers, has its laws, terrible as death and judgment if we 'cant' ourselves away from following them. Land tenure? What is a landlord at this moment in any country if Rhadamanthus looked at him? What is an Archbishop? Alas! what is a Queen? What is a British specimen of the genus homo in these generations? A bundle of hearsays and authentic appetites—a canaille whom the gods are about to chastise and to extinguish if he cannot alter himself, &c.

Derry aristocrats behaved very well under all this. Not a pleasant breakfast; but, oh! it is the last.

This was Monday, August 6. On the 7th, Carlyle was in his own land again, having left the 'huge suppuration' to suppurate more and more till it burst, he feeling that any true speech upon it would be like speaking to the deaf winds. On reaching Scotsbrig, he exclaimed:

Thank Heaven for the sight of real human industry, with human fruits from it, once more. The sight of fenced fields, weeded crops, and human creatures with whole clothes on their back—it was as if one had got into spring water out of dunghill puddles.

His wife had meanwhile gone to Scotland on her own account. She had spent three singularly interesting days at Haddington (which she has herself described [1]), where she wandered like a returned spirit about the home of her childhood. She had gone thence to her relations at Auchtertool, in Fife, and was there staying when her husband was at Gweedore. A characteristic letter of hers survives, written thence, which must have been omitted by accident in Carlyle's collection. It was to her brother-in-law John, and is in her liveliest style. John's translation of Dante's 'Inferno' was just out, and the family were busy reading it and talking about it.

To John Carlyle.

Auchtertool Manse: July 27, 1849.

We had been talking about you, and had sunk silent. Suddenly my uncle turned his head to me and said, shaking it gravely, 'He has made an awesome plooster o' that place.' 'Who? what place, uncle?' 'Whew! the place ye'll maybe gang to if ye dinna tak' care.' I really believe he considers all those circles of your invention.

Walter [2] performed the marriage service over a couple of colliers the day after I came. I happened to be in his study when they came in, and asked leave to remain. The man was a good-looking man enough, dreadfully agitated, partly with the business

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii., p. 55. [2] A cousin just ordained.

he was come on, partly with drink. He had evidently taken a glass too much to keep his heart up. The girl had one very large inflamed eye and one little one, which looked perfectly composed, while the large eye stared wildly and had a tear in it. Walter married them very well indeed; and his affecting words, together with the bridegroom's pale, excited face, and the bride's ugliness, and the poverty, penury, and want imprinted on the whole business, and above all fellow-feeling with the poor wretches then rushing on their fate—all that so overcame me that I fell crying as desperately as if I had been getting married to the collier myself, and, when the ceremony was over, extended my hand to the unfortunates, and actually (in such an enthusiasm of pity did I find myself) I presented the new husband with a snuff-box which I happened to have in my hand, being just about presenting it to Walter when the creatures came in. This unexpected *Himmelsendung* finished turning the man's head; he wrung my hand over and over, leaving his mark for some hours after, and ended his grateful speeches with 'Oh, Miss! Oh, Liddy! may ye hae mair comfort and pleasure in your life than ever you have had yet!' which might easily be.

Carlyle stayed quiet at Scotsbrig, meditating on the break-down of the proposed Irish book, and uncertain what he should turn to instead. He had promised to join the Ashburtons in the course of the autumn at a Highland shooting-box. Shooting parties were out of his line altogether, but perhaps he did not object to seeing for once what such a thing was like. Scotsbrig, too, was not agreeing with him.

Last night (he says in a letter thence) I awoke at three, and made nothing more of it, owing to cocks and other blessed fellow-inhabitants of this planet, not all of whom are friendly to me, I perceive. In fact, this planet was not wholly made for me, but for me and others, including cocks, unclean things many, and even the Devil; that is the real secret of it. Alas! a human creature with these particularities in mere sleep, not to speak of any others, is he not a creature to be prayed for?

He remained there till the end of August, and then started on his expedition. Glen Truim, to which he was

bound, was in the far North, in Macpherson of Clunie's country. The railroad was yet unfinished, and the journey—long and tedious—had to be transacted by coach. He was going against the grain. Perhaps his wife thought that he would have done more wisely to decline. He stopped on the way at Auchtertool to see her; 'had,' he says, 'a miserable enough hugger-mugger time; my own blame—none others so much;' 'saw that always.' Certainly, as the event proved, he would have been better off out of the way of the 'gunner bodies.' If he was miserable in Fife, he was far from happy with his grand friends in Glen Truim.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Glen Truim: September 2, 1849.

What can I do but write to you, even if I were not bound by the law of the wayfarer? It is my course whenever I am out of sorts or in low spirits among strangers; emphatically my case just now in this closet of a house, among rains and highland mosses, with a nervous system all 'dadded about' by coach travel, rail travel, multiplied confusion, and finally by an almost totally sleepless night. Happily, this closet *is* my own for the time being. Here is paper. Here are pens. I will tell my woes to poor Goody. Well do I know that, in spite of prepossessions, she will have some pity of me. . . .

You may fancy what the route was. . . . The fat old landlord at Dunkeld, grown grey and much broader, was the only known living creature.[1] A still, olive-coloured mist hung over all the country. Kinnaird and the *old* house which was my sleeping-place when I used to write to you were greyly discernible across the river amid their trees. I thought of the waterhen you have heard me mention, of the pony I used to ride, of the whole world that then lived, dead now mostly, fallen silent for evermore, even as the poor Bullers are, and as we shall shortly be. Such reflections, when they do not issue pusillanimously, are as good as the sight of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' and deserve their place from time to time.

[1] Remembered from the time when he had been the Bullers' tutor, twenty-seven years before.

The journey to Invernessshire is detailed with copious minuteness. His eye always caught small details when they had meaning in them. The coach dropped him finally at the roadside, in sight of Glen Truim—'the house, a rather foolish-looking, turretted, diminutive, pretentious, grey granite sort of a place, half a mile off;' the country an undulated plain—a very broad valley with no high hill but one near by, 'bare for the rest, and by no means a Garden of Eden in any respect.' He continues:—

The gillie that was to wait for us was by no means waiting. He 'mistook the time.' Nothing but solitary, bare moor was waiting. I took the next cottage, left my goods there, walked; found nobody, as usual. In brief, oh, Goody, Goody! it was four o'clock before I actually found landlord; four and a half landlady; I walking all the while, with no refection but cigars: five before I could get hold of my luggage, and eight, after vain attempts at sleep amidst noises as of a sacked city, before any nourishment, for which indeed I had no appetite at all, was ministered to me. From the hospitalities of the great world, even when kindly affected to us, good Lord deliver hooz! . . .

In fact, when I think of the Grange, and Bath House, and Addiscombe, and consider this wretched establishment, and 500*l.* for two months of it, I am lost in amazement. The house is not actually much beyond Craigenputtock—say two Craigenputtocks ill contrived and ill managed. Nor is the prospect in a higher ratio; and for society, really Corson,[1] except that he was not called Lord, and had occasionally 'his forehead all elevated into inequalities,' Corson, I say, was intrinsically equal to the average of 'gunner bodies.' Oh, Jeannie dear, when I think of our poverty even at the present, and see this *wealth*, which do you imagine I prefer? The two Lords we have here are a fat ——, a sensual, proud-looking man, of whom or his genesis or environment I know nothing, and then a small, leanish ——, neither of whom is worth a doit to me. Their wives are polite, elegant-looking women, but hardly beyond the —— range; not a better, though a haughtier. Poor Lord Ashburton looks rustic and healthy, but seems more absent and oblivious than ever. A few reasonable words with me seem as if suddenly to awaken him to surprised remembrance. Young Lord N. you

[1] A farmer who lived near Craigenputtock.

know. Merchant B., really one of the sensiblest figures here, he and Miss Emily Baring make up the lot, and we are crammed like herrings in a barrel. The two lads are in one room. This apartment of mine, looking out towards Aberdeenshire and the brown, wavy moors, is of nine feet by seven: a French bed, and hot water not to be had for scarcity of jugs. I awoke after an hour and a quarter's sleep, and one of those Peers of the Realm snored audibly to me. . . . In fact, it is rather clear I shall do no good here unless things alter exceedingly. I mean to pétition to be off to the bothy [1] to-morrow, where at least will be sôme kind of silence. I must go, and will if I miss another night of sleep and have to dine again at eight amidst talk of 'birds;' and, on the whole, as soon as I can get what little bit of duty I have discovered for myself to do here *done*, the sooner I cut cable or lift anchor for other latitudes, I decidedly find it will be the better. . . . Pity me when thou canst, poor little soul! or laugh at me if thou wilt. Oh! if you could read my heart and whole thought at this moment, there is surely one sad thing you would cease to do henceforth. But enough of all these sad *niaiseries*, which indeed I myself partly laugh at; for really I am wonderfully well to-day, and have this impregnable closet, with a window that pulls down, and the wide Highland moors before me worth looking at for once. And we shall get out of this adventure handsomely enough, if I miscalculate not, by-and-by. Milnes is to be here in a day or two, and these Lords of Parliament with their gunboxes and retinue are to go. We shall know shooting-boxes for the time to come.

The Ashburtons were as attentive to Carlyle's peculiarities as it was possible to be. No prince's confessor, in the ages of faith, could have more consideration shown him than he in this restricted mansion. The best apartment was made over to him as soon as it was vacant. A special dinner was arranged for him at his own hour. But he was out of his element.

September 7.

I have got a big waste room, and in spite of noises and turmoils contrive to get nightly in instalments some six hours of sleep. But on the whole my visit prospers as ill as could be wished. Double, double, toil and trouble!—that and nothing else at all.

[1] A lodge some miles distant.

No reasonable word is heard, or hardly one, in the twenty-four hours. I cannot even get a washing-tub. My last attempt at washing was in a foot-pail, as unfit for it as a teacup would have been, and it brought on the lumbago. *Patientia!* I have known now what Highland shooting paradises are, and one experiment, I think, will be quite enough. On the whole, I feel hourly there will be nothing for it but to get my visit *done* and fly across the hills again, *quam primum*. It is, in fact, such a scene of *folly* as no sane man could wish to continue in or return to. Oh, my wise little Goody! what a blessing in comparison with all the Peerage books and Eldorados in the world is a little solid sense derived from Heaven!

Poor 'shooting paradise'! It answered the purpose it was intended for. Work, even to the aristocracy, is exacting in these days. Pleasure is even more exacting; and unless they could rough it now and then in primitive fashion and artificial plainness of living, they would sink under the burden of their splendours and the weariness of their duties. Carlyle had no business in such a scene. He never fired off a gun in his life. He never lived in habitual luxury, and therefore could not enjoy the absence of common conveniences. He was out of humour with what he saw. He was out of humour with himself for being a part of it. Three weeks of solitude at Scotsbrig, to which he hastened to retreat, scarcely repaired his sufferings at Glen Truim.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: September 17, 1849.

I am lazy beyond measure. I sleep and smoke, and would fain do nothing else at all. If they would but let me sit alone in this room, I think I should be tempted to stay long in it, forgetting and forgotten, so inexpressibly wearied is my poor body and poor soul. Ah me! People ought not to be angry at me. People ought to let me alone. Perhaps they would if they rightly understood what I was doing and suffering in this Life Pilgrimage at times; but they cannot, the good friendly souls! Ah me! or, rather: Courage! courage! The rough billows and cross winds shall not beat us yet; not at this stage of the voyage, and harbour

almost within sight. The fact is that just now I am very weary, and the more sleep I get I seem to grow the wearier. Yesterday I took a ride; the lanes all silent, fields full of stooks, and Burnswark and the everlasting hills looking quite clear upon me. Jog! jog! So went the little shelty at its own slow will; and death seemed to me almost all one with life, and eternity much the same as time.

[1] September 24.

Alas, my poor little Goody! These are not good times at all. . . . Your poor hand and heart, too, were in sad case on Friday. Let me hope you have well slept since that, given up 'thinking of the old 'un,' and much modified the 'Gummidge' view of affairs. Sickness and distraction of nerves is a good excuse for almost any degree of despondency. . . . But we can by no means permit ourselves a philosophy *à la* Gummidge—not at all, poor lone critturs though we be. In fact, there remains at all times and in all conceivable situations, short of Tophet itself, a set of quite infinite prizes for us to strive after—namely, of duties to do; and not till after they are done can we talk of retiring to the 'House.' Oh no! Give up that, I entreat you; for it is mere want of sleep and other unreality, I tell you. There has nothing changed in the heavens nor in the earth since times were much more tolerable than that. Poor thing! You are utterly worn out; and I hope a little, though I have no right properly, to get a letterkin to-morrow with a cheerier report of matters. Furthermore, I am coming home myself in some two days, and I reasonably calculate, not *un*reasonably according to all the light I have, that our life may be much more comfortable together than it has been for some years past. In me, if I can help it, there shall not be anything wanting for an issue so desirable, so indispensable in fact. If you will open your own eyes and shut your evil demon's imaginings and dreamings, I firmly believe all will soon be well. God grant it. Amen, amen! I love thee always, little as thou wilt believe it.

September 25.

For two nights past I have got into the bad habit of dividing my sleep in two; waking a couple of hours by way of interlude, and then sleeping till ten o'clock—a bad habit, if I could mend it; but who can? My two hours of waking pass in wondrous resuscitations and reviews of all manner of dead events, not quite

[1] In answer to a melancholy letter.

unprofitably perhaps, and though sadly, not unpleasantly—sad as death, but also quiet as death, and with a faint reflex of sacred joy (if I could be worthy of it), like the light which is beyond death. No earthly fortune is very formidable to me, nor very desirable. A soul of something heavenly I do seem to see in every human life, and in my own too, and that is truly and for ever of importance to me. . . . Oh my dear little Jeannie!—for on the whole there is none of them all worth naming beside thee when thy better genius is not banished—try to sleep to compose thy poor little heart and nerves, to love me as of old, at least not to hate me. My heart is very weary, wayworn too with fifty-three rough years behind me: but it *is* bound to thee, poor soul! as I can never bind it to any other. Help me to lead well what of life may still remain, and I will be for ever grateful.—God bless you always. T. CARLYLE.

The three months of holiday were thus spent—strange holidays. But a man carries his shadow clinging to him, and cannot part with it, except in a novel. He was now driven by accumulation of discontent to disburden his heart of its secretions. During the last two revolutionary years he had covered many sheets with his reflections. At the bottom of his whole nature lay abhorrence of falsehood. To see facts as they actually were, and, if that was impossible, at least to desire to see them, to be sincere with his own soul, and to speak to others exactly what he himself believed, was to him the highest of all human duties. Therefore he detested cant with a perfect hatred. Cant was organised hypocrisy, the art of making things seem what they were not; an art so deadly that it killed the very souls of those who practised it, carrying them beyond the stage of conscious falsehood into a belief in their own illusions, and reducing them to the wretchedest of possible conditions, that of being sincerely insincere. With cant of this kind he saw all Europe, all America, overrun; but beyond all, his own England appeared to him to be drenched in cant—cant religious, cant political, cant moral, cant artistic, cant everywhere and in every-

thing. A letter to Mr. Erskine, written before the French Revolution, shows what he was then thinking about it; and all that had happened since had wrought his conviction to whiter heat.

To Thomas Erskine, Linlathen.

June 12, 1847.

One is warned by Nature herself not to 'sit down by the side of sad thoughts,' as my friend Oliver has it, and dwell voluntarily with what is sorrowful and painful. Yet at the same time one has to say for oneself—at least I have—that all the *good* I ever got came to me rather in the shape of sorrow: that there is nothing noble or godlike in this world but has in it something of 'infinite sadness,' very different indeed from what the current moral philosophies represent it to us; and surely in a time like ours, if in any time, it is good for a man to be *driven*, were it by never such harsh methods, into looking at this great universe with his own eyes, for himself and not for another, and trying to adjust himself truly there. By the helps and traditions of others he never will adjust himself: others are but offering him their miserable spy-glasses; Puseyite, Presbyterian, Free Kirk, old Jew, old Greek, middle-age Italian, imperfect, not to say distorted, semi-opaque, wholly opaque and altogether melancholy and rejectable spy-glasses, one and all, if one has *eyes* left. On me, too, the pressure of these things falls very heavy: indeed I often feel the loneliest of all the sons of Adam; and, in the jargon of poor grimacing men, it is as if one listened to the jabbering of spectres—not a cheerful situation at all while it lasts. In fact, I am quite *idle* so far as the outer hand goes at present. Silent, not from having nothing, but from having infinitely too much, to say: out of which perplexity I know no road except that of getting more and more miserable in it, till one is *forced* to say *something*, and so carry on the work a little. I must not complain. I must try to get my work done while the days and years are. Nay, is not that the thing I would, before all others, have chosen, had the universe and all its felicities been freely offered me to take my share from? The great soul of this world is *Just*. With a voice soft as the harmony of spheres, yet stronger, sterner, than all thunders, this message does now and then reach us through the hollow jargon of things. This great fact we live in, and were made by. It is 'a noble Spartan *Mother*' to all of us that dare be sons to it.

Courage! we must not quit our shields; we must return home *upon* our shields, having fought in the battle till we died. That is verily the law. Many a time I remember that of Dante, the inscription on the gate of hell: 'Eternal *love* made me'—made even *me;* a word which the paltry generations of this time shriek over, and do not in the least understand. I confess their 'Exeter Hall,' with its froth oceans, benevolence, &c., &c., seems to me amongst the most degraded platitudes this world ever saw; a more brutal idolatry perhaps—for they are white men, and their century is the nineteenth—than that of Mumbo Jumbo itself! This, you perceive, is strong talking. This I have got to say yet, or try what I can do toward saying if I live. From Dan to Beersheba I find the same most mournful fact written down for me; mutely calling on me to read it and speak it abroad if I be not a lazy coward and slave, which I would fain avoid being. . . . It is every way very strange to consider what 'Christianity,' so called, has grown to within these two centuries, on the Howard and Fry side as on every other—a paltry, mealy-mouthed 'religion of cowards,' who can have no religion but a sham one, which also, as I believe, awaits its 'abolition' from the avenging power. If men will turn away their faces from God, and set up idols, temporary phantasms, instead of the *Eternal One*—alas! the consequences are from of old well known.

Religion, a religion that was true, meant a rule of conduct according to the law of God. Religion, as it existed in England, had become a thing of opinion, of emotion flowing over into benevolence as an imagined substitute for justice. Over the conduct of men in their ordinary business it had ceased to operate at all, and therefore, to Carlyle, it was a hollow appearance, a word without force or controlling power in it. Religion was obligation, a command which bound men to duty, as something which they were compelled to do under tremendous penalties. The modern world, even the religious part of it, had supposed that the grand aim was to abolish compulsion, to establish universal freedom, leaving each man to the light of his own conscience or his own will. Freedom—that was the word—the glorious birthright which, once realised,

was to turn earth into paradise. And this was cant; and those who were loudest about it could not themselves believe it, but could only pretend to believe it. In a conditioned existence like ours, freedom was impossible. To the race as a race, the alternative was work or starvation —all were bound to work in their several ways; some must work or all would die; and the result of the boasted political liberty was an arrangement where the cunning or the strong appropriated the lion's share of the harvest without working, while the multitude lived on by toil, and toiled to get the means of living. That was the actual outcome of the doctrine of liberty, as seen in existing society; nor in fact to any kind of man anywhere was freedom possible in the popular sense of the word. Each one of us was compassed round with restrictions on his personal will, and the wills even of the strongest were slaves to inclination. The serf whose visible fetters were struck off was a serf still under the law of nature. He might change his master, but a master he must have of some kind, or die; and to speak of 'emancipation' in and by itself, as any mighty gain or step in progress, was the wildest of illusions. No 'progress' would or could be made on the lines of Radicals or philanthropists. The 'liberty,' the only liberty, attainable by the multitude of ignorant mortals, was in being guided or else compelled by some one wiser than themselves. They gained nothing if they exchanged the bondage to man for bondage to the devil. It was assumed in the talk of the day that 'emancipation' created manliness, self respect, improvement of character.[1] To Carlyle, who looked at facts, all this was

[1] Mr. Gladstone somewhere quotes Homer in support of this argument.

ἥμισυ γάρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ἀνέρος, εὖτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἦμαρ ἕλῃσιν.

'Jove strips a man of half his virtue on the day when slavery lays hold on him.' Homer, be it observed, places these words in the mouth of Eumæus, who was himself a slave. Eumæus and another slave were alone found faith-

wind. Those 'grinders,' for instance, whom he had seen in that Manchester cellar, earning high wages, that they might live merrily for a year or two, and die at the end of them—were they improved? Was freedom to kill themselves for drink such a blessed thing? Were they really better off than slaves who were at least as well cared for as their master's cattle? The cant on this subject enraged him. He, starting from the other *pole*, believing not in the rights of man, but in the duties of man, could see nothing in it but detestable selfishness disguised in the plumage of angels—a shameful substitute for the neglect of the human ties by which man was bound to man. '*Facit indignatio versum.*' Wrath with the things which he saw around him inspired the Roman poet; wrath drove Carlyle into writing the 'Latter-day Pamphlets.'

Journal.

November 11, 1849.—Went to Ireland—wandered about there all through July, have half forcibly recalled all my remembrances, and thrown them down on a paper since my return. Ugly spectacle, sad health, sad humour, a thing unjoyful to look back upon. The whole country figures in my mind like a ragged coat or huge beggar's gaberdine, not patched or patchable any longer; far from a joyful or beautiful spectacle. Went afterwards from Annandale to the Highlands as far as Glen Truim; spent there ten wretched days. To Annandale a second time, and thence home after a fortnight, leaving my poor mother ill of a face cold, from which she is not yet quite entirely recovered. The last glimpses of her at the door, whither she had followed me, contrary to bargain; these are things that lie beyond speech. How lonely I am now grown in the world; how hard, many times as if I were made of stone! All the old tremulous affection lies in me, but it is as if frozen. So mocked, and scourged, and driven mad by contradictions, it has, as it were, lain down in a kind of iron sleep. The general history of man? Somewhat, I suppose, and yet not

ful to their king when the free citizens of Ithaca had forgotten him. Eumæus was speaking of the valets left at home in their master's absence. The free valets in a modern house left in similar circumstances would probably have not been very superior to them.

wholly. Words cannot express the love and sorrow of my old memories, chiefly out of boyhood, as they occasionally rise upon me, and I have now no voice for them at all. One's heart becomes a grim Hades, peopled only with silent preternaturalism. No more of this! God help me! God soften me again—so far as now softness can be suitable for such a soul; or rather let me pray for *wisdom*, for silent capability to manage this huge haggard world—at once a Hades and an Elysium, a celestial and infernal as I see, which has been given me to inhabit for a time and to rule over as I can. No lonelier soul, I do believe, lies under the sky at this moment than myself. Masses of written stuff, which I grudge a little to burn, and trying to sort something out of them for magazine articles, series of pamphlets, or whatever they will promise to turn to—does not yet succeed with me at all: am not yet in the 'paroxysm of clairvoyance' which is indispensable. Is it? All these paper bundles were written last summer, and are wrongish, every word of them. Might serve as newspaper or pamphletary introduction, overture, or accompaniment to the unnameable book I have to write. In dissent from all the world; in black contradiction, deep as the bases of my life, to all the philanthropic, emancipatory, constitutional, and other anarchic revolutionary jargon, with which the world, so far as I can conceive, is now full. Alas! and the governors of the world are as anarchic as anybody (witness the Canada Parliament and governor just now, witness, &c. &c., all over the world); not pleasing at all to be in a minority of one in regard to everything. The worst is, however, I am not yet true to myself; I cannot yet call in my wandering truant being, and bid it wholly set to the work fit for *it* in this hour. Oh, let me persist, persist—may the heavens grant me power to persist in that till I do succeed in it!

November 16, 1849.—A sad feature in employments like mine, that you cannot carry them on continuously. My work needs all to be done with my nerves in a kind of blaze; such a state of soul and body as would soon *kill* me, if not intermitted. I have to rest accordingly; to stop and sink into total collapse, the getting out of which again is a labour of labours. Papers on the 'Negro Question,' fraction of said rubbish coming out in the next 'Fraser.'

A paper on the Negro or Nigger question, properly the first of the 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' was Carlyle's declaration of war against modern Radicalism. Hitherto, though

his orthodoxy was questionable, the Radicals had been glad to claim him as belonging to them; and if Radicalism meant an opinion that modern society required to be reconstituted from the root, he had been, was, and remained the most thoroughgoing of them all. His objection was to the cant of Radicalism; the philosophy of it, 'bred of philanthropy and the Dismal Science,' the purport of which was to cast the atoms of human society adrift, mocked with the name of liberty, to sink or swim as they could. Negro emancipation had been the special boast and glory of the new theory of universal happiness. The twenty millions of indemnity and the free West Indies had been chanted and celebrated for a quarter of a century from press and platform. Weekly, almost daily, the English newspapers were crowing over the Americans, flinging in their teeth the Declaration of Independence, blowing up in America itself a flame which was ripening towards a furious war, while the result of the experiment so far had been the material ruin of colonies once the most precious that we had, and the moral ruin of the blacks themselves, who were rotting away in sensuous idleness amidst the wrecks of the plantations. He was touching the shield with the point of his lance when he chose this sacredly sensitive subject for his first onslaught. He did not mean that the 'Niggers' should have been kept as cattle, and sold as cattle at their owners' pleasure. He did mean that they ought to have been treated as human beings, for whose souls and bodies the whites were responsible; that they should have been placed in a position suited to their capacity, like that of the English serf under the Plantagenets; protected against ill-usage by law; attached to the soil; not allowed to be idle, but cared for themselves, their wives and their children, in health, in sickness, and in old age.

He said all this; but he said it fiercely, scornfully, in

the tone which could least conciliate attention. Black Quashee and his friends were spattered with ridicule which stung the more from the justice of it. The following passage could least be pardoned because the truth which it contained could least be denied :—

Dead corpses, the rotting body of a brother man, whom fate or unjust men have killed, this is not a pleasant spectacle. But what say you to the dead *soul* of a man in a body which still pretends to be vigorously alive, and can drink rum? An idle white gentleman is not pleasant to me, but what say you to an idle black gentleman with his rum bottle in his hand (for a little additional pumpkin you can have red herrings and rum in Demerara), no breeches on his body, pumpkin at discretion, and the fruitfullest region of the earth going back to jungle round him? Such things the sun looks down upon in our fine times, and I for one would rather have no hand in them. . . . Yes—this is the eternal law of nature for a man, my beneficent Exeter Hall friends; this, that he shall be permitted, encouraged, and, if need be, compelled to do what work the Maker of him has intended for this world. Not that he should eat pumpkin with never such felicity in the West India Islands, is or can be the blessedness of our black friend; but that he should do useful work there, according as the gifts have been bestowed on him for that. And his own happiness and that of others round him will alone be possible by his and their getting into such a relation that this can be permitted him, and in case of need that this can be compelled him. I beg you to understand this, for you seem to have a little forgotten it; and there lie a thousand influences in it not quite useless for Exeter Hall at present. The idle black man in the West Indies had not long since the right, and will again, under better form, if it please Heaven, have the right—actually the first 'right of man' for an indolent person—to be compelled to work as he was fit, and to do the Maker's will who had constructed him with such and such capabilities and prefigurements of capability. And I incessantly pray Heaven that all men, the whitest alike and the blackest, the richest and the poorest, had attained precisely the same right, the Divine right of being compelled (if 'permitted' will not answer) to do what work they are appointed for, and not to go idle another minute in a life which is so short, and where idleness so soon runs to putrescence. Alas! we had then a perfect world,

and the Millennium, and the 'organisation of labour' and reign of complete blessedness for all workers and men had then arrived, which in their own poor districts of this planet, as we all lament to know, it is very far from having got done.

I once asked Carlyle if he had ever thought of going into Parliament, for I knew that the opportunity must have been offered him. 'Well,' he said, 'I did think of it at the time of the "Latter-day Pamphlets." I felt that nothing could prevent me from getting up in the House and saying all that.' He was powerful, but he was not powerful *enough* to have discharged with his single voice the vast volume of conventional electricity with which the collective wisdom of the nation was, and remains, charged. It is better that his thoughts should have been committed to enduring print, where they remain to be reviewed hereafter by the light of fact.

The article on the 'Nigger question' gave, as might have been expected, universal offence. Many of his old admirers drew back after this, and 'walked no more with him.' John Mill replied fiercely in the same magazine. They had long ceased to be intimate; they were henceforth 'rent asunder,' not to be again united. Each went his own course; but neither Mill nor Carlyle forgot that they had once been friends, and each to the last spoke of the other with affectionate regret.

The Pamphlets commenced at the beginning of 1850, and went on month after month, each separately published, no magazine daring to become responsible for them. The first was on 'The Present Time,' on the advent and prospects of Democracy. The revolutions of 1848 had been the bankruptcy of falsehood, 'the tumbling out of impostures into the street.' The problem left before the world was how nations were hereafter to be governed. The English people imagined that it could be done by 'suffrages' and the ballot-box; a system under which St. Paul

and Judas Iscariot would each have an equal vote, and one would have as much power as the other. This was like saying that when a ship was going on a voyage round the world the crew were to be brought together to elect their own officers, and vote the course which was to be followed.

Unanimity on board ship—yes indeed, the ship's crew may be very unanimous, which doubtless for the time being will be very comfortable for the ship's crew, and to their phantasm captain, if they have one. But if the tack they unanimously steer upon is guiding them into the belly of the abyss, it will not profit them much. Ships accordingly do not use the ballot-box, and they reject the phantasm species of captains. One wishes much some other entities, *since all entities lie under the same rigorous set of laws*, could be brought to show as much wisdom and sense at least of self-preservation, the first command of nature.

The words in italics contain the essence of Carlyle's teaching. If they are true, the inference is equally true that in Democracy there can be no finality. If the laws are fixed under which nations are allowed to prosper, men fittest by capacity and experience to read those laws must be placed in command, and the ballot-box never will and never can select the fittest; it will select the *sham* fittest, or the *un*fittest. The suffrage, the right of every man to a voice in the selection of his rulers, was, and is, the first article of the Radical Magna Charta, the *articulus stantis vel cadentis Reipublicæ*, and is so accepted by every modern Liberal statesman. Carlyle met it with a denial as complete and scornful as Luther flung at Tetzel and his Indulgences—not, however, with the same approval from those whom he addressed. Luther found the grass dry and ready to kindle. The belief which Carlyle assailed was alive and green with hope and vigour.

Journal.

February 7, 1850.—Trying to write my 'Latter-day Pamphlets.' Such form, after infinite haggling, has the thing now assumed. Some twelve pamphlets, if I can but get them written at all;

then leave the matter lying. No. 1 came out a week ago; yields me a most confused response. Little save *abuse* hitherto, and the sale reported to be *vigorous*. Abuse enough, and almost that only, is what I have to look for with confidence. Nigger article has roused the ire of all philanthropists to a quite unexpected pitch. Among other very poor attacks on it was one in 'Fraser;' most shrill, thin, poor and insignificant, which I was surprised to learn proceeded from John Mill. . . . He has neither told me nor reminded me of anything that I did not very well know beforehand. No use in writing that kind of criticism. For some years back Mill, who once volunteered a close constant intimacy for a long time, has volunteered a complete withdrawal of himself; and now, instead of reverent discipleship, which he aspired to, seems to have taken the function of getting up to contradict whatever I say. Curious enough. But poor Mill's fate in various ways has been very tragic. His misery, when I chance to see him in the street or otherwise (for we never had a word of quarrel), appeals to my pity if any anger was rising. . . . The Pamphlets are all as bad as need be. If I could but get my meaning explained at all, I should care little in what style it was. But my state of health and heart is highly unfavourable. Nay, worst of all, a kind of stony *indifference* is spreading over me. I am getting *weary* of suffering, feel as if I could sit down in it and say, 'Well, then, I shall soon die at any rate.' Truly all human things, fames, promotions, pleasures, prosperities, seem to me inexpressibly *contemptible* at times.

The second pamphlet, on 'Model Prisons,' was as savage as the first. Society, conscious at heart that it was itself unjust, and did not mean to mend itself, was developing out of its uneasiness a universal 'Scoundrel Protection' sentiment. Society was concluding that inequalities of condition were inevitable; that those who suffered under them, and rebelled, could not fairly be punished, but were to be looked upon as misguided brethren suffering under mental disorders, to be cured in moral hospitals, called by euphemism Houses of Correction. 'Pity for human calamity,' the pamphlet said, 'was very beautiful, but the deep oblivion of the law of right and wrong, the indiscrim-

inate mashing up of right and wrong into a patent treacle, was not beautiful at all.'

Wishing to see the system at work with his own eyes, Carlyle had visited the Millbank Penitentiary. He found 1,200 prisoners, 'notable murderesses among them,' in airy apartments of perfect cleanliness, comfortably warmed and clothed, quietly, and not too severely, picking oakum; their diet, bread, soup, meat, all superlatively excellent. He saw a literary Chartist rebel in a private court, master of his own time and spiritual resources; and he felt that 'he himself, so left with paper, ink, and all taxes and botherations shut out from him, could have written such a book as no reader would ever get from him.' He looked at felon after felon. He saw 'ape faces, imp faces, angry dog faces, heavy sullen ox faces, degraded underfoot perverse creatures, sons of greedy mutinous darkness.' To give the owners of such faces their 'due' could be attempted only where there was an effort to give every one his due, and to be fair all round; and as this was not to be thought of, 'they were to be reclaimed by the method of love.' 'Hopeless for evermore such a project.' And these fine hospitals were maintained by rates levied on the honest outside, who were struggling to support themselves without becoming felons—'rates on the poor servants of God and Her Majesty, who were still trying to serve both, to boil right soup for the Devil's declared elect.'

He did not expect that his protests would be attended to then, but in twenty years he thought there might be more agreement with him. This, like many other prophecies of his, has proved true. We hang and flog now with small outcry and small compunction. But the ferocity with which he struck right and left at honoured names, the contempt which he heaped on an amiable, if not a wise experiment, gave an impression of his own character as false as it was unpleasant. He was really the most ten-

der-hearted of men. His savageness was but affection turned sour, and what he said was the opposite of what he did. Many a time I have remonstrated when I saw him give a shilling to some wretch with 'Devil's elect' on his forehead. 'No doubt he is a son of Gehenna,' Carlyle would say; 'but you can see it is very low water with him. This modern life hardens our hearts more than it should.'

On the Pamphlets rushed. The third was on 'Downing Street and Modern Government.' Lord John Russell, I remember, plaintively spoke of it in the House of Commons. The fourth was on a 'New Downing Street, such as it might and ought to become.' The fifth, on 'Stump Oratory,' was perhaps the most important of the set, for it touched a problem of moment then, and now every day becoming of greater moment; for the necessary tendency of Democracy is to throw the power of the State into the hands of eloquent speakers, and eloquent speakers have never since the world began been wise statesmen. Carlyle had not read Aristotle's 'Politics,' but he had arrived in his own road at Aristotle's conclusions. All forms of government, Aristotle says, are ruined by parasites and flatterers. The parasite of the monarch is the favourite who flatters his vanity and hides the truth from him. The parasite of a democracy is the orator; the people are his masters, and he rules by pleasing them. He dares not tell them unpleasant truths, lest he lose his popularity; he must call their passions emotions of justice, and their prejudices conclusions of reason. He dares not look facts in the face, and facts prove too strong for him. To the end of his life Carlyle thought with extreme anxiety on this subject, and, as will be seen, had more to say about it.

I need not follow the Pamphlets in detail. There were to have been twelve originally; one, I think, on the 'Exodus from Houndsditch,' for he occasionally reproached himself afterwards for over-reticence on that subject. He

was not likely to have been deterred by fear of giving offence. But the arguments against speaking out about it were always as present with him as the arguments for openness. Perhaps he concluded, on the whole, that the good which he might do would not outbalance the pain he would inflict. The series, at any rate, ended with the eighth—upon 'Jesuitism,' a word to which he gave a wider significance than technically belongs to it. England supposed that it had repudiated sufficiently Ignatius Loyola and the Company of Jesus; but, little as England knew it, Ignatius's peculiar doctrines had gone into its heart, and were pouring through all its veins and arteries. Jesuitism to Carlyle was the deliberate shutting of the eyes to truth; the deliberate insincerity which, if persisted in, becomes itself sincere. You choose to tell a lie because, for various reasons, it is convenient; you defend it with argument—till at length you are given over to believe it—and the religious side of your mind being thus penally paralysed; morality becomes talk and conscience becomes emotion; and your actual life has no authoritative guide left but personal selfishness. Thus, by the side of a profession of Christianity, England had adopted for a working creed Political Economy, which is the contradictory of Christianity, imagining that it could believe both together. Christianity tells us that we are not to care for the things of the earth. Political economy is concerned with nothing else. Christianity says that the desire to make money is the root of all evil. Political economy says that the more each man struggles to 'make money' the better for the commonwealth. Christianity says that it is the business of the magistrate to execute justice and maintain truth. Political economy (or the system of government founded upon it) limits 'justice' to the keeping of the peace, declares that the magistrate has nothing to do with maintaining *truth*, and that every man must be left free to

hold his own opinions and advance his own interests in any way that he pleases, short of fraud and violence.

Jesuitism, or the art of finding reasons for whatever we wish to believe, had enabled Englishmen to persuade themselves that both these theories of life could be true at the same time. They kept one for Sundays, the other for the working days; and the practical moral code thus evolved, Carlyle throws out in a wild freak of humour, comparable only to the memorable epitaph on the famous Baron in 'Sartor Resartus.' It is placed in the mouth of his imaginary friend, Sauerteig, who is generally responsible for every extravagant utterance.

Pig Philosophy.

If the inestimable talent of literature should, in these swift days of progress, be extended to the brute creation, having fairly taken in all the human, so that swine and oxen could communicate to us on paper what they thought of the universe, then might curious results, not uninstructive to some of us, ensue. Supposing swine (I mean four-footed swine) of sensibility and superior logical parts had attained such culture, and could, after survey and reflection, jot down for us their notion of the universe and of their interests and duties there, might it not well interest a discerning public, perhaps in unexpected ways, and give a stimulus to the languishing book trade? The votes of all creatures, it is understood at present, ought to be had, that you may legislate for them with better insight. 'How can you govern a thing,' say many, 'without first asking its vote?' Unless, indeed, you already chance to know its vote, and even something more—namely, what you are to think of its vote, what *it* wants by its vote, and, still more important, what Nature wants, which latter at the end of the account is the only thing that will be got. Pig propositions in a vague form are somewhat as follows:—

1. The universe, so far as sane conjecture can go, is an immeasurable swine's trough, consisting of solid and liquid and of other contrasts and kinds; especially consisting of attainable and unattainable, the latter in immensely greater quantities for most pigs.

2. Moral evil is unattainability of pig's wash; moral good, attainability of ditto.

3. What is Paradise or the State of Innocence? Paradise, called also State of Innocence, Age of Gold, and other names, was (according to pigs of weak judgment) unlimited attainability of pig's wash; perfect fulfilment of one's wishes, so that pigs' imagination could not outrun reality: a fable and an impossibility, as pigs of sense now see.

4. Define the whole duty of pigs. It is the mission of universal pighood to diminish the quantity of unattainable, and increase that of attainable. All knowledge and desire and effort ought to be directed thither, and thither only. Pig science, pig enthusiasm and devotion have this one aim. It is the whole duty of pigs.

5. Pig poetry ought to consist of universal recognition of the excellence of pig's wash and ground barley, and the felicity of pigs whose trough is in order, and who have had enough. Hrumph!

6. The pig knows the weather. He ought to look out what kind of weather it will be.

7. Who made the pig? Unknown. Perhaps the pork-butcher.

8. Have you law and justice in Pigdom? Pigs of observation have discerned that there is, or was once supposed to be, a thing called justice. Undeniably, at least there is a sentiment in pig nature called indignation, revenge, &c., &c., which, if one pig provoke another, comes out in a more or less destructive manner; hence laws are necessary—amazing quantities of laws. For quarrelling is attended with loss of blood, of life—at any rate, with frightful effusion of the general stock of hog's wash, and ruin, temporary ruin, to large sections of the universal swine's trough. Wherefore let justice be observed, so that quarrelling be avoided.

9. What is justice? Your own share of the general swine's trough; not any portion of my share.

10. But what is 'my share'? Ah! there, in fact, lies the grand difficulty, upon which pig science, meditating this long while, can settle absolutely nothing. My share! Hrumph! my share is, on the whole, whatever I can contrive to get without being hanged or sent to the hulks. For there are gibbets, treadmills, I need not tell you, and rules which lawyers have prescribed.

11. Who are lawyers? Servants of God, appointed revealers of the oracles of God, who read off to us from day to day what is the eternal commandment of God in reference to the mutual claims of His creatures in this world.

12. Where do they find that written? In Coke upon Littleton.

13. Who made Coke? Unknown. The maker of Coke's wig is discoverable.

What became of Coke? Died. And then? Went to the undertakers. Went to the —— But we must pull up. Sauerteig's fierce humour, confounding even farther in his haste the four-footed with the two-footed animal, rushes into wilder and wilder forms of satirical torch-dancing, and threatens to end in a universal Rape of the Wigs, which, in a person of his character, looks ominous and dangerous. Here, for example, is his 51st proposition, as he calls it:—

51. What are Bishops? Overseers of souls.

What is a soul? The thing that keeps the body alive.

How do they oversee that? They tie on a kind of aprons, publish charges—I believe they pray dreadfully—macerate themselves nearly dead with continued grief that they cannot in the least oversee it.

'And are much honoured?' By the wise, very much.

52. 'Define the Church.' I had rather not.

'Do you believe in a future state?' Yes, surely.

'What is it?' Heaven, so called.

'To everybody?' I understand so—hope so.

'What is it thought to be?' Hrumph!

'No Hell, then, at all?' Hrumph!

This was written thirty-three years ago, when political economy was our sovereign political science. As the centre of gravity of political power has changed, the science has changed along with it. Statesmen have discovered that *laissez-faire*, though doubtless true in a better state of existence, is inapplicable to our imperfect planet. They have attempted, with Irish Land Bills, &c., to regulate in some degree the distribution of the hog's wash, and will doubtless, as democracy extends, do more in that direction. But when the Pamphlets appeared, this and the other doctrines enunciated in them were received with astonished indignation. 'Carlyle taken to whisky' was the popular impression; or perhaps he had gone mad. 'Punch,' the most friendly to him of all the London periodicals, protested affectionately. The

delinquent was brought up for trial before him, I think for injuring his reputation. He was admonished, but stood impenitent, and even 'called the worthy magistrate a windbag and a sham.' I suppose it was Thackeray who wrote this, or some other kind friend, who feared, like Emerson, 'that the world would turn its back on him.' He was under no illusion himself as to the effect which he was producing.

To John Carlyle.

April 29, 1850.

The barking babble of the world continues in regard to these Pamphlets, hardly any wise word at all reaching me in reference to them; but I must say out my say in one shape or another, and will, if Heaven help me, not minding that at all. The world is not here for my objects. The world is here for its own; but let me too be here for my own. No *human* word, or hardly any, once in the month, is uttered to me by any fellow-mortal—a state of things I have long bewailed, but learn ever better to endure, and silently draw inferences from.

The prettiest personal feature during the appearance of the Pamphlets was a small excursion for 'a day in the country,' which Carlyle and his wife made together, when the seventh, on Hudson's statue, was off his hands. They went by rail to Richmond on a bright May morning, and thence by omnibus to Ham Common, where they strolled about among the trees and the gorse. They had their luncheon with them in the shape of a packet of biscuits. They bought a single bottle of soda-water. He had his cigar-case and a match-box. It was like the old days at Craigenputtock, when, after an article was finished, they used to drive off together in the ancient gig for a holiday, with the tobacco-pipe in a pocket of the apron.

The last Pamphlet appeared in July.

'Latter-day Pamphlets' (he says) either dead or else abused and execrated by all mortals—*non flocci facio*, comparatively speaking. Had a letter from Emerson explaining that I was quite wrong to

get so angry, &c. I really value these savage utterances of mine at nothing. I am glad only—and this is an inalienable benefit—that they are out of me. Stump orator, Parliament, Jesuitism, &c., were and are a real deliverance to me.

The outcry, curiously, had no effect on the sale of Carlyle's works. He had a certain public, slowly growing, which bought everything that he published. The praise of the newspapers never, he told me, sensibly increased the circulation; their blame never sensibly diminished it. His unknown disciples believed in him as a teacher whom they were to learn from, not to criticise. There were then about three thousand who bought his books. Now, who can say how many there are? He, for himself, had delivered his soul, and was comparatively at rest.

I am not so heavy-laden to-day (he writes, when it was over) as I have been for many a day. I have money enough (no beggarly terrors about finance now at all). I have still some strength, the chance of some years of time. If I be true to myself, how can the whole posterity of Adam, and its united follies and miseries, quite make shipwreck of me?

The relief, as might be expected, was not of very long continuance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A.D. 1850. ÆT. 55–56.

Reaction from 'Latter-day Pamphlets'—Acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel—Dinner in Whitehall Place—Ball at Bath House—Peel's death—Estimate of Peel's character—Visit to South Wales—Savage Landor—Merthyr Tydvil—Scotsbrig—Despondency—Visits to Keswick and Coniston—The Grange—Return to London.

In the intervals between Carlyle's larger works, a discharge of spiritual bile was always necessary. Modern English life, and the opinions popularly current among men, were a constant provocation to him. The one object of everyone (a very few chosen souls excepted) seemed to be to make money, and with money increase his own idle luxury. The talk of people, whether written or spoken, was an extravagant and never-ceasing laudation of an age which was content to be so employed, as if the like of it had never been seen upon earth before. The thinkers in their closets, the politicians on platform or in Parliament, reviews and magazines, weekly newspapers and dailies, sang all the same note, that there had never since the world began been a time when the English part of mankind had been happier or better than they were then. They had only to be let alone, to have more and more liberty, and fix their eyes steadily on 'increasing the quantity of attainable hog's wash,' and there would be such a world as no philosophy had ever dreamt of. Something of this kind really was the prevalent creed thirty years ago, under the sudden increase of wealth which set in with

railways and free trade; and to Carlyle it appeared a false creed throughout, from principle to inference. In his judgment the common weal of men and nations depended on their characters; and the road which we had to travel, if we were to make a good end, was the same as the Christian pilgrim had travelled on his way to the Celestial City, no primrose path thither having been yet made by God or man. The austerer virtues—manliness, thrift, simplicity, self-denial—were dispensed with in the boasted progress. There was no demand for these, no need of them. The heaven aspired after was enjoyment, and the passport thither was only money. Let there be only money enough, and the gate lay open. He could not believe this doctrine. He abhorred it from the bottom of his soul. Such a heaven was no heaven for a *man*. The boasted prosperity would sooner or later be overtaken by 'God's judgment.' Especially he was angry when he saw men to whom nature had given talents lending themselves to this accursed persuasion; statesmen, theologians, philosophers composedly swimming with the stream, careless of truth, or with no longer any measure of truth except their own advantage. Some who had eyes were afraid to open them; others, and the most, had deliberately extinguished their eyes. They used their faculties only to dress the popular theories in plausible language, and were carried away by their own eloquence, till they actually believed what they were saying. Respect for fact they had none. Fact to them was the view of things conventionally received, or what the world and they together agreed to admit.

That the facts either of religion or politics were *not* such as bishops and statesmen represented them to be, was frightfully evident to Carlyle, and he could not be silent if he wished. Thus, after he had written the 'French Revolution,' 'Chartism' had to come out of him, and 'Past and Present,' before he could settle to 'Cromwell.'

'Cromwell' done, the fierce acid had accumulated again and had been discharged in the 'Latter-day Pamphlets'—discharged, however, still imperfectly, for his whole soul was loaded with bilious indignation. Many an evening, about this time, I heard him flinging off the matter intended for the rest of the series which had been left unwritten, pouring out, for hours together, a torrent of sulphurous denunciation. No one could check him. If anyone tried contradiction, the cataract rose against the obstacle till it rushed over it and drowned it. But, in general, his listeners sate silent. The imagery, his wild play of humour, the immense knowledge always evident in the grotesque forms which it assumed, were in themselves so dazzling and so entertaining, that we lost the use of our own faculties till it was over. He did not like making these displays, and avoided them when he could; but he was easily provoked, and when excited could not restrain himself. Whether he expected to make converts by the Pamphlets, I cannot say. His sentences, perhaps, fell here and there like seeds, and grew to something in minds that could receive them. In the general hostility, he was experiencing the invariable fate of all men who see what is coming before those who are about them see it; and he lived to see most of the unpalatable doctrines which the Pamphlets contained verified by painful experience and practically acted on.

In the midst of the storm which he had raised, he was surprised agreeably by an invitation to dine with Sir Robert Peel. He had liked Peel ever since he had met him at Lord Ashburton's. Peel, who had read his books, had been struck equally with him, and wished to know more of him. The dinner was in the second week of May. The ostensible object was to bring about a meeting between Carlyle and Prescott. The account of it is in his Journal.

There was a great party, Prescott, Milman, Barry (architect), Lord Mahon, Sheil, Gibson (sculptor), Cubitt (builder), &c., &c. About Prescott I cared little, and indeed, there or elsewhere, did not speak with him at all; but what I noted of Peel I will now put down. I was the second that entered the big drawing-room, a picture gallery as well, which looks out over the Thames (Whitehall Gardens, second house to the eastward of Montague House), commands Westminster Bridge too, with its wrecked parapets (old Westminster Bridge), and the new Parliament Houses, being, I fancy, of *semicircular* figure in that part and projecting into the shore of the river. Old Cubitt, a hoary, modest, sensible-looking man, was alone with Peel when I entered. My reception was abundantly cordial. Talk went on about the New Houses of Parliament, and the impossibility or difficulty of hearing in them—others entering, Milman &c., joined in it as I had done. Sir Robert, in his mild kindly voice, talked of the difficulties architects had in making out that part of their problem. Nobody then knew how it was to be done: *filling* of a room with people sometimes made it audible (witness his own experience at Glasgow in the College Rector's time, which he briefly mentioned to us), sometimes it had been managed by hanging up cloth curtains &c. Joseph Hume, reporting from certain Edinburgh mathematicians, had stated that the best big room for being heard in, that was known in England, was a Quakers' meeting-house near Cheltenham. I have forgot the precise place.

People now came in thick and rapid. I went about the gallery with those already come, and saw little more of Sir Robert then. I remember in presenting Barry to Prescott he said with kindly emphasis, 'I have wished to show you some of our most distinguished men: allow me to introduce,' &c. Barry had been getting rebuked in the House of Commons in those very days or hours, and had been defended there by Sir Robert. Barry, when I looked at him, did not turn out by any means such a fool as his pepper-box architecture would have led one to guess—on the contrary, a broad solid man with much ingenuity and even delicacy of expression, who had well employed his sixty years or so of life in looking out for himself, and had unhappily found pepper-box architecture his Goshen! From the distance I did not dislike him at all. Panizzi, even *Scribe*, came to the dinner, no ladies there; nothing but two sons of Peel, one at each end, he himself in the middle about opposite to where I sate; Mahon on his left

hand, on his right Van de Weyer (Belgian ambassador); not a creature there for whom I cared one penny, except Peel himself. Dinner sumptuous and excellently served, but I should think rather wearisome to everybody, as it certainly was to me. After all the servants but the butler were gone, we began to hear a little of Peel's quiet talk across the table, unimportant, distinguished by its sense of the ludicrous shining through a strong official *rationality* and even seriousness of temper. Distracted *address* of a letter from somebody to Queen Victoria: 'The most noble George Victoria, Queen of England, Knight and Baronet,' or something like that. A man had once written to Peel himself, while secretary, 'that he was weary of life, that if any gentleman wanted for his park-woods a hermit, he, &c.,' all which was very pretty and human as Peel gave it us. In rising we had some question about the pictures in his dining-room, which are Wilkie's (odious) John Knox at the entrance end, and at the opposite three, or perhaps four, all by Reynolds; Dr. Johnson, original of the engravings one sees; Reynolds himself by his own pencil, and two, or perhaps three, other pictures. Doubts rising about who some lady portrait was, I went to the window and asked Sir Robert himself, who turned with alacrity and talked to us about that and the rest. The *hand* in Johnson's portrait brought an anecdote from him about Wilkie and it at Drayton. Peel spread his own hand over it, an inch or two off, to illustrate or enforce—as fine a man's hand as I remember to have seen, strong, delicate, and scrupulously clean. Upstairs, most of the people having soon gone, he showed us his volumes of autographs—Mirabeau, Johnson, Byron, Scott, and many English kings and officialities: excellent cheerful talk and description; human, but official in all things. Then, with a cordial shake of the hand, dismissal; and the Bishop of Oxford (*mirum!*), insisting on it, took me home in his carriage.

Carlyle had probably encountered the Bishop of Oxford before, at the Ashburtons'; but this meeting at Sir Robert Peel's was the beginning of an intimacy which grew up between these singularly opposite men, who, in spite of differences, discovered that they thought, at bottom, on serious subjects, very much alike. The Bishop once told me he considered Carlyle a most eminently religious man. 'Ah, Sam!' said Carlyle to me one day, 'he is a very

clever fellow; I do not hate him near as much as I fear I ought to do.'

Once again, a few days later, Carlyle met Peel at a dinner at Bath House—'a real statesman' as he now discerned him to be. 'He was fresh and hearty, with delicate, gentle, yet frank manners; a kindly man. His reserve as to all great or public matters sits him quite naturally and enhances your respect—a warm sense of fun, really of genuine broad drollery, looks through him; the hopefullest feature I could clearly see in this last interview or the other. At tea he talked to us readily, on slight hint from me, about Byron (Birron he called him) and their old school-days: kindly reminiscences, agreeable to hear at first hand, though nothing new in them to us.'

At Bath House also, this season, Carlyle was to meet (though without an introduction) a man whom he regarded with freer admiration than he had learnt to feel even for Peel. He was tempted to a ball there, the first and last occasion on which he was ever present at such a scene. He was anxious to see the thing for once, and he saw along with it the hero of Waterloo.

Journal.

June 25, 1850.—Last night at a grand ball at Bath House, the only ball of any description I ever saw. From five to seven hundred select aristocracy; the lights, decorations, houseroom and arrangements perfect (I suppose); the whole thing worth having seen for a couple of hours. Of the many women, only a few were to be called beautiful. I remember the languid, careless, slow air with which the elderly peeresses came into the room and thereafter lounged about. A Miss L—— (a general's daughter) was the prettiest I remember of the *schönen Kindern*. Lord Londonderry looked sad, foolish, and surly. His Marchioness, once a beauty you could see, had the finest diamonds of the party, Jane tells me. Lord and Lady Lovelace, Marquis of Breadalbane, thickset farmer-looking man, round steel-grey head with bald crown. *Hat Nichts zu bedeuten.* Anglesea, fine-looking old man trailing his cork leg, shows better on horseback. American Lawrence (minister here),

broad, burly, energetically sagacious-looking, a man of sixty with long grey hair swirled round the bald parts of his big head; frightful American lady, his wife, *à la* Cushman; chin like a powder-horn, sallow, parchment complexion, very tall, very lean, expression thrift—in all senses of the word. 'Thrift, Horatio.' Prescott, and the other Americans there, not beautiful any of them. By far the most interesting figure present was the old Duke of Wellington, who appeared between twelve and one, and slowly glided through the rooms—truly a beautiful old man; I had never seen till now how beautiful, and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness there is about the old hero when you see him close at hand. His very size had hitherto deceived me. He is a shortish slightish figure, about five feet eight, of good breadth however, and all muscle or bone. His legs, I think, must be the short part of him, for certainly on horseback I have always taken him to be tall. Eyes beautiful light blue, full of mild valour, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before; the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable. The voice too, as I again heard, is 'aquiline' clear, perfectly equable—uncracked, that is—and perhaps almost musical, but essentially tenor or almost treble voice—eighty-two, I understand. He glided slowly along, slightly saluting this and that other, clear, clean, fresh as this June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished into the door of the next room, and I saw him no more. Except Dr. Chalmers, I have not for many years seen so beautiful an old man.

In his early Radical days, Carlyle had spoken scornfully, as usual, of Peel and Wellington, not distinguishing them from the herd of average politicians. He was learning to know them better, to recognise better, perhaps, how great a man must essentially be who can accomplish anything good under the existing limitations. But the knowledge came too late to ripen into practical acquaintance. Wellington's sun was setting, Peel was actually gone in a few weeks from the dinner at Bath House, and Wellington had passed that singular eulogy upon him in the House of Lords—singular, but most instructive commentary on the political life of our days, as if Peel was the only public

man of whom such a character could be given. 'He had never known him tell a deliberate falsehood.' In the interval, Carlyle met Peel once in the street. He lifted his hat;

the only time (he says) we had ever saluted, owing to mutual bashfulness and pride of humility, I do believe. Sir Robert, with smiling look, extended his left hand and cordially grasped mine in it, with a 'How are you?' pleasant to think of. It struck me that there might certainly be some valuable reform work still in Peel, though the look of all things, his own strict conservatism and even officiality of view, and still more the *cohus* of objects and persons his life was cast amidst, did not increase my hopes of a great result. But he seemed happy and humane and hopeful, still strong and fresh to look upon. Except him, there was nobody I had the smallest hope in; and what he *would* do, which seemed now soon to be tried, was always an interesting feature of the coming time for me. I had an authentic regard for this man and a wish to know more of him—nearly the one man alive of whom I could say so much.

The last great English statesman—the last great constitutional statesman perhaps that England will ever have—died through a fall from his horse in the middle of this summer, 1850.

From Journal.

On a Saturday evening, bright sunny weather, Jane being out at Addiscombe and I to go next day, 29th of June it must have been, I had gone up Piccadilly between four and five p.m., and was returning; half-past six when I got to Hyde Park Corner. Old Marquis of Anglesey was riding a brisk skittish horse, a good way down Piccadilly, just ahead of me; he entered the park as I passed, his horse capering among the carriages, somewhat to my alarm, not to his. It must have been some five or ten minutes before this, that Sir Robert had been thrown on Constitution Hill and got his death-hurt. I did not hear of it at all till next day at Addiscombe, when the anxiety, which I had hoped was exaggerated, was considerable about him. To this hour, it is impossible to know how the fall took place. Peel had no 'fit,' I think. He was a poor rider, short in the legs, long and heavy in the body. His horse took *both* to rearing and flinging up its heels, says a

witness. He came down, it upon him, collar-bone broken. It turned out after death that a rib had been broken (also), driven in upon the region of the lungs or heart. It had been *enough*. On Monday I walked up to some club to get the bulletin, which pretended to be favourable. We went then to the house itself, saw carriages, a scattered crowd simmering about, learnt nothing further, but came home in hope. Tuesday morning, 2nd of July, 'Postman' reported 'a bad night;' uncertain rumours of good and evil through the day. (Ruskin &c. here in the evening; good report from Aubrey de Vere, about 11 p.m.) I had still an obstinate hope. Wednesday morning 'Postman' reported Sir Robert Peel died last night, I think about nine. *Eheu! eheu!* 'Great expressions of national sorrow, really a serious expression of regret in the public; an affectionate appreciation of this man which he himself was far from being sure of, or aware of, while he lived. I myself have said nothing: hardly know what to think—feel only in general that I have now no definite hope of peaceable improvement for this country; that the one statesman we had, or the least similitude of a statesman so far as I know or can guess, is suddenly snatched away from us. What will become of it? God knows. A *peaceable* result I now hardly expect for this huge wen of corruptions and diseases and miseries; and in the meanwhile the wrigglings and strugglings in Parliament, how they now do, or what they now do there, have become mere zero to me, tedious as a tale that has been told. Dr. Foucart, who was present, told Farre, Sir Robert was frequently insensible; wandered, talking about his watch, about getting to bed. 'Let us light the candles and go to bed.' 'Have you wound up that watch?' &c. Never alluded to his hurt. He lay all the while in that dining-room, made them take off his bandages as intolerable, would not be examined or manipulated further; got away from his water-bed; slept eight hours upon a sofa, the only sleep he had. 'God bless you all!' he said in a faint voice to his children, clear and weak, and so went his way. Τέλος.

Great men die, like little men; 'there is no difference,' and the world goes its way without them. Parliament was to 'wriggle on' with no longer any Peel to guide; 'the wen,' as Cobbett called London, was to double its already overgrown, monstrous bulk, and Carlyle had still thirty years before him to watch and shudder at its ex-

tending. But from this time he cared little about contemporary politics, which he regarded as beating the wind. What *he* himself was next to do was a problem to him which he did not see his way through. Some time or other he meant to write a 'Life of Sterling,' but as yet he had not sufficient composure. Up to this time he had perhaps some hope or purpose of being employed actively in public life. All idea of this kind, if he ever seriously entertained it, had now vanished. As a writer of books, and as this only, he was to make his mark on his generation, but what book was to be written next was entirely vague to him. The house in Chelsea required paint and whitewash again—a process which, for everyone's sake, it was desirable that he should not be present to witness. His friend, Mr. Redwood, again invited him to South Wales. He had been dreadfully 'bored' there; but he was affected, too, by Redwood's loyal attachment. He agreed to go to him for a week or two, and intended afterwards to make his way into Scotland.

On the way to Cardiff, he spent a night with Savage Landor, who was then living apart from his family in Bath.

Landor (he wrote) was in his house, in a fine quiet street like a New Town Edinburgh one, waiting for me, attended only by a nice Bologna dog. Dinner not far from ready; his apartments all hung round with queer old Italian pictures; the very doors had pictures on them. Dinner was elaborately simple. The brave Landor forced me to talk far too much, and we did very near a bottle of claret, besides two glasses of sherry; far too much liquor and excitement for a poor fellow like me. However, he was really stirring company: a proud, irascible, trenchant, yet generous, veracious, and very dignified old man; quite a ducal or royal man in the temper of him; reminded me something of old Sterling, except that for Irish blarney you must substitute a fund of Welsh choler. He left me to go smoking along the streets about ten at night, he himself retiring then, having walked me through the Crescent, Park, &c., in the dusk before. Bath is decidedly the

prettiest town in all England. Nay, Edinburgh itself, except for the sea and the Grampians, does not equal it. Regular, but by no means formal streets, all clean, all quiet, yet not dead, winding up in picturesque, lively varieties along the face of a large, broad sweep of woody green sandstone hill, with large outlook to the opposite side of the valley; and fine, decent, clean people sauntering about it, mostly small country gentry, I was told; 'live here for 1,200*l.* a year,' said Landor.

Mr. Redwood was no longer at Llandough, but had moved to Boverton, a place at no great distance. Boverton was nearer to the sea, and the daily bathe could be effected without difficulty. The cocks, cuddies, &c., were as troublesome as usual, though perhaps less so than Carlyle's vivid anathemas on the poor creatures would lead one to suppose. His host entertained him with more honour that he would have paid to a prince or an archbishop, and Carlyle could not but be grateful.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Boverton: Aug. 12, 1850.

Redwood is friendliness itself, poor fellow; discloses a great quantity of passive intelligence amid his great profundity of dulness: nay, a kind of humour at times, and certainly excels in *good temper* all the human creatures I have been near lately. Several times his fussiness and *fikery* have brought angry growlings out of me, and spurts of fierce impatience which he has taken more like an angel than a Welshman. Perfection of temper! And his pony is very swift and good, and his household is hospitably furnished, and all that he has is at my disposal. On the whole I shall handsomely make out my three weeks, and hope to get profit from it after all.

Carlyle would have been the most perfect of guide-book writers. Nothing escaped his observation; and he never rested till he had learnt all that could be known about any place which he visited: first and foremost, the meaning of the name of it, if it was uncommon or suggestive. His daily letters to Chelsea were full of descriptions of the

had reached Liverpool without misadventure. He had gone on board late in the evening. The night, as the vessel ran down the Mersey, was soft and beautiful. He walked and smoked for an hour on deck, and then went in search of his sleeping-place.

'This way the *gents' cabin*, sir!' and in truth it was almost worth a little voyage to see such a cabin of *gents;* for never in all my travels had I seen the like before, nor probably shall again. The little crib of a place which I had glanced at two hours before and found six beds in had now developed itself by hinge-shelves (which in the day were parts of sofas) and iron brackets into the practical sleeping-place of at least sixteen of the gent species. There they all lay, my crib the only empty one; a pile of clothes up to the very ceiling, and all round it gent packed on gent, few inches between the nose of one gent and the nape of the other gent's neck; not a particle of air, all orifices closed. Five or six of said gents already raging and snoring. And a smell! *Ach Gott!* I suppose it must resemble that of the slave-ships in the middle-passage. It was positively immoral to think of sleeping in such a receptacle of abominations.

He sought the deck again; but the night turned to rain, and the deck of a steamer in wet and darkness is not delightful, even in August. When the vessel reached Annan, and 'he was flung into the street,' the unfortunate 'Jonah' could but address a silent word of thanks to the Merciful Power, and 'appeal to Goody and posterity.' At Scotsbrig he could do as he liked—be silent from morning till night, wander about alone among the hills, see no one, and be nursed in mind and body by the kindest hands; but he was out of order in one as well as the other. The reaction after the Pamphlets was now telling upon him. Very strange, very characteristic, is the account which he writes of his condition.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Scotsbrig: September 4, 1850.

I find it good that all one's ugly thoughts—ugly as sin and Satan several of them—should come uninterrupted before one and look

and do their very worst. Many things tend towards settlement in that way, and silently beginnings of arrangement and determination show themselves. Why, oh! why, should a living man complain after all? We get, each one of us, the common fortune, with superficial variations. A man ought to know that he is *not* ill-used; that if he miss the thing one way he gets it in another. Your 'beautiful blessings,' I have them not. I cannot train myself by having them. Well, then, by doing without them I can train myself. It is there that I go ahead of you. There, too, lie prizes if you knew it.

September 6.

Nothing so like a Sabbath has been vouchsafed to me for many heavy months as these last two days at poor Scotsbrig are. Let me be thankful for them. They were very necessary to me. They will open my heart to sad and affectionate thoughts, which the intolerable burden of my own mean sufferings has stifled for a long time. I do nothing here, and pretend to do nothing but sit silent in the middle of old unutterable reminiscences and poor simple scenes more interesting to me on this side Hades——[1] One should be content to admit that one is Nothing: a poor, vainly struggling soul, yet seen with pity by the Eternal Powers, I do believe, and whose struggles at worst are bending towards their *close*. This puts one to peace when nothing else can; and the beggarly miseries of the mere body abating a little, as with me they sensibly do, it is strange what dark curtains drop off of their own accord, and how the promise of clearer skies again visits one. These last three days have been of surpassing beauty—clear, calm September days, the sky bright and blue, with fluctuating masses of bright clouds. The hills are all spotted with pure light and pure shade; everything of the liveliest yellow on the liveliest green in this lower region. On riding up from the Kirtlebridge side hitherward, I could not but admit that the bright scene, with Burnswark and the infinite azure behind it, was one of the loveliest that I had anywhere seen. Poor old Annandale, after all! . . . A note to Lady Ashburton, after I arrived here, brought this answer yesterday. Great *Gaudeamus* at the Grange, it would seem. Between life *there* and life *here*, as I now have it, it must be admitted there is a contrast. We are about the two extremes of decent human lodging, and I know which answers the best for me. Remember me generally to all friends. Good souls! I like them all better

[1] Sentence apparently uncompleted.

than perhaps they would suspect from my *grim* ways. Sometimes it has struck me, Could not I *continue* this *Sabbatic* period in a room at Craigenputtock, perhaps? Alas! alas!

The evident uncertainty as to his future occupations which appears in these letters, taken with what he told me of his thoughts of public life at the time of his Pamphlets, confirms me in my impression that he had nourished some practical hopes from those Pamphlets, and had imagined that he might perhaps be himself invited to assist in carrying out some of the changes which he had there insisted on. Such hopes, if he had formed them, he must have seen by this time were utterly groundless. Whatever improvements might be attempted, no statesman would ever call on him to take part in the process. To this, which was now a certainty, he had to endeavour to adjust himself; but he was in low spirits—unusually low, even for him. He filled his letters with anecdotes of misfortunes, miseries, tragedies, among his Annandale neighbours, mocking at the idea that this world was made for happiness. He went to stay with his sister at Dumfries.

The kindness of these friends (he said), their very kindness, works me misery of which they have no idea. In the gloom of my own imagination I seem to myself a pitiable man. Last night I had, in spite of noises and confusions many, a tolerable sleep, most welcome to me, for on the Monday night here I did not sleep at all. Yesterday was accordingly a day! My poor mother, too, is very weak, and there are *clothes* a-buying, and confusions very many; and no minute can I be left alone to let my sad thoughts settle into sad composure, but every minute I must talk, talk. God help me! To be dead altogether! But fie! fie! This is very weak, and I am but a spoony to write so. To-morrow I will write to you more deliberately. I had no idea I was so sick of heart and had made such progress towards age and steady dispiritment. Alas! alas! I ought to be wrapped in cotton wool, and laid in a locked drawer at present. I can stand nothing. I am really ashamed of the figure I cut among creatures in the ordinary human situation. One couldn't do without human creatures alto-

gether. Oh! no. But at present, in such moods as I am now in, it were such an inexpressible saving of fret and botheration and futile distress if they would but let me alone. Woe's me! Woe *is* me!

It was in this humour that Carlyle read 'Alton Locke,' which Kingsley sent him. I well remember the gratification with which Kingsley showed me his approving criticism; and it speaks volumes for the merit of that book that at such a time Carlyle could take pleasure in it. Little did either of us then guess in what a depth of depression it had found him. The cloud lifted after a while; but these fits when they came were entirely disabling. Robust constitutional strength, which is half of it insensibility, was not among the gifts which Nature had bestowed on Carlyle. His strength was moral; it lay in an unalterable resolution to do what was right and to speak what was true—a strength nobly sufficient for the broad direction of his life and intellect, but leaving him a helpless victim of the small vexations which prey like mosquitoes on the nerves of unfortunate men of genius. Sometimes, indeed, by the help of Providence, his irritations neutralised one another. In his steady thrift, he had his clothes made for him in Annandale, the cloth bought at Dumfries and made up by an Ecclefechan tailor. His wardrobe required refitting before his return to London, and the need of attending to it proved an antidote to his present miseries. After relating his exertions in the tailor department, he says very prettily:—

Do not regret these contrivances of a 'rude age,' dear Goody mine. They are still useful for our circumstances, and are always beautiful, as human virtue is. We are not yet *rich*, my woman, nor likely ever to be. Devil may care for that part of it! No new 'suit of virtues:' only not quite so tight a fit as the old one; one advantage that, undoubtedly. But Chapman's account for the Pamphlets[1] might teach us moderation if we were forgetting our-

[1] The outcry stopped the sale of them for many months and even years.

selves. Such a return of *money* for so much toil and endurance of reproach, and other things, as has not often come athwart the Literary Lion. Devil may care for that, too! He says the account is all right. He will pay you your bit of an allowance this week, however. And so let him and his trade ledgers go their gates again. 'The little that a just man hath is more and better far, &c.,' said the old Psalmist, a most true and comfortable saying.

With the end of September London and Cheyne Row came in sight again. The repairs were finished. At Scotsbrig, when the clothes had come in, he found himself 'a distempered human soul that had slept ill, and was terribly dadded about: a phenomenon not quite unfamiliar to his wife's observation.' He had thought of a trip to Iona before going home, but the season was too far advanced. A short visit was to be managed to his friends in Cumberland. Then he would hasten back, and be as amiable as he could when he arrived. Mrs. Carlyle, in one of the saddest of her sad letters, had regretted that her company had become so useless to him.[1] 'Oh! he said, 'if you could but cease being conscious of what your company is to me! The consciousness is *all* the malady in that. Ah me! Ah me! But that, too, will mend if it pleases God.'

On the 27th of September he parted sorrowfully from his mother at Scotsbrig, after a wild midnight walk in wind and rain the evening before. Three days were given to the Speddings at Keswick, and thence, on pressing invitation, he went to the Marshalls at Coniston, where he met the Tennysons, then lately married. Neither of these visits brought much comfort. Mr. Spedding had gone with the rest of the world in disapproving the 'Latter-day Pamphlets.' At the Marshalls' he was prevented from sleeping by 'poultry, children, and flunkeys.'

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii., p. 104.

Love of the picturesque is here (he wrote from Coniston). Gorgeous magnificence *minus* quiet or any sort of comfort which to me, in my exceptional thin-skinned thrice morbid condition, were *human*. I had to run away abruptly from a survey of certain sublime rock-passes and pikes, never to be forgotten, lest the post should go without my writing. Here, avoiding lunch, too, and taking a solitary pipe instead, I end for this day, feeling myself to be, of all men, by far the most miserable, like that old Greek, yet knowing well privately that it is *not* so, and begging pity and pardon from poor Goody, whom God bless.

He announced that he could not stay, that he must leave the next day, &c. Every attention was paid him. His room was changed. Not a sound was allowed to disturb him. He had a sound sleep, woke 'to find a wonderful alteration in himself, with the sun shining over lakes and mountains;' and then he thought he would stay 'another day and still other days' if he were asked. But he had been so peremptory that his host thought it uncourteous to press him further, and then he discovered that he was not wanted, 'nothing but the name of him, which was already got.' Mr. Marshall himself accompanied him to the Windermere station, 'forcing him to talk, which was small favour;' and the express train swept him back to London. Men of genius are 'kittle' guests, and, of all such, Carlyle was the 'kittlest.'

His wife was at the Grange when he reached Cheyne Row. There was no one to receive him but her dog Nero, who after a moment's doubt 'barked enthusiastic reception,' and the cat, 'who sat reflective, without sign of the smallest emotion, more or less.' He was obliged to Nero, he forgave the cat. He was delighted to be at home again. The improvements in the house called out his enthusiastic approbation. 'Oh Goody!' he exclaimed, 'incomparable artist Goody! It is really a series of glad surprises; and the noble grate upstairs! all good and best. My bonny little artistikin. Really it is clever and wise to

a degree, and I admit it is pity that you were not here to show it me yourself. But I shall find it all out too. Thank you, thank you a thousand times!' The tossing and whirling seemed even more unattractive in the comparison.

But I have done with it (he said), and with the astonishingly admirable lights and shadows and valleys and Langdale pikes and worship of the picturesque in all its branches, from all and every of which for the future 'Good Lord deliver huz.' Oh my poor Goody! It is a great blessing to be born a person of sense, even with the temper of a rat-trap. One must put up with the temper; the other is not to be put up with. Alfred looks really improved, I should say; cheerful in what he talks, and looking forward to a future less detached than the past has been. A good soul, find him where or how situated you may. Mrs. Tennyson lights up bright glittering blue eyes when you speak to her; has wit, has sense; and were it not that she seems so very delicate in health, I should augur really well of Tennyson's adventure.

Mrs. Carlyle was distracted at his return in her own absence. She insisted that she must go to him at once; but she had been gaining strength at the Grange, and the Ashburtons begged her to stay on. Carlyle urged it too. With pretty delicacy he said, as if learning a lesson from her being away, 'I shall know better than ever I did what the comfort to me is, of being received by you when I arrive worn out, and you welcome me with your old smiles and the light of a human fire and a human home.' As she persisted that she must go back, he accepted Lady Ashburton's proposal that he should himself join his wife for a week or two before finally settling in for the winter; and it was not till the middle of October that they were together again in their own home, when he summed up in his Journal the experiences of his wanderings. Savage Landor, whom he calls 'a proud, indignant, and remarkable old man,' had pleased him from sympathy of discontent with the existing order of things. His visit to poor

Mr. Redwood he describes as 'dulness and the inanity of worse than solitude.' He had left Boverton 'in a humour strangely forlorn, sad, and sickly even for him.' He goes on:—

Four weeks at Scotsbrig: my dear old mother, much broken since I had last seen her, was a perpetual source of sad and, as it were, sacred emotion to me. Sorrowful mostly and disgusting, and even degrading, were my other emotions. God help me! Much physical suffering. Morality sunk down with me almost to zero so far as consciousness went. Surely there should be a hospital for poor creatures in such a condition as mine. But let us not speak. In the end of September I went over to Cumberland. T. Spedding limited and dull. Off to Coniston for two days. Scenery, &c. Obliged to steer for Chelsea by express train, and see whether in my home was any rest for me. Alas! not there either. Arrive about midnight: my wife gone down to the Grange. Nothing for it but stoicism, of such sort as one had, once more. In about a week go to the Grange to join my wife there. Spend ten days amid miscellaneous company in the common dyspeptic, utterly isolated, and contemptible condition. Home again on Saturday gone a week; and here ever since at least in a silent state. I have still hopes of writing another book, *better* perhaps than any I have yet done; but in all other respects this seems really the Nadir of my fortunes; and in hope, desire, or outlook, so far as common mortals reckon such, I never was more bankrupt. Lonely, shut up within my contemptible and yet *not* deliberately ignoble self, perhaps there never was, in modern literary or other history, a more solitary soul, *capable* of any friendship or honest relation to others. For the rest I do in some measure silently defy destiny, and try to look with steady eye into it, not hoping from it (except that I might get some *work* well done), nor fearing it for the remnant of my time here. Latent pieties, I do believe, still lie in me; deep wells of sorrow, reverence, and affection; but alas! that is not the humour at present, and my utmost prayer is that I might deal wisely with that too, since it is the lot of me.

CHAPTER XIX.

A.D. 1851-2. ÆT. 56-57.

Reviews of the Pamphlets—Cheyne Row—Party at the Grange—'Life of Sterling'—Reception of it—Coleridge and his disciples—Spiritual optics—Hyde Park Exhibition—A month at Malvern—Scotland—Trip to Paris with Lord Ashburton.

THERE is a condition familiar to men of letters, and I suppose to artists of all descriptions, which may be called a moulting state. The imagination, exhausted by long efforts, sheds its feathers, and mind and body remain sick and dispirited till they grow again. Carlyle was thus moulting after the 'Latter-day Pamphlets.' He was eager to write, but his ideas were shapeless. His wings would not lift him. He was chained to the ground. Unable to produce anything, he began to read voraciously; he bought a copy of the 'Annual Register;' he worked entirely through it, finding there 'a great quantity of agreeable and not quite useless information.' He read Sophocles with profound admiration. His friends came about Cheyne Row, eager to see him after his absence. They were welcome in a sense, but 'alas!' he confessed, 'nobody comes whose talk is half so good to me as silence. I fly out of the way of everybody, and would much rather smoke a pipe of wholesome tobacco than talk to anyone in London just now. Nay, their talk is often rather an offence to me, and I murmur to myself, Why open one's lips for such a purpose?' The autumn quarterlies were busy upon the Pamphlets, and the shrieking tone was considerably modi-

fied. A review of them by Masson, in the 'North British,' distinctly pleased Carlyle. A review in the 'Dublin' he found 'excellently serious,' and conjectured that it came from some Anglican pervert or convert. It was written, I believe, by Dr. Ward. The Catholics naturally found points of sympathy in so scornful a denunciation of modern notions about liberty, far asunder as they were. He and they believed alike in the Divine right of wisdom to govern folly. 'The wise man's eyes were in his head, but the fool walked in darkness.' This article provided him 'with interesting reflections for a day or two.' But books were his chief resource in these months. A paper in the 'Annual Register' set him reading Wycherley's comedies, not with satisfaction. He calls them a combination of 'human platitude and pravity' seldom equalled. 'Faugh!' he said, 'I shut up the book last night, having actually worked through the greater part of it with real abomination.' 'Scaligerana' was far better. From this he made many extracts. He calls it the most curious daguerreotype likeness of a great man's loose talk that he had ever seen,

alternating between French and Latin, between high and low, between thick and thin, the most free and easy shovelling out of whatever came readiest in a human soul, a strange draggly-wick'd tallow candle lighted in the belly of a dark dead past, a sorcerer's dance of extinct human beings and things.

At intervals he thought of writing something. 'Ireland' came back upon him occasionally as still a possibility. A theory of education on the plan in Goethe's 'Wanderjahre' would give him scope to say something not wholly useless. These were the two subjects which looked least contemptible. There was English history too: 'The Conqueror,' 'Sir Simon de Montfort,' 'The Battle of Towton.' 'But what,' he asked himself, '*can* be done with a British Museum under fat pedants, with a world so sunk as ours, and alas! with a soul so sunk and subdued to its ele-

ments as mine seems to be? *Voyons, voyons! au moins taisons nous.*'

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: December 14, 1850.

Jane has taken no cold yet; goes out in some omnibus whenever the day is not quite wretched. I hear nothing of her hurt,[1] and I believe it is getting well, though she does not seem to like any speech about it. I am myself decidedly better than when I wrote last—have, in fact, nothing wrong about me except an incurably squeamish liver and stomach. I generally go out for an hour's walking before bed-time; the little snaffle of a *messin* called Nero commonly goes with me, runs snuffling into every hole, or pirrs about at my side like a little glassy rat, and returns home the joyfullest and dirtiest little dog one need wish to see. . . . 'No Popery' is still loud enough in these parts, and it is confidently expected these pasteboard Cardinals and their rotten garments will be packed out of this island in some way. *Ultimus crepitus Diaboli*, as Beza said of the Jesuits.

Journal.

December 30, 1850.—The year is wearing out; life is wearing out; and I can get to no work. *Me miserum!* Of course the thing is difficult, most things are, but I continually fly from it too, and my poor days pass in the shabbiest, wastefullest manner. Ballantyne, Maccall, and John Welsh were with us on Christmas Day to dinner. Last night Kingsley and Darwin. Good is to be got out of no creature. Lady Bulwer Lytton—a most melancholy interview of her seeking. How the Furies do still walk this earth, and shake their 'dusky glowing torches' on men and women! Can do nothing with the poor lady's novel, I fear. Yesterday I was clearing myself of a tangle of extraneous letters, &c., with which *I* had properly nothing to do. How much 'love,' 'respect,' 'admiration,' &c., is there in this world which resembles the 'love' of dogs for a dead horse. 'Fie on't! 'tis an unweeded garden;' and then the sluggard of a gardener. Awake! Wilt thou never awake, then?'

Notwithstanding the hopes and resolutions which Carlyle had brought back with him from Scotland, the do-

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. i., p. 397.

mestic atmosphere was not clear in Cheyne Row, and had not been clear since his return. Nothing need be said about this. It added to his other discomforts, that was all. In the Journal of January 20, there is this curious observation:—

It is man's part to deal with Destiny, who is *known* to be inexorable. It is the woman's more to deal with the man, whom, even in impossible cases, she always thinks capable of being moved by human means; in this respect a harder, at least a less dignified, lot for her.

At the end of January he went off again to the Grange, alone this time, to meet an interesting party there. Thirlwall, Milnes, the Stanleys, Sir John Simeon, Trench, then Dean of Westminster, and several others. He might have enjoyed himself if his spirits had been in better order, 'for, thanks to the Bishop, the conversation was a thought more solid than was usual.' One evening it took a remarkable form, and as he more than once described the scene to me, I quote what he says about it in a letter.

Last night there was a dreadful onslaught made on—what shall I say? properly the *Church*—in presence of Trench and the Bishop. Trench affected to be very busy reading, and managed extremely well. The Bishop was also grand and rationally manful, intrinsically agreeing with almost everything I said. Poor Simeon, a gentleman in search of a religion, sate stupent in the whirlpool of heterodox hail, and seemed to feel if his head were on his shoulders. This is an extraordinary epoch of the world with a witness.

It was perhaps as an effect of this singular piece of talk, at any rate in discharge of a long-recognised duty, that Carlyle, on returning home, set at once about his long-meditated life of John Sterling. To leave Sterling any longer as an anatomical subject for the religious newspapers was treason to his friend's memory. He had waited, partly from want of composure, partly that the dust might settle a little; and now, having leisure on his hands, and being otherwise in the right mood, he re-read Sterling's

letters, collected information from surviving relatives, and without difficulty—indeed, with entire ease and rapidity—he produced in three months what is perhaps the most beautiful biography in the English language. His own mind for the past year had been restless and agitated, but no restlessness can be traced in the 'Life of Sterling.' The scorn, the pride, the indignation of the Pamphlets lies hushed down under a stream of quiet affection. The tone is calm and tender. Here, more than in any other of the rest of his writings, he could give play, without a jarring note, to the gentlest qualities of his heart and intellect. It was necessary for him to express himself more plainly than he had hitherto done on the received religious creeds; but he wrote without mockery, without exasperation, as if his angry emotions were subdued to the element in which he was working. A friend's grave was no place for theological controversy, and though he allowed his humour free play, it was real play, nowhere savagely contemptuous. Sterling's life had been a short one. His history was rather that of the formation of a beautiful character than of accomplished achievement; at once the most difficult to delineate, yet the most instructive if delineated successfully. The aim of the biographer was to lift the subject beyond the sordid element of religious exasperations; yet it was on Sterling's 'religion,' in the noble meaning of the word, that the entire interest turned. Growing to manhood in an atmosphere of Radicalism, political and speculative, Sterling had come in contact with the enthusiasts of European revolution. He had involved himself in a movement in which accident only prevented him from being personally engaged, and which ended in the destruction of his friends. In the depression which followed he had fallen under the influence of Coleridge. He had learnt from Coleridge that the key of the mystery of the universe lay after all with the Church creed rightly

understood, and that, by an intellectual legerdemain, uncertainties could be converted into certainties. The process by which the wonderful transformation was to be effected, Carlyle himself had heard from the prophet's own lips, and had heard without conviction when Irving long before had taken him to Highgate to worship.

To the young and ardent mind, instinct with pious nobleness, yet driven to the grim deserts of Radicalism for a faith, Coleridge's speculations had a charm much more than literary, a charm almost religious and prophetic. The constant gist of his discourse was lamentation over the sunk condition of the world, which he recognised to be given up to atheism and materialism: full of mere sordid mis-beliefs, mis-pursuits, and mis-results. All science had become mechanical, the science not of men, but of a kind of human beavers. Churches themselves had died away into a godless mechanical condition, and stood there as mere cases of articles, mere forms of Churches, like the dried carcases of once swift camels which you find left withering in the thirst of the universal desert—ghastly portents for the present, beneficent ships of the desert no more. Men's souls were blinded, hebetated, and sunk under the influence of atheism and materialism, and Hume and Voltaire. The world for the present was an extinct world, deserted of God and incapable of well-doing till it changed its heart and spirit. This, I think, expressed with less of indignation and with more of long-drawn querulousness, was always recognisable as the ground tone, which truly a pious young heart, driven into Radicalism and the opposition party, could not but recognise as a too sorrowful truth, and ask the oracle with all earnestness, 'What remedy, then?' The remedy, though Coleridge himself professed to see it as in sunbeams, could not, except by processes unspeakably difficult, be described to you at all. On the whole, these dead Churches, this dead English Church especially, must be brought to life again. Why not? It was not dead. The soul of it in this parched-up body was tragically asleep only. Atheistic philosophy was true on its side; and Hume and Voltaire could on their own ground speak irrefragably for themselves against any Church. But lift the Church and them into a higher sphere of argument, they died into inanition. The Church revivified itself into pristine florid vigour, became once more a living ship of the desert, and invincibly bore you over stock and stone. But how? but how?

By attending to the 'reason' of man, said Coleridge, and duly chaining up the 'understanding' of man. The *Vernunft* (reason) and *Verstand* (understanding) of the Germans—it all turned upon these if you could well understand them, which you couldn't. For the rest, Coleridge had on the anvil various books, especially was about to write one grand book *on the Logos*, which would help to bridge the chasm for us. So much appeared, however: Churches, though proved false as you had imagined, were still true as you were to imagine. Here was an artist who would burn you up an old Church, root and branch, and then, as the alchemist professed to do with organic substances in general, distil you an 'Astral Spirit' from the ashes, which was the very image of the old burnt article, its airdrawn counterpart. This you had, or might get, and draw uses from if you could. Wait till the book on the Logos was done; alas! till your own terrene eyes, blind with conceit and the dust of logic, were purged, subtilized, and spiritualized into the sharpness of vision requisite for discerning such an 'O-m-m-mject.' The ingenuous young English head of those days stood strangely puzzled by such revelations, uncertain whether it was getting inspired or getting infatuated into flat imbecility; and strange effulgence of new day, or else of deeper meteoric night, coloured the horizon of the future for it.

Carlyle for himself had refused to follow Coleridge into these airy speculations. He for one dared not play with truth, and he regarded this metaphysical conjuring as cowardly unmanliness, fatal to honesty of heart, and useful only to enable cravens, who in their souls knew better, to close their eyes to fact.

What the light of your mind (he says), which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible, that, in God's name, leave uncredited. At your peril do not try believing that. No subtlest hocus pocus of 'reason' *versus* 'understanding' will avail for that feat. . . . Only in the world's last lethargy can such things be done and accounted safe and pious. . . . 'Do you think the living God is a buzzard idol, sternly asks Milton, 'that you dare address him in this manner?' It is not now known, what never needed proof or statement before, that religion is not a doubt—that it is a certainty, or else a mockery and horrour; that none of all the many things we are in doubt about can by any

alchemy be made a 'religion' for us, but are, and must continue, a baleful quiet or unquiet hypocrisy for us, and bring—salvation, do we fancy? I think it is another thing they will bring, and are on all hands visibly bringing this long while.

He held sternly to what his conscience told him, and would not listen to the Coleridgean siren. But many did listen, and ran upon the fatal shore. Intellectual clergymen especially, who had been troubled in their minds, imagined that they found help and comfort there. If, as they had been told, it was a sin to disbelieve the Church's creed, then the creed itself must rest on something beyond probability and the balance of evidence. Why not, then, on Coleridge's '*reason*'? It was a serious thing besides to have a profession to which they were committed for the means of living, and which the law forbade them to change. Thus, at the time when Carlyle was writing this book, a whole flight of clergy, with Frederick Maurice at their head and Kingsley for lieutenant, were preaching regeneration on Coleridge's principles, and persuading themselves that 'the sacred river could run backwards after all.' Sterling, before them, had been carried away by the same illusion. In his enthusiasm, he took orders; a few months' experience sufficed to show so true an intelligence that the Highgate philosophy was 'bottled moonshine;' and Carlyle draws the picture of him, not like Julius Hare, as of 'a vanquished doubter,' but as 'a victorious believer,' resolutely shaking himself clear of artificial spider-webs—holding fast with all his powers to what he knew to be true and good, and living for that, and that only.

In Sterling's writings and actions (says Carlyle), were they capable of being well read, we consider that there is for all true hearts, and especially for young noble seekers and strivers towards what is highest, a mirror, in which some shadow of themselves and of their immeasurably complex arena will profitably present itself. Here, also, is one encompassed and struggling even as they now are. This man also had said to himself, not in mere

catechism words, but with all his instincts, and the question thrilled in every nerve of him and pulsed in every drop of his blood, 'What is the chief end of man? Behold! I, too, would live and work as beseems a denizen of this universe—a child of the Highest God! By what means is a noble life still possible for me here? Ye heavens, and thou, earth, oh how?' The history of this long-continued prayer and endeavour, lasting in various figures for near forty years, may now, and for some time coming, have something to say to men. Nay, what of men of the world? Here, visible to myself for some while, was a brilliant human presence, distinguishable, honourable, and loveable amid the dim common populations, among the million little beautiful once more a beautiful human soul, whom I among others recognised and lovingly walked with while the years and the hours were. Sitting now by his tomb in thoughtful mood, the new times bring a new duty to me. Why write the life of Sterling? I imagine I had a commission higher than the world's—the dictate of Nature herself to do what is now done. *Sic prosit.*[1]

[1] Among the many evidences of Carlyle's interest in young men who applied to him for advice and guidance, I find the following letter, written at the time at which he was engaged on the 'Life of Sterling,' and showing that no occupation, however absorbing, could lead him to neglect a duty which, when the occasion offered, he always regarded as sacred:—

'Chelsea: March 9, 1850.

'My good young friend,—I am much obliged by the regard which you entertain for me, and do not blame your enthusiasm, which well enough becomes your young years. If my books teach you anything, don't mind in the least whether other people believe it or not; but do you, for your own behoof, lay it to heart as a real acquisition you have made—more properly, as a real message left with you, which *you* must set about fulfilling, whatever others do. This is really all the counsel I can give you about what you read in my books or those of others: practise what you learn there; instantly, and in all ways, begin turning the belief into a fact, and continue at that till you get more and even more belief, with which also do the like. It is idle work otherwise to write books or to read them. And be not surprised that "people have no sympathy with you." That is an accompaniment that will attend you all your days if you mean to lead an earnest life. The "people" could not save you with their "sympathy," if they had never so much of it to give. A man can and must save himself, with or without their sympathy, as it may chance. And may all good be with you, my kind young friend, and a heart stout enough for this adventure you are upon; that is the best good of all.

'I remain, yours very sincerely, 'T. CARLYLE.'

This is one of thousands of such letters, written out of Carlyle's heart, and preserved by those to whom they were addressed as their most precious possession.

Something of the high purpose which Carlyle assigns to Sterling was perhaps reflected from himself, as with a lover's portrait of his mistress; yet his account of him is essentially as true as it is affectionate. He did not give his esteem easily, and when it was given it was nobly deserved. I well remember the effect which the book produced when it appeared. He himself valued it little, and even doubted whether it was worth publishing. As a piece of literary work it was more admired than anything which he had yet written. The calmness was a general surprise. He had a tranquil command of his subject, and his treatment of it was exquisitely delicate. He was no longer censuring the world as a prophet, but delighting it as an artist. The secular part of society pardoned the fierceness with which he had trampled on them for so beautiful an evidence of the tenderness of his real heart. The religious world was not so well satisfied. Anglicans, Protestants, Catholics had hoped from 'Cromwell,' and even from the Pamphlets, that, as against spiritual Radicalism, he would be on their side. They found themselves entirely mistaken. 'Does not believe in us either, then?' was the cry. 'Not one of the *religiones licatæ* will this man acknowledge.' Frederick Maurice's friends were the most displeased of all. The irreverence with which he had treated Coleridge was not to be forgiven. From all that section of Illuminati who had hitherto believed themselves his admirers, he had cut himself off for ever, and, as a teacher, he was left without disciples, save a poor handful who had longed for such an utterance from him. He himself gathered no conscious pleasure from what he had done. 'A poor tatter of a thing,' he called it, valuable only as an honest tribute of affection to a lost friend. It was so always. The execution of all his work fell so far short of his intention that when completed it seemed to be worth nothing.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: April 5, 1851.

I told the Doctor about 'John Sterling's Life,' a small, insignificant book or pamphlet I have been writing. The booksellers got it away from me the other morning, to see how much there is of it, in the first place. I know not altogether myself whether it is worth printing or not, but rather think that will be the end of it whether or not. It has cost little trouble, and need not do much ill, if it do no great amount of good. . . . Alas, alas! I have so many things still to write—immense masses of things; and the time for writing them gets ever shorter, and, as it seems, the composure, strength, and other opportunity less and less. We must do what we can. I am weak, very irritable, too, under my bits of burdens, and bad company for anybody, and shall need a long spell of the country somewhere if I can get it. In general, I feel as if it would be very good for me to be *covered under a tub* wherever I go, or, at least, set to work, like James Aitkins' half-mad friend, '*ay maistly in a place by himsel'*.'

Among the 'irritations' was a portrait which had been taken of him in Annandale, and of which an engraving was now sent to him. No painter ever succeeded with Carlyle. One had made him 'like a flayed horse;' of the present one he says:—

Three months ago ——— solicited me to sit for this thing. I refused; she entreated; I consented, and here it is. No more abominable blotch, without one feature of mine, was ever called by the name of a rational man. It is the portrait of an idiot that has taken Glauber salts and lost his eyesight. We burn it and forget it. N.B.—Never again consent to the like; learn generally to say 'No.' Ah! could I? The character attached, written by some young man unknown to me, is very kind, and not bad at all. To the fire! To the fire!

This was nothing. The real uneasiness was over 'the immense masses of things' on which he wanted to write, and project after project rose and faded before he could see his way. The 'Exodus from Houndsditch' was still one of them; ought he, or ought he not, to be explicit in

that great matter, and sketch the outlines of a creed which might hereafter be sincerely believed?

'Birth of a cherry' in the spring of the year (he writes); birth of a planet in the spring of the æons. The All produces them alike, builds them together out of its floating atoms, out of its infinite opulences. The germ of an idea lies behind that. Another 'spiritual world,' its blaze of splendour as yet all veiled, hangs struggling behind those wrecks and dust-clouds—Hebrew, Greek, &c. When will it be born into clearness?

Again, April, 1851:—

In the spiritual world, as in the astronomical, it is *the earth* that turns and produces the phenomena of the heavens. In all manner of senses this is true; we are in the thick of the confusion attendant on learing *this;* and thus all is at present so chaotic with us. Let this stand as an *aphoristic saying?* or work it out with some lucidity of detail? Most true it is, and it forms the secret of the spiritual epoch we are in.

Attempt to work it out Carlyle did in the two fragments on 'Spiritual Optics' which I printed in the second volume of his *early* life. He there seems to say that something of the sort was expected of him, and even obligatory upon him. But either he felt that the age was not ripe, or he could not develop the idea satisfactorily, and he left what he had written to mature in some other mind. 'Few men,' he says at this time, 'were ever more puzzled to find their road than I am just now. Be silent! Look and seek!' His test of progress—of the moral worth of his own or any other age—was the *men* that it produced. He admired most of all things in this world single-minded and sincere people, who believed honestly what they professed to believe, and lived it out in their actions. Properly, he admired nothing else, and his special genius lay in depicting such ages and persons. The 'Cid,' as he was looking about him for subjects, tempted him for a few weeks. The story of the Cid is the roughest, truest, most genial of the epics of modern Europe, and some picture, he thought,

might be drawn out of it of the struggle of Spanish chivalry with the Moslem. He read various books—Müller's, Southey's, &c.—with this view, but he found, as everyone else has found, that although Ruy Diaz in the poem is as real as Achilles, nothing can be made of him in the shape of history. Müller he found 'stilting and affected, walking as if he were half-*skating*;' other learned writers ostentatious and windy. 'On the whole,' he said, 'I can make less of the Cid than I expected, and, in fact, cannot get any clear face view of him at all.' Should he try William the Conqueror and the Norsemen? This seemed more feasible, and his own sympathies—his own heart itself was Scandinavian; all the virtues we possessed he believed to have come to us out of our Norse ancestry. But this, too, faded, and his mind wandered from thing to thing.[1]

[1] Had Carlyle turned his mind to it, he would have been a great philologist. I find in his Note-book at this period a remark on a peculiarity of the English language too valuable to be omitted :—

'Did I mark anywhere the absurd state of our *infinitive* of verbs used as a substantive? Building is good. *Batir est bon. Ædificare bonum est. Bauen ist gut.* In all languages, and by the nature of speech itself, it is the *infinitive* that we use in such cases. How, in the name of wonder, does English alone seem to give us the present participle? Many years ago I perceived the reason to be this: *Build* (the verb) was antiently *Builden*. All infinitives, as they still do in German, ended in *en;* our beautiful Lindley Murray, alarmed at a mispronunciation like "Buildin'," stuck a "g" to the end of it, and so here we are with one of the most perfect solecisms daily in our mouths—a participle where a participle cannot be. I cannot pretend to give any specific appreciation of the English as compared with other languages. It often seems to me, though with many intrinsic merits and lost capabilities, one of the most barbarous tongues now spoken by civilized creatures; a language chiefly adapted for *invoices*, drill-sergeant words of command, and such like. The dropping of the "g" ("ge" in German) from our preterite-participles, so that participle and aorist, except by position, are indistinguishable, is an immense loss of resource; your sentence is thus foot-shackled to an amazing extent. Other losses, virtual loss of declension (all but one case), of inflexion (almost altogether); these also, though a gain of speed for invoices, &c., are a sad loss for speech or writing, and shackle you very sore. Yet Shakespeare wrote in English. Honour the Shakespeare who subdued the most obstinate material, and made it melt before him. What will become of English? I can by no means predict eternity for our present hidebound dialect of English; but there is such a solid note of worth in this language, and it is spoken by such a multi-

A new cant came up at this epoch to put him out of patience—Prince Albert's Grand Industrial Exhibition and Palace of Aladdin in Hyde Park, a temple for the consecration of commerce, &c., with the Archbishop of Canterbury for fugleman, a contrivance which was to bring in a new era, and do for mankind what Christianity had tried and failed to do. For such a thing as this Carlyle could have no feeling but contempt.

Journal.

April 21, 1851.—Crystal Palace—bless the mark!—is fast getting ready, and bearded figures already grow frequent on the streets; 'all nations' crowding to us with their so-called industry or ostentatious frothery. All the loose population of London pours itself every holiday into Hyde Park round this strange edifice. Over in Surrey there is a strange agreeable solitude in the walks one has. My mad humour is urging me to flight from this monstrous place—flight 'over to Denmark to learn Norse,' for example. Every season my suffering and resistance drives me on to some such mad project, and every season it fails. 'I can't get out.' There was certainly no element ever contrived in which the life of man was rendered more barren and unwholesome than this same. Not to be helped at present, it would seem. Heigho! old age is stern and sad, but not unbeautiful if we could guide it wisely. Try to keep a little piety in thy heart; in spite of all mad contradictions, enough to drive oneself utterly mad if one had no patience, try to maintain a small altar-flame burning there. Eheu! eheu!

May 3.—Cold gray weather. All the world busy with their Industrial Exhibition. I am sick, very sad, and, as usual for a long time back, not able to get on with anything. My silence and isolation, my utter loneliness in this world, is complete. Never in my life did I feel so utterly windbound, lame, bewildered, incapable of stirring from the spot in any good direction whatever. *Da wär gute Rath theuer;* and not even an attempt towards it can be

tude of important human creatures just now, that it has evidently a great part to play yet, and will enter largely into the speech of the future, when all Europe shall gradually have, if not one speech, say three:—1. Teutonic—English for the heart of it, with Danish, German, Dutch, &c.; 2, Roman—French the head element; and 3, Sclavonic—Russian the ditto. Those will be grand times, Mrs. Rigmarole—oh, *jam satis!*

made. The human beings that come round one have the effect generally upon me of beings that can or will give me no help in this my extreme need; and that ought not to be so unkind as to *hinder* me when I am so near the wall. One law only is clear to me: *Hold thy peace!* Admit not into thy counsel those that cannot have any business there; and, with shut lips, walk on the best thou with thy lamed limbs canst, and not a word more here or elsewhere.

Poor 'human beings that came round him.' How could they help, how could they offer to help? They came to worship. It was not for them to advise or encourage. He was their teacher. They came to learn of him and receive humbly what he might please to give them—and he himself was sick and moulting. His feverishly active intellect had no fixed employment, and the mental juices were preying upon themselves. When summer came, and the Exhibition opened, London grew intolerable. The enthusiasm for this new patent invention to regenerate the human race was altogether too much for him. He fled to Malvern for the water-cure, and became, with his wife, for a few weeks the guest of Dr. Gully, who, long years afterwards, was brought back so terribly to his remembrance. After long wavering he was beginning seriously to think of Frederick the Great as his next subject; if not a hero to his mind, yet at heart a man who had played a lofty part in Europe without stooping to conventional cant. With Frederick looming before him he went to cool his fever in the Malvern waters. The disease was not in his body, loudly as he complained of it. The bathing, packing, drinking proved useless—worse, in his opinion, than useless. 'He found by degrees that water, taken as medicine, was the most destructive drug he had ever tried.' He 'had paid his tax to contemporary stupor.' That was all. Gully himself, who would take no fees from him, he had not disliked, and was grateful for his hospitality. He stayed a month in all. His wife went to her friends in

Manchester; he hastened to hide himself in Scotsbrig, full of gloom and heaviness, and totally out of health.

In a letter which Mrs. Carlyle wrote to him after they separated, she reprimanded him somewhat sharply for having come to her, as she supposed, for a parting kiss, with a lighted cigar in his mouth, and in the 'Letters and Memorials' he allowed the reproach to stand without explanation.[1] Evidently she had resented the outrage on the spot, and, as he humbly said, 'he had not needed that addition to make his lonely journey abundantly sombre.' Yet he had been innocent as a child.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Manchester.

Scotsbrig, September 4, 1851.

That of the cigar, at which you showed so much offence, not much to my consolation on the way homewards, was an attempt on my part to whisper to you that I had given the maid half a crown, nothing more or other, as I am a living sinner. What you, in your kind assiduity, were aiming at, I in the frightful, hateful whirl of such a scene had not in the least noticed or surmised. You unkind woman, unfortunate with the best intentions, to send me off in that humour with such a *viaticum* through the manufacturing districts! I thought of it all day; yet *with sorrow*, not with anger, if you will believe me.

How many of Carlyle's imagined delinquencies in this department may not have been equally explicable! Of late years, even with her he had grown shy and awkward; meaning always well, and failing in manner from timidity. At Scotsbrig he soothed himself with the 'Life of Chalmers.' 'An excellent Christian man,' he said. 'About as great a contrast to himself in all ways as could be found in these epochs under the same sky.' He found his mother not ill, but visibly sinking. She had divined that all was not as well in Cheyne Row as it ought to be. Why had not Mrs. Carlyle come too, to see her before she died? She said over and over again, 'I wad ha' liked well to see

[1] Vol. ii., p. 11.

Janie ance mair.' All else was still and peaceful. The air, the home faces, the honest, old-fashioned life, did for him what Malvern and Gully could not do. The noise of the outside world reached him only as an echo, and he was only provoked a little when its disturbances came into his close neighbourhood.

Father Gavazzi (he says, in a letter of September 10) is going to harangue them (at Dumfries) to-morrow in Italian, which one would think must be an extremely unprofitable operation for all but the *Padre* himself. This blockhead, nevertheless, is actually making quite a *furore* at Glasgow and all over the west country, such is the anti-Popish humour of the people. They take him for a kind of Italian Knox (God help them!), and one ass, whom I heard the bray of in some Glasgow newspaper, says, 'He strikingly reminds you of our grand hater of shams, T. Carlyle.' Certainly a very striking resemblance indeed! Oh, I am sick of the stupidity of mankind—a *servum pecus*. I had no idea till late times what a bottomless fund of darkness there is in the human animal, especially when congregated in masses, and set to build Crystal Palaces, &c., under King Cole, Prince Albert and Company. The profoundest Orcus or belly of chaos itself, this *is* the emblem of them.

Scotsbrig lasted three weeks. There had been an old arrangement that Carlyle should spend a few days at Paris with the Ashburtons. Lord and Lady Ashburton were now there, and wrote to summon him to join them. At such a command the effort seemed not impossible. He went to London, joined Browning at the South Eastern Railway station, and the same evening found him at Meurice's. The first forty-eight hours were tolerable: 'nothing to do except amuse himself,' which he thought could be borne for a day or two. Lord Ashburton of course saw everyone that was worth seeing. 'Thiers came the second afternoon and talked *immense* quantities of watery enough vain matter.' Thiers was followed by two other 'men of letters,' 'one Mérimée,' 'one Laborde,' *Nichts zu*

bedeuten. The third and fourth nights sleep unfortunately failed, with the usual consequences. He grew desperate, 'found that he had made a fruitless jump into a Red Sea of mud.' The last remains of his patience vanished when Mérimée dared to say that he 'thought Goethe an inferior French apprentice.' This was enough of literature. He packed his bag and fled home to Chelsea. He had better have stayed out his time at Scotsbrig. On his arrival he recorded his Paris adventures in his Journal.

Went to Paris for a week, travelling with the Brownings, and got nothing by the business but confusion, pain, disappointment; total (or almost total) want of sleep; and, in fine, returned home by express train and Calais packet in one day; glad beyond all things, and almost incredulous of the fact, to find myself in my own bed again, in my own poor hut again, with the prospect of arrangements that suited me a little. Saw at Paris, besides English people of high name, but small significance, Thiers several times —not expressly visiting me—a lively little Provençal figure, not dislikeable, very far from *estimable* in any sense: item, Mérimée—wooden pedant, not without conciseness, pertinency, and a certain sarcastic insight—on the whole, no mortal of the slightest interest or value to me. To be at the trouble of speaking a foreign language (so ill) with such people on such topics as ours was a perpetual burden to me. Had letters to some others, but burnt them. Found some interest in looking over the physical aspects of Paris again, and contrasting it and myself with what had existed twenty-six years before. The town had a dirty unswept look still; otherwise was much changed for the better. Ride in the Bois de Boulogne with Lord Ashburton, horses swift and good, furnished by an Englishman—nothing else worth much—roads all in dust-whirlwinds, with omnibuses and scrubby vehicles; the Bois itself nearly solitary, and with a soft sandy riding-course; otherwise dirty, unkempt, a smack of the sordid grating everywhere on one's ill-humour. Articulate-speaking France was altogether without beauty or meaning to me in my then diseased mood; but I saw traces of the inarticulate, industrial, &c., being the true France and much worthier.

CHAPTER XX.

A.D. 1851-2. ÆT. 56-57.

Purpose formed to write on Frederick the Great—The author of the 'Handbook of Spain'—Afflicting visitors—Studies for 'Frederick'—Visit to Linlathen—Proposed tour in Germany—Rotterdam—The Rhine—Bonn—Homburg—Frankfurt—Wartburg—Luther reminiscences—Weimar—Berlin—Return to England.

For several years now, with the exception of the short interval when he wrote Sterling's life, Carlyle had been growling in print and talk over all manner of men and things. The revolutions of 1848 had aggravated his natural tendencies. He had thought ill enough before of the modern methods of acting and thinking, and had foreseen that no good would come of them. The universal crash of European society had confirmed his convictions. He saw England hurrying on to a similar catastrophe. He had lifted up his voice in warning, and no one would listen to him, and he was irritated, disappointed, and perhaps surprised at the impotence of his own admonitions. To go on with them, to continue railing like Timon, was waste of time and breath; and time and breath had been given to him to use and not to waste. His best resource, he knew, was to engage with some subject large enough and difficult enough to take up all his attention, and he had fixed at last on Frederick of Prussia. He had discerned for one thing that Prussia, in those days of tottering thrones, was, or would be, the centre of European

stability, and that it was Frederick who had made Prussia what she was. It was an enormous undertaking; nothing less than the entire history, secular and spiritual, of the eighteenth century. He was not one of those easy writers who take without inquiry the accredited histories, and let their own work consist in hashing and seasoning and flavouring. He never stated a fact without having himself gone to the original authority for it, knowing what facts suffer in the cooking process. For Carlyle to write a book on Frederick would involve the reading of a mountain of books, memoirs, journals, letters, state papers. The work with Cromwell would be child's play to it. He would have to travel over a large part of Germany, to see Berlin and Potsdam, to examine battle-fields and the plans of campaigns. He would have to make a special study, entirely new to him, of military science and the art of war; all this he would have to do, and do it thoroughly, for he never went into any work by halves. He was now fifty-six years old, and might well pause before such a plunge. Frederick himself, too, was not a man after Carlyle's heart. He had 'no piety' like Cromwell, no fiery convictions, no zeal for any 'cause of God,' real or imagined. He lived in an age when sincere spiritual *belief* had become difficult, if not impossible. But he had one supreme merit, that he was not a hypocrite: what he did not feel he did not pretend to feel. Of cant—either conscious cant, or the 'sincere cant' which Carlyle found to be so loathsome in England—there was in Frederick absolutely none. He was a man of supreme intellectual ability. One belief he had, and it was the explanation of his strength—a belief in *facts*. To know the fact always exactly as it was, and to make his actions conform to it, was the first condition with him; never to allow facts to be concealed from himself, or distorted, or pleasantly flavoured with words or spurious sentiments; and there-

fore Frederick, if not a religious man, was a true man, the nearest approach to a religious man that Carlyle believed perhaps to be in these days possible. He might not be true in the sense that he never deceived others. Politicians, with a large stake upon the board, do not play with their cards on the table. But he never, if he could help it, deceived himself; never hid his own heart from himself by specious phrases, or allowed voluntary hallucinations to blind his eyes, and thus he stood out an exceptional figure in the modern world. Whether at his age he could go through with such an enterprise was still uncertain to him; but he resolved to try, and on coming back from Paris sat down to read whatever would come first to hand. He did not recover his good-humour. Lady Ashburton invited Mrs. Carlyle to spend December with her at the Grange, to help in amusing some visitors. She did not wish to go, and yet hardly dared say no. She consulted John Carlyle.

Heaven knows (she wrote) what is to be said from me individually. If I refuse this time, she will quarrel with me outright. That is her way; and as quarrelling with her would involve also quarrelling with Mr. C. it is not a thing to be done lightly. I wish I knew what to answer for the best.

Not a pleasant position for a wife, but she made the best of it and submitted. She went to the Grange. He stayed behind with Jomini and the Seven Years' War, patiently reading, attending to his health, dining out, seeing his friends, and at least endeavouring to recover some sort of human condition—even, as it seems, cleansing the Cheyne Row premises with his own hands.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, at the Grange.

Chelsea: December 8, 1851.

On Saturday last in the morning I did what is probably my chief act of virtue since you went; namely, I decided not to walk, but to take water and a scrub-brush, and swash into some degree of

tolerability those greasy clammy flags in the back area. I did it without rebuke of Anne. I said she couldn't do it in her present state of illness; and on the whole proceeded, and found it decidedly hard work for three-quarters of an hour. Some ten or twelve pails of water with vigorous scrubbing did, however, reduce the affair to order, whereupon I washed myself and sat down to breakfast in victorious peace. 'Dirt shall not be around me,' said Cobbett, 'so long as I can handle a broom.' Our weather here is now absolutely beautiful. I executed a deal of riding yesterday, and after near four hours' foot and horse exercise was at South Place little after time. 'Mutton chop with Ford?'[1] There was a grand dinner when I arrived *en frac*, Mrs. Ford, Lawrence, and the girls all dressed like tulips; Anthony (Sterling) himself in white waistcoat, all very grand indeed. I was really provoked, but said nothing. Happily I was clean as new snow, and had not come in my pilot jacket; and in short I could not help it. Ford, though a man without *humour* or any gracefulness or loveability of character, is not the worst of men to dine with at all; has abundance of authentic information—not duller than Macaulay's, and much more certain and more social too—and talks away about Spanish wines, anecdotes, and things of Spain. I got away about eleven, not quite ruined, though not intending to go back soon.

December 11.

Do but think: I have had a letter from that bird-like, semi-idiot son of poor ——, thanking me for the mention of his father in 'Sterling,' and forwarding for my judgment a plan to renovate suffering society! a big printed piece with MS. annotations, accompaniments, &c.—an association to do it all. My answer was, in brief, 'A pack of damned nonsense, you unfortunate fool!'

December 12.

Last night, just as tea was in prospect, and the hope of a quiet, busy evening to a day completely *lost*, enter, with a loud knock, poor —— leading his little boy; a huge, hairy, good-humoured, stupid-looking fellow the size of a house gable, and all over with hair, except a little patch on the crown, which was bald; the boy noisy, snappish, and inclined to be of himself intolerable. I gave them tea, tried to talk. Poor —— has no talent. You expect good-humoured *idiomatic* simplicity at least, and you do not get even that. He turns like a door on a hinge from every kind of

[1] Author of the 'Handbook of Spain,' and parent of the whole handbook series.

opinion or assertion, and is a colossus of gossamer. They bored me to death, and at half-past nine, to complete the matter, Saffi[1] enters. Oh, heavens! the whole night, like the day, was a painful wreck for the rational soul of man.

Afflictions would come, but Carlyle's essentially kind heart put up with them. He had to secure himself more effectually before he could make progress with Frederick, which still hung before him uncertain. He joined his wife at the Grange in the middle of the month, and stayed out the year there.

Journal.

January, 1852.—Took to reading about Frederick the Great soon after my return from Paris, at which work, with little definite prospect or even object—for I am grown very poor in hope and resolution now—I still continue. Was at the Grange before and till New Year's Day, three weeks in all, Jane five weeks—rode daily, got no other good—Lords Lansdowne and Grey; Thackeray, Macaulay, Twisleton, Clough, a huge company coming and going. Lonely I, solitary almost as the dead. Infinitely glad to get home again to a *slighter* measure of dyspepsia, inertia, and other heaviness, ineptitude, and gloom. Keep reading Frederick. Precise, exact, copious, dullest of men, Archenholtz (my first German book near thirty years ago), Jomini, Lloyd, and now Frederick's own writings. I make slow progress, and am very sensible how *lame* I now am in such things. *Hope* is what I now want. Hope is as if dead within me for most part; which makes me affect solitude and wish much, if wishing were worth aught, that I had even one serious intelligent man to take counsel with, and communicate my thoughts to. But this is weak, so no more of this; know what the inevitable years have brought thee, and reconcile thyself to it. An unspeakable grandeur withal sometimes shines out of all this, like eternal light across the scandalous London fogs of time. Patience! courage! steady, steady! Sterling's Life out, and even second edition of it—very well received as a piece of writing and portrait-painting. *Was bedeutet's aber?* Religious reviews, I believe, are in a terrible humour with me and it. Don't look at one of them. Various foolish letters about it. 'Latter-day Pamphlets' have turned nine-tenths of the world

[1] Friend of Mazzini; ex-triumvir of Rome.

dreadfully against me—*und das auch, was bedeutet's?* Can Frederick be my next subject—or what?

Six months now followed of steady reading and excerpting. He went out little, except to ride in the afternoons, or walk at midnight when the day's work was over. A few friends were admitted occasionally to tea. If any called before, he left them to his wife and refused to be disturbed. I was then living in Wales, and saw and heard nothing of him except in some rare note. In the Journal there are no entries of consequence except the characteristic one of April 1.

You talk fondly of 'immortal memory,' &c. But it is not so. Our memory itself can only hold a certain quantity. Thus for every new thing that we remember, there must some old thing go out of the mind; so that here, too, it is but death and birth in the old fashion, though on a wider scale and with singular difference in the *longevities*. Longevities run from 3,000 years or more to nine days or less; but otherwise death at last is the common doom.

The temper does not seem to have much mended. There were small ailments and the usual fretfulness under them. When June came he sent his mother a flourishing account of himself, but his wife added a sad-merry postscript as a corrective:—

June 5.

It is quite true that he is done with that illness, and might have been done with it much sooner if he had treated himself with ordinary sense. I am surprised that so good and sensible a woman as yourself should have brought up her son so badly that he should not know what patience and self-denial mean—merely observing 'Thou'st gey ill to deal wi'.' Gey ill indeed, and always the longer the worse. When he was ill this last time, he said to Anne (the servant) one morning, 'I should like tea for breakfast this morning, *but you need not hurry*.' The fact was, he was purposing to wash all over with soap and water; but Anne didn't know that, and thought he must be dangerously ill, that he should ever have thought of saying *you needn't hurry*. 'It was such an

unlikely thing for the master to say, that it quite made my flesh creep.' You see the kind of thing we still go on with.

He had decided on going to Germany in August. With the exception of the yacht trip to Ostend, he had never been beyond Paris. Mrs. Carlyle had never been on the Continent at all; and the plan was for them to go both together. Repairs were needed in the house again. He was anxious to complete a portion of his reading before setting out, and fancied that this time he could stay and live through the noise; but the workmen when they came in were too much for him. She undertook to remain and superintend as usual. He had to fly if he would not be driven mad—fly to Scotland, taking his books with him; perhaps to his friend Mr. Erskine.

To Thomas Erskine, Linlathen.

Chelsea: July 12, 1852.

Dear Mr. Erskine,—I foresee that, by stress of weather and of other evil circumstances, I shall, in spite of my reluctance and inertia, be driven out of this shelter of mine—where I have already fled into the topmost corner with a few books; and, aided by a watering-pot, would so gladly defend myself as at first I hoped to do. The blaze of heat is almost intolerable to everybody; and alas! we, in addition, have the house full of workers, armed with planes, saws, pickaxes, dust-boxes, mortar-hods, the two upper storeys getting a 'complete repair' which hitherto fills everything with noise, dust, confusion, and premonitions of despair. I foresee, especially if this hot weather holds, that I shall have to run. My wife, who is architect and factotum, will retire to some neighbour's house and sleep; but cannot leave the ground till she *sees* these two upper storeys made into her image of them. I have fled into a dressing-room far aloft; sit there very busy with certain books, also with watering-pot, which, all carpets &c. being off, is a great help to me. Here I would so gladly hold out; but in spite of wholesome and unwholesome inertias, shall too probably be obliged to fly. Whitherward? is now the question, and I am looking round on various azimuths to answer the same. Tell me, if you are, or are likely to be, tolerably solitary for a ten days

at Linlathen, and about what time. A draught attracts me thither, so as to few other places. But alas! in *every* way there lie lions for me, weak in body and strong in imagination as I am. It seems sometimes as if, could you leave me daily six hours strictly private for my German reading, and send me down once a day to bathe in your glorious sea, I could try well not to be sulky company at other hours, and might do very well beside so friendly a soul as yours is to me always. Tell me, at any rate, how you are situated, and regard this pious thought, whether it becomes an action or not, as proof of my quiet trust in you. Hearty good wishes to all.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Erskine, who loved Carlyle and delighted in his company, responded with a hearty invitation, and on July 21, the weather still flaming hot, Carlyle dropped down the river in a boat from Chelsea to the Dundee steamer, which was lying in the Pool, his wife and Nero accompanying to see him off. She was delighted that he should go, for her own sake as well as for his. When he was clear off, she could go about her work with a lighter heart. She writes to tell John Carlyle of his brother's departure, and goes on :—

Noise something terrific. In superintending all these men, I begin to find myself in the career open to my particular talents, and am infinitely more satisfied than I was in talking 'wits' in my white silk gown, with white feathers in my head, at soirées at Bath House, and all that sort of thing. It *is* such a consolation to be of some *use*, though it is only in helping stupid carpenters and bricklayers out of their impossibilities, &c. ; especially when the *ornamental* no longer succeeds with one as well as it has done. The fact is, I am remarkably indifferent to *material* annoyances, considering my morbid sensitiveness to *moral* ones ; and when Mr. C. is not here recognising it with his overwhelming eloquence, I can regard the present earthquake as something almost laughable.

He meanwhile was reporting his successful arrival in Fife.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Linlathen: July 23, 1852.

You and Nero vanishing amid the ships of the Pool were a *wae* kind of sight to me in my then and subsequent condition of imagination. . . . I got on very well in the steamer, was nearly *utterly* silent, found everybody civil, and everything tolerably what it should be. The weather was of the best. That first evening, with the ships all hanging in it at the Thames mouth like black shadows on a ground of crimson, was a sight to make anybody give way to the picturesque for a few minutes. I passed almost all my time in reading; smoked too, and looked with infinite sorrow, yet not unblessed or angry sorrow, into the continent of chaos, as is my sad wont on such occasions. I contrived to get a berth, by good management, where I had a door to shut upon myself, and a torrent of wind running over me all night, where accordingly I managed to sleep tolerably well both nights, and am really better, rather than worse. Give Nero a crumb of sugar in my name.

July 26.

Thanks, many thanks, for the note I got this morning. You know not what a crowd of ugly confusions it delivered me from, or what black webs I was weaving in my chaotic thoughts while I heard nothing from you here . . . for I am terribly bilious, though it might be hard to say why; everything is so delightfully kind and appropriate here—weather, place, people, bedroom, treatment all so much 'better than I deserve.' But one's imagination is a black smithy of the Cyclops, where strange things are incessantly forged. . . . The good Thomas and all the rest religiously respect my six hours, and hitherto I have always got a fair day's work done. I sit in my big high bedroom, hear nothing but the sough of woods, have a window flung clean up, go out and smoke at due intervals, as at home, &c. In fact, I am almost too well cared for and attended to. The only evil is that they will keep me in talk. Alas! how much happier I should be not talking or talked to! I require an effort to get my victuals eaten for talk.

This was too good to last. Carlyle would not have been Carlyle if he had been even partially contented for a week together. The German problem seemed frightful as the

time drew on. Travelling of all kinds was horrible to him. 'Frederick was no sufficient inducement to lead him into such sufferings and expenses.' 'Shall we cower into some nearest hole,' he said, 'and leave Germany to the winds? I am very weary of all locomotion, of all jargon talk with my indifferent brethren of mankind. "She said, I am a-weary, a-weary." I am very, very weary, truly so could I say; and the Rankes, Varnhagens, and other gabbling creatures one will meet there are not very inviting.' Linlathen itself became tedious: he admitted that all the circumstances were favourable—the kindest of hosts, the best of lodging; 'but the wearisome was in permanence there.' It was only by keeping as much alone as possible that he managed to get along. 'Oh, Goody!' he cried, 'have pity on me and be patient with me; my heart is very lonely sometimes in this world.' They would make him talk, that was the offence; yet it was his own fault. His talk was so intensely interesting, so intensely entertaining. No one who heard him flowing on could have guessed at the sadness which weighed upon him when alone. Those bursts of humour, flashing out amidst his wild flights of rhetoric, spoke of anything but sadness; even the servants at places where he dined had to run out of the room, choking down their laughter. The *comic* and the *tragic* lie close together, inseparable like light and shadow, as Socrates long ago forced Aristophanes himself to acknowledge. He escaped to Scotsbrig after a fortnight with the Erskines, and there he hoped his wife would join him. But the work at Cheyne Row lingered on, and was far from completion. He felt that he ought to go to Germany; yet he was unwilling to leave her behind him. She had looked forward with some eagerness to seeing a foreign country, and Carlyle knew it. 'You surely deserve this one little pleasure,' he said; 'there are so few you can get from me in this world.' To himself it

would be no pleasure at all. 'Curtainless beds, noisy, sleepless nights' were frightful to contemplate. He, individually, was 'disheartened, dyspeptical, contemptible in some degree;' still, for her sake, and for the little bit of duty he could get done, he was ready to encounter the thing. Especially he wished her to come to him at Scotsbrig. She had held aloof of late years, since things had gone awry. 'My poor old mother,' he wrote, 'comes in with her sincere, anxious old face: "Send my love to Jane, and tell her" (this with a wae-ish tone) "I would like right weel to have a crack[1] wi' her ance mair."'

Mrs. Carlyle was still unable to come away from Chelsea, but she was alarmed at the extreme depression of his letters. He reassured her as well as he could.

August 12.

Don't bother yourself (he said) about my health and spirits. That is not worse at all than usual; nay, rather it is better, especially to-day, after a capital sleep—my best for six weeks; nor is the gloom in my mind a whit increased. It is the nature of the beast; and he lives in a continual element of black, broken by lightnings, and cannot help it, poor devil!

He concluded that he must go to Germany. She, if things were well, might come out afterwards, and join him in Silesia. He found that 'he did not care much for Frederick after all;' but 'it would be disgraceful to be beaten by mere travelling annoyances.'

My own private perception (he said, a few days later) is that I shall *have* to go—that I shall actually be shovelled out to-morrow week into a Leith steamer for Rotterdam, a result which I shudder at, but see not how to avoid with the least remnant of honour. I wait, however, for your next letter, and the candid description of your own capabilities to join me, especially the *when* of that; and, on the whole, am one 'coal of burning sulphur'—one heap, that is to say, of chaotic miseries, horrors, sorrows, and imbecilities, actually rather a contemptible man. But the ass does swim, I sometimes say, if you fling him fairly into the river, though he

[1] *Crack*, conversation.

brays lamentably at being flung. Oh, my Goody! my own, or not my own, Goody! is there no help at all, then?

Letter followed letter, in the same strain. It was not jest, it was not earnest; it was a mere wilfulness of humour. He told her not to mind what he said; 'it was the mere grumbling incidental to dyspepsia and the load of life. It was, on the whole, the nature of the beast, and was to be put up with, as the wind and the rain.' She had to decide, perhaps prudently, that she could not go, either with him or after him. 'The wind and the rain,' with the aggravation of travelling, would probably rise to a height. He himself was heartily disappointed. 'I do grudge,' he said, 'to go to Germany without you, and feel as if half the scheme were gone on that account.' He was a little ashamed, too. It was harvest-time at Scotsbrig, and men and women were all busy with the shearing.

These rugged Annandale shearers (he said) ought to put a *Kopfhänger* like me to shame. In Germany, whether I *slept* or not, the odious captivity to indolence, incompetence, and do-nothingism which encircles me at present would be cast off at least. Life anywhere will *swallow* a man, unless he rise and vigorously try to swallow *it*.

He gathered himself together for the effort. On August 25 he wrote:—

Last night I slept much better, and, indeed, except utter dispiritment and indolent confusion, there is nothing essential that ails me. 'Jist plain mental awgony in my ain inside,' that is all; which I can in a great manner cure whenever I like to rise and put my finger in the pipie o' t.

And on the 27th:—

Yesternight, before sunset, I walked solitary to Stockbridge hill top, the loneliest road in all Britain, where you go and come some three miles without meeting a human soul. Strange, earnest light lay upon the mountain-tops all round, strange clearness; solitude as if personified upon the near bare hills, a silence everywhere as if premonitory of the grand eternal one. I took out your letters

and read them over again, but I did not get much exhilaration there either. On the whole, I was very sore of heart, and pitied my poor Jeannie heartily for all she suffers; some of it that I can mend and will; some that I cannot so well, and can only try. God bless thee ever, dear Jeannie! that is my heart's prayer, go where I may, do or suffer what I may.

All this came from his heart, and she knew it well. She never doubted his heart; but, in the midst of his emotions, he had forgotten his passport, and had to instruct her to go with the utmost haste to the proper quarters to procure one, and she would have desired him to feel less and to consider more.

It is much to be wished (she wrote to his brother) that Mr. C. could learn not to leave everything to the last moment, throwing everybody about him, as well as himself, into the most needless flurry. I am made quite ill with that passport; had to gallop about in street-cabs *by the hour*, like a madwoman, and lost two whole nights' sleep in consequence—the first from anxiety, the second from fatigue.

All was settled at last—resolution, passport, and everything else that was required; and on Sunday, August 30, Carlyle found himself 'on board the greasy little wretch of a Leith steamer, laden to the water's edge with pig-iron and herrings,' bound for the country whose writers had been the guides of his mind, and whose military hero was to be the subject of his own greatest work. He reached Rotterdam at noon on September 1. He was not to encounter the journey alone. Mr. Neuberg was to join him there, a German admirer, a gentleman of good private fortune, resident in London, who had volunteered his services to conduct Carlyle over the Fatherland, and afterwards to be his faithful assistant in the 'Frederick' biography. In both capacities Neuberg was invaluable, and Carlyle never forgot his obligation to him. His letters are the diary of his adventures. They are ex-

tremely long, and selections only can be given here. He went first to Bonn, to study a few books before going farther.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Chelsea.

Bonn: Sunday, September 6, 1852.

Thank thee very much, dear Jeannie, for the letter of yesterday, which lay waiting to refresh me in the afternoon when I returned from my dusty labours in the library here. It seemed to me the kindest I had got from you this long while, almost like the old ones I used to get; and any letter at all, so anxious and impatient had I grown, would have been right welcome. My journey has had nothing that was not pleasant and lucky hitherto. At Bonn here, on my arrival, there lay nothing for me except a note from Lady Ashburton, enclosing the introduction from Lord A. to the Ambassador at Berlin—not a first-rate comfort to me. I must, or should, acknowledge it to-day; but writing of all kinds in these sad biliary circumstances, with half-blind eyes, and stooping over low rickety tables is perfectly unpleasant to me. . . . Well, but let me say I got beautifully up the Rhine; stuck by the river all day, all night, and the second afternoon found Neuberg waiting here on the beach for me. Alas! at Rotterdam I had slept simply none at all, such was the force of noisy nocturnal travellers, neighbours *snoring*, and the most industrious *cocks* I ever heard. The custom-house officers, too, had spoilt the lock of my portmanteau, and, on the whole, I was in such a whirl of storm-tost flurries and confusions—God help me, wretched, thin-skinned mortal that I am! At five a.m. next morning I was in a precious humour to rise, and settle with unintelligible waiters and German steamboat clerks, and get myself, on any terms, on board. On board I got, however, and the place proved infinitely better than I hoped; some approach to Christian food to be had in it, some real sleep even; indeed, the principal sleep I have *yet* had since Friday gone a week was four hours, and again four hours, deep, deep, lying on the cabin sofas, amid the general noises, in that respectable vessel. I spoke German too, being the one Englishman on board, made agreeable acquaintances, &c. &c. The Rhine, of a vile reddish-drab colour, and all cut into a reticulary work of branches, flowing through an absolutely flat country, *lower* than itself was far from beautiful about Rotterdam, and for a fifty miles higher, but

it was highly curious, and worth seeing once in a way; a country covered with willows, bulrushes, and rich woods, kept from drowning by windmill pumps. One looked with astonishment upon it, and with admiration at the invincible industry of man. Higher up (towards 4 p.m. of the first day) the river gets decidedly agreeable; and about Cologne, twenty miles below this, a beautiful mountain group, *Sieben Gebirge*, the Seven Hills, which are still some five or seven miles beyond us *here*, announces that the 'picturesque' is just going to enter on the scene. Much good may it do us! We had beautiful weather all the way, and yet have. But surely the most picturesque of all objects was that of Neuberg, standing on the beach here to take me out of all that puddle of foreign things, and put me down, as I hoped, in some place where I might sleep and do nothing else for several days to come.

Neuberg's kindness nothing can exceed; but as to the rest of it, as to sleep in particular, I find the hope to have been somewhat premature. Oh heavens! I wonder if the Devil anywhere ever contrived such beds and bedrooms as these same are. And two cocks are industrious day and night under the back window, &c. &c. But, upon the whole, I *have* slept every night here more or less, and am decidedly learning to do it; and Neuberg asserts that I shall become expert by-and-by.

Yesterday, as my first day's work, I went to the University Library here; found very many good books unknown to me hitherto on Vater Fritz; took down the titles of what on inspection promised to be useful; brought home some twenty away with me, and the plan at present is that N. and I shall go with them to a rural place in the Sieben Gebirge, called Roland's Eck, for one week, where sleep is much more possible, and there examine my twenty books before going farther, and consider what is the best to be done farther.

September 9.

A letter from my Jeannie will surely be one of the joyfullest occurrences that can befall me in these strange, sleepless, nervous, indescribable foreign parts. Oh, my own dear little soul, would to God I were in our own little cabin again, even in sooty London, since not under the free sky anywhere! That would be such a blessing; and it seems to me I shall be rather unwilling to get upon the road *again* were I once fairly home.

Last Sunday when I ended we were just going to Roland's Eck,

a terrestrial Paradise and water-cure which Neuberg and the world recommended as every way eligible. Well, the little journey took effect, though under difficulties and mismanagements. But the 'place'! It was beautiful exceedingly; but it was as little like sleeping in as Cremorne Gardens might be, and I turned back from it with horror. Home again, therefore, in the cool dusk, and next day trial of a small, sequestered village called Hunef, at the foot of the Sieben Gebirge, on the other side of the river, where N. went to seek a lodging for me in which human sleep might be possible. Not entirely to distress the good N., I consented, though with shuddering reluctance, to try one of his eligiblest places, and accordingly I packed on the morrow and proceeded thither to take possession. What a nice long letter I proposed to write to my poor Goody out of that strange place, the heart of a real German *Dörflein* in the lap of the hills, when once I should have had a night's sleep! Neuberg waited in the inn till next morning to see how I should do. *Ach Gott!* of all the places ever discovered, even in Germany, that *Hundehof* surely was the most intolerable for noise. A bed, as everywhere in Germany, more like a butcher's tray or a big washing-tub than a bed, with pillows shaped like a wedge three feet broad, and a deep pit in the middle of the body, without vestige of curtains, the very windows curtainless, and needing to be kept wide open—for there is no fire-place or other hole at all—if you will have any air. There you will have to sleep or die, go where you will in this country. Then for noise—loud gossip in the street till towards midnight, tremendous peals of bells from the village church (which seems to have been some cathedral, such force of bells is in it), close by one's head, watchman's horn of the loudness and tone of a jackass, and a general Sanhedrim apparently of all the cats and dogs of nature. That was my *Nachtlager* on the night of Tuesday, when, nevertheless, I did get about three hours' sleep, did greatly admire and esteem the good-natured, faithful ways of the poor villagers, smoked two or three times out of my window, and, on the whole, was not so unhappy at all, and had thoughts of my loved ones far away which were pious rather than otherwise.

Neuberg, at the meeting on the morrow, agreed that we must instantly get off towards Homburg, perhaps towards Nassau, Ems, &c., but always ultimately through Frankfurt. At Homburg, if at no other of these places, a week's quiet reading might be possible, and he could send the books back to Bonn. . . . So

stands it, then: to-morrow at eight we sail, pass Coblentz towards Frankfurt. One can get out and stay where one likes.

Some professors have come athwart me—none that I could avoid —'miserable creatures lost in statistics.' Old Arndt, a sturdy old fellow of eighty-three, with open face, loud voice, and the liveliest hazel eyes, is the only one I got even momentary good of. *Io non cerco nessuno*, and find *Gelehrten* in particular less and less charming to me. The river is grand and broad, the country rather picturesque and very fertile and pleasant, though the worst-cultivated in creation, a Lothian farmer would say; the people *sonsie*, industrious, in their stupid way, and agreeable to look on, though tending towards ugliness. Tobacco perpetually burning everywhere. Many Jews abroad. Travellers, if not English, are apt to be rich Jews, with their Jewesses, I think. Neuberg is not bright, but full of kindness and solid sense. Let not my poor Goody fret herself about me. I am really wonderfully well, in spite of these outer tribulations and dog concerts, and doubt not I shall do my journey without damage if I take care.

Homburg: September 15.

We did get out of Bonn fairly on Friday morning. At first wettish, but which dried and brightened by degrees. . . . Of the Rhine you shall hear enough by-and-by. It is verily a 'noble river,' much broader than the Thames at full tide, and rolling along many feet in depth, with banks quite trim, at the rate of four or five miles an hour, *without voice*, but full of boiling eddies, the most magnificent image of silent power I have seen; and, in fact, one's first idea of a world-river. This broad, swift sheet, rolling strong and calm in silent rage for three or four hundred miles, is itself far the grandest thing I have seen here or shall likely see. But enough of it. Neuberg and I got out at Coblentz that Friday about 2 p.m., and, by N.'s suggestion, put ourselves in the coupé of an Ems omnibus—*Bad* Ems, ten miles off, up a side valley, east side, there to try for a quiet sleeping-place and day for excerpting German books; which really answered well. Ems is the strangest place you ever saw—Matlock; but a far steeper set of rocks close to rear; in front a river equal to Nith; and half a mile of the brightest part of Rue de Rivoli (say Regent's Quadrant) set into it; a place as from the opera direct, and inhabited by devil's servants chiefly. Of it enough in winter evenings that are coming. We got the quietest lodging perhaps in Germany (not very quiet either), at the farther end of the place; and there, in spite of

cocks, I got one night's sleep and two half-ones, and did all my bits of books, and shall not undertake any similar job while here. Better buy the books in general and bring them home to read. At Ems we saw Russians gambling every evening; heard music by the riverside among fantastic promenades and Regent's Quadrant edifices, and devil's-servant people every evening, every morning. Saw a dance, too, unforgetable by man; in fine, drove in cheap *cuddy* vehicle on Sunday evening up to Nassau (Burg Nassau, the birthplace of William the Silent and other heroes). A kind of pious pilgrimage which I am glad to have done. At the top of the high tower, on a high, woody hill, one has of course a 'view' not worth much to me. But I entered my name in their album, and plucked that one particle of flower on the tip top of all, which I now send to thee. Next morning we left Ems, joined our steamboat at Coblentz, and away again to the sublime portions of the Rhine country: very sublime indeed, really worth a sight. Say a hundred miles of a Loch Lomond, or half Loch Lomond, all rushing on at five miles an hour, and with queer old towers and ruined castles on the banks; a grand silence, too, and grey day adding to one's sadness of mood; for 'a fine sorrow,' not coarse, is the utmost I can bring it to in this world usually. Beyond Coblentz our boat was too crowded; nasty people several of them, French mainly; stupid and polite, English mainly. There was a sprinkling of Irish, too, 'looking at the vine-clad hills,' as I heard them lilting and saying.

Neuberg guided and guides, and does for me as only a third power of courier reinforced by loyalty and friendship could. Bless him! the good and sensible but wearisome and rather heavy man! At Maintz at dusk it was decidedly pleasant to get out and have done with the Rhine, which had now grown quite flat on either side, and full of islands with willows, not to speak of chained (anchored) cornmills, &c. Maintz and Faust of Maintz we had to survey by cat's-light—good enough for us and it, I fancy. In fine, about ten the railway, twenty miles or so, brought us to Frankfurt, and the wearied human tabernacle, in well-waxed wainscoted upper appartments in the 'Dutch Hof,' prepared itself to court repose; not with the best prospects, for the street or square was still rattling with vehicles, and indeed continued to do so, and we left it rattling. Of the night's sleep we had as well say nothing. I remembered Goody and the Malvern inn gate, and endeavoured to possess my soul in patience. In shaving next morning, with my

face to the Square, which was very lively, and had trees in the middle, I caught, with the corner of my eye, sight of a face which was evidently Goethe's. *Ach Gott!* merely in *stone*, in the middle of the Platz among the trees. I had so longed to see that face alive; and here it was given to me at last, as if with huge world irony, in stone, an emblem of so much that happens. This also gave me a moment's genial sorrow, or something of that sort.

From Bonn I had written to Mephisto M—— at Weimar. Behold, one of the first faces the morning offered me at Frankfurt was that of M—— himself, who had come in person to meet us the night before, and had been at the Post Office and all inns, the friendly ugly little man! He was quite desolate to hear I could not stop at Weimar or any place beyond one day for want of sleep. He went about with us everywhere, and at first threatened to be rather a burden; but by degrees grew to be manageable and rather useful, till we dined together and parted on our own several routes. He is gone round by Würzburg, &c., to Weimar, and is to expect us there about Saturday. His Grand Duke and Duchess are in Italy. Eckermann himself is at Berlin—one day may very well suffice in Berlin.

At Frankfurt yesterday after breakfast we saw—wearied I—all manner of things. Goethe's house—were in Goethe's room, a little garret not much bigger than my dressing-room—and wrote our names 'in silence.' The Judengasse, grimmest section of the Middle Ages and their pariahood I ever saw. The Römer where old Kaisers were all elected. On the whole a stirring, strange, old Teutonic town, all bright with paint and busy trade. The fair still going on under its booths of small trash in some squares. Finally we mounted to the top of the Pfarrkirche steeple—oldest church, highest steeple—318 steps, and then M—— called for and got a bottle of beer, being giddy, poor soul! and we aided in drinking the same (I to a cigar) and composedly surveying Frankfurt city and the interior parts of Germany as far as possible. At 5 p.m. Neuberg put me into an omnibus—vile crowded airless place—and in two hours brought me here in quest of an old lodging he had had, 'the quietest in the world,' where we *were* lucky enough to find a floor unoccupied, and still are, for at least one other day. As I said, my book-excerpting, *taliter qualiter*, is as good as done; and the place is really quite rustic, out at the very end of Homburg, and that by narrow lanes. I see nothing here but fields, and hear nothing but our own internal noises.

Last night accordingly I expected sleep. Alas! our upper floor lodgers took ill—Devil mend them!—and my sleep was nothing to crack of. In fact I have renounced the hope of getting any considerable sleep in Germany. I shall snatch nightly, it may be hoped, a few hours, half a portion, out of the black dog's throat; and let every disturbance warn me more and more to be *swift* in my motions, to restrict myself to the indispensable, and to hurry *home*, there to sleep. I calculate there will but little good come to me from this journey. Reading of books I find to be impossible. The thing that I can do is to see certain places and to see if I can gather certain books. Wise people also to talk with, or inquire of,·I as good as despair of seeing. *All* Germans, one becomes convinced, are not wise! On the whole, however, one cannot but like this honest-hearted hardy population, very coarse of feature for most part, yet seldom radically *hässlich;* a *sonsie* look rather: and very frugal, good-humouredly poor in their way of life.

Of Homburg proper—which is quite out of sight and hearing, yet within five minutes' walk—N. and I took survey last night. A public set of rooms—*Kursaal* they call such things, finer than some palaces, all supported by gambling, all built by one French gambling *entrepreneur*, and such a set of damnable faces—French, Italian, and Russian, with dull English in quantities—as were never seen out of Hell before! Augh! It is enough to make one turn cannibal. An old Russian countess yesternight sat playing *Gowpanfuls* of gold pieces every stake, a figure I shall never forget in this world. One of the first I saw risking coin at an outer table was Lord —— almost a beauty here, to whom I did not speak. Afterwards in music-room—also the gambling *entrepreneur's*, as indeed everything here is—the poor old Duke of Augustenburg hove in sight. On him I ought to call if I can find spirits. Oh, what a place for human creatures to flock to! Och! Och! The taste of the waters is nasty, Seltzer, but stronger—as Ems is too, only hot. On the whole, if this is the last of German *Badeörter* I ever see, I shall console myself.

The next letter is to his mother dated from Weimar, September 19. She, he well knew, if she cared for nothing else, would care to hear about the Luther localities. She had a picture of Luther in her room at Scotsbrig. He was her chief Saint in the Christian calendar. After de-

scribing briefly the early part of his journey as far as Homburg, which he calls the 'rallying-place of such a set of empty blackguards as are not to be found elsewhere in the world,' he tells how on his way to Cassel he stopped at Marburg, 'a strange, most ancient town, famed for some of Luther's operations and for being the Landgraf Philip of Hesse's place of residence.' He continues:—

The Landgraf's high old castle, where we loitered a couple of hours, is now a correction-house filled with criminals and soldiers. The chamber of conference between Luther, Zwingli, &c., is used for keeping hay. The next morning brought us from Cassel to Eisenach, with its Wartburg, where Luther lay concealed translating the Bible; and there I spent one of the most interesting forenoons I ever got by travelling. Eisenach is about as big as Dumfries, a very old town but well whitewashed, all built of brick and oak with red tile roofs of amazing steepness and several grim old swagbellied steeples and churches and palatial residences rising conspicuous over them. It stands on a perfect plane by the side of a little river, plain smaller than Langholm and surrounded by hills which are not so high, yet of a somewhat similar character, and are all grassy and many of them thickly wooded. Directly on the south side of it there rises one hill, somewhat as Lockerbie hill is in height and position, but clothed with trim rich woods; all the way through which wind paths with prospect houses, &c. On the top of the hill stands the old Wartburg, which it takes you three-quarters of an hour to reach; an old castle—Watch Castle is the name of it—near 800 years old, where there is still a kind of garrison kept, perhaps twenty men; though it does not much look like a fortress; what one sees from below being mainly two monstrous old houses, so to speak, with enormous roofs to them, comparable to two gigantic peak stacks set somewhat apart. There are other lower buildings that connect these when one gets up. There is also of course a wall all round—a donjon tower, standing like Repentance [1]—and the Duke of Weimar, to whom the place belongs, is engaged in restorations, &c., and has many masons employed on it just now. I heeded little of all they had to show, except Junker Georg's [2] chamber, which is in the nearest of the

[1] The Tower of Repentance on Hoddam Hill. Carlyle illustrates throughout from localities near Ecclefechan which his mother would know.

[2] The name under which Luther passed when concealed there.

peat stacks, the one nearest Eisenach and close by the gate when you enter on your right hand. A short stair of old worn stone conducts you up. They open a door, you enter a little apartment, less than your best room at Scotsbrig, I almost think less than your smallest, a very poor low room with an old leaded lattice window; to me the most venerable of all rooms I ever entered. Luther's old oak table is there, about three feet square, and a huge fossil bone—vertebra of a mammoth—which served him for footstool. Nothing else now in the room did certainly belong to him; but these did. I kissed his old oak table, looked out of his window—making them open it for me—down the sheer castle wall into deep chasms, over the great ranges of silent woody mountains, and thought to myself, 'Here once lived for a time one of God's soldiers. Be honour given him!' Luther's father and mother, painted by Cranach, are here—excellent old portraits—the father's with a dash of thrift, contention, and worldly wisdom in his old judicious, peasant countenance, the mother particularly pious, kind, true, and motherly—a noble old peasant woman. There is also Luther's self by the same Cranach; a picture infinitely superior to what your lithograph would give a notion of; a bold effectual-looking rustic man, with brown eyes and skin; with a dash of peaceable self-confidence and healthy defiance in the look of him. In fact one is called to forget the engraving in looking at this; and indeed I have since found the engraving is not from this, but from another Cranach, to which also it has no tolerable resemblance. But I must say no more of the Wartburg. We saw the place on the plaster where he threw his inkstand—the plaster is all cut out and carried off by visitors—saw the outer staircase which is close by the door where he speaks of often hearing the Devil make noises. Poor and noble Luther! I shall never forget this Wartburg, and am right glad I saw it.

That afternoon, there being no train convenient, we drove to Gotha in a kind of clatch—two-horsed—very cheap in these parts; a bright beautiful country and a bonny little town; belongs to Prince Albert's brother, more power to his elbow! There we lodged in sumptuous rooms in an old quiet inn; the very rooms where Napoleon lodged after being beaten at Leipzig. It seems I slept last night where he breakfasted, if that would do much for me. At noon we came off to Erfurt, a place of 30,000 inhabitants, and now a Prussian fortified town, all intersected with ditches of water for defence' sake. Streets very crooked, very narrow, houses with old

overhanging walls, and still the very room in it where Martin Luther lived when a monk, and, one guide-book said, the very Bible he found in the Convent-library and read in this cell. This of the Bible proved wrong. Luther's particular Bible is not here, but is said to be at Berlin. Nothing really of Luther's there except the poor old latticed window glazed in lead, the main panes round, and about the size of a biggish *snap*, all bound together by whirligig intervals. It looks out to the west, over mere old cloistered courts and roof-tops against a church steeple, and is itself in the second storey. Except this and Luther's old inkstand, a poor old oaken *boxie* with inkbottle and sand-case in it now hardly sticking together, there is nothing to be seen here that actually belonged to Luther. The walls are all covered over with texts, &c., in painted letters by a later hand. The ceiling also is ornamentally painted; and indeed the place is all altered now, and turned long ago into an orphan asylum, much of the old building gone and replaced by a new of a different figure. On one wall of the room, however, is again a portrait of Luther by Cranach, and this I found on inspection was the one your engravers had been vainly aiming at. Vainly, for this too is a noble face; the eyes not turned up in hypocritical devotion, but looking out in profound sorrow and determination, the lips too gathered in stern but affectionate firmness. He is in russet yellow boots, and the collar of his shirt is small and edged with black.

So far about Luther. Though writing from Weimar, he was less minute in his account of the relics of Goethe.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Weimar: September 20, 1852.

Last night I sat long, till everything was quiet, in this *Gasthof zum Erbprinz*, writing to my mother all about Luther's localities. Those of to-day belong especially to you. I write within half a gun-shot of the Goethe'sche Haus and of the Schiller'sche. Our own early days are intertwined in a kind of pathetic manner with these two. At Homburg we had a quieter time than could have been expected—we stayed out our two days and three nights under tolerable circumstances. I finished my books and saw the Schloss, where are many interesting portraits, and a whole lot of books about Frederick, to the whole of which I might have had access without difficulty had it been my cue to stay, which it was not. I also saw the Augustenburgs, and spent an interesting hour

with the good Duchess and her two sons and two daughters; in a very Babylonish condition as to *languages*, but otherwise quite pleasant and luminous. The old gentleman sat mostly silent, but looking genial; the Duchess, whose French seemed bad, and whose German was not clear to me, is a fine broad motherly woman. The girls, with their stiff English, were beautiful, clear-eyed, fair-skinned creatures, and happy in spite of their exile; the sons ditto ditto. It was here that I first heard of Wellington's death, the night before we came away. Cassel is a large, dull town, and there, in the best inn, was such an arrangement for *sleeping* as—*Ach Himmel!* I shall not forget those cow-horns and '*Höret ihr Herren*' in a hurry. It was a night productive of 'pangs which were rather exquisite,' and nevertheless, some three hours of sleep on which one could proceed and say, 'It will not come back.' I had also the pleasure to see that Hassenpflug's—the tyrannous, traitorous court minion's—windows were broken as we drove past in the morning towards Eisenach, where again we halt for Luther's and the Wartburg's sake. Of all that you shall hear enough by-and-by—it was a real gain to me. I could not without worship look out of Luther's indubitable window, down into the sheer abysses over the castle wall, and far and wide out upon the woody multitude of hills; and reflect that here was authentically a kind of great man and a kind of holy place, if there were any such. In my torn-up, sick, exasperated humour I could have cried, but didn't. . . . Weimar—a little, bright enough place, smaller than Dumfries, with three steeples and totally without smoke—stands amid dull, undulating country; flat mostly, and tending towards ugliness, except for trees. We were glad to get to the inn, by the worst and slowest of *clatches*, and there procure some *chack* of dinner. Poor M—— had engaged me the 'quietest rooms in Germany,' ricketty, bare, crazy rooms, and with a noisy man snoring on the other side of the deal partition—yet really quiet in comparison, where I did sleep last night and hope to do this. M—— truly has been unwearied, would take me into Heaven if it depended on him. Good soul! I really am a little grateful, hard as my heart is; and ought to be ashamed that I am not more. Neuberg too—veritably he is better than six couriers, and is a friend over and above. People are very good to me.

Goethe's house, which was opened by *favour*, kept us occupied in a strange mood for two hours or more. Schiller's for one ditto. Everybody knows the Goethe'sche Haus; and poor Schiller and

Goethe here are dandled about and multiplied in miserable little bustkins and other dilettantisms, till one is sick and sad. G.'s house is quite like the picture, but one-third *smaller;* on the whole his effective *lodging* I found was small, low-roofed, and almost mean, to what I had conceived; hardly equal—nay, not at all equal, had my little architect once done her work—to my own at Chelsea. On the book-shelves I found the last book I ever sent Goethe—Taylor's 'Survey of German Poetry'; and a crumb of paper torn from some scroll of my own (Johnson, as I conjectured), still sticking in, after twenty years. Schiller's house was still more affecting; the room where he wrote, his old table, exactly like the model, the bed where he died, and a portrait of his dead face in it. A poor man's house, and a brave, who had fallen at his post there. *Eheu! Eheu!* what a world! I have since dined at M——'s with two Weimarese moderns. One of them is librarian here, of whom I shall get some use. But, oh Heavens! would that I were at home again. Want of sleep and 'raal mental awgony i' my ain inside,' do hold me in such pickle always. Quick, quick, and let us get it done!

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Nieder Rathen, near Dresden:
September 25, 1852.

I wrote to you from Weimar some five days ago, and therefore there is nothing pressing me at present to write; but, having a quiet hour here by the side of the Elbe river, at the foot of wild rock mountains in the queerest region you ever saw, I throw you another word, not knowing when I may have another chance as good. I am on the second floor in a little German country inn literally washed by the Elbe, which is lying in the moonshine as clear as a mirror and as silent. Right above us is a high peak called the *Bastei*, a kind of thing you are obliged to do. This we have *done*, and are to go to-morrow towards Frederick's first battle-field in the Seven Years' War; after which, the second day, if all go well, will bring us into Berlin. We came by an Elbe steamer, go on to-morrow by another steamer, then by railway; and hope to *see*, though, alas! in quite confused circumstances and to little advantage, some of the actual footsteps of Father Fritz; for here too, amid these rocks, as well as farther on at Lobositz, he did feats. But let me tell in order, and take up my story where I left it.

The day after I wrote we were to leave Weimar; but lo, in the morning while we sat at breakfast, little M—— came in, looking highly animated, with letters from the *Schloss*, from the 'Grand Duchess,' from the, &c. In short, the said Grand Duchess—sister of the Czar Nicholas, and mother of the Duke, who was at Chelsea—had seen in the newspapers that one 'Carlyle' was among the arrivals. Could this be the *berühmte*, &c., in which case naturally he and his companion must *come to dinner;* and of course there could be no travelling that day. Well, we did go to dinner, saw how they *ackit;* a rather troublesome dramatic affair, of which you shall have full description when I return. Enough, it was very sublime, and altogether heartless, and even dull and dreary; but well worth doing for once. The Grand Duchess is towards sixty, slightly deaf, and has once been extremely pretty, though hard always as nails or diamonds. Her husband, a kind of imbecile man they say, *looks* extremely like a gentleman, and has an air of solemn serene vacuity, which is itself almost royal. I had to sit by the Duchess at dinner—three p.m. to five—and maintain with energy a singularly empty intellectual colloquy, in French chiefly, in English and in German. The lady being half-deaf withal, you may think how charming it was. She has a thin croaky voice; brow and chin recede; eyes are blue, small, and of the brightness and hardness of precious stones. *Ach Gott!* At last we got away, soon after five, and I for one was right charmed to think here is one thing done. But it must be owned the honour done me was to be recognised; and I was very glad to oblige poor Neuberg too by a touch of Court life which he would not otherwise have seen.

At Leipzig all was raging business, the *fair* being in hand; noisy and busy almost as Cheapside, London. Lots of dim haberdashery, leather without end, and all things rolling about in noisy waggons with miniature wheels. To get any sleep at all was a kind of miracle. However, we did tolerably well, got even a book or two of the list I had formed, drank a glass of wine—one only in *Auerbachs Keller*—and at last got safe to Dresden, eighty miles off, which was a mighty deliverance, as from the tumult of Cheapside into the solitude of Bath, or the New Town of Edinburgh—a very interesting old capital where, if sleep had been attainable, I could have stayed a week with advantage. But, alas! it was *not;* so I had to plunge along and save, as from a conflagration, what little I could of my possibilities; and at length, with gratitude to Heaven, to get away into the steamer this afternoon and bid adieu

to Dresden and its Japan and other palaces. . . . . For Berlin, if it be not all the *noisier*, I design at least a week; in ten days hence I may be far on my way homeward again. . . . A tap-room with some twenty rustic gents (they did not go till after midnight, the scamps) enjoying cards, beer, and bad cigars for the last hour or two, seems to have winded itself up, and things are growing stone quiet in this establishment. I must now address myself to the task of falling asleep. We go to-morrow at nine. Lobositz (in Bohemia), Zittau (Lusatia), Frankfurt *am Oder*—Berlin—that is the projected route, but liable to revisal.

Mrs. Carlyle was still in Chelsea with her workmen all this time. It had been a trying summer to her. But she had the comfort of knowing that her husband was achieving the part of the business which had fallen to his share, better than might have been looked for. She writes to her brother-in-law, John:—

Mr. C. seems to be getting very successfully through his travels, thanks to the patience and helpfulness of Neuberg. He makes in every letter frightful *misereres* over his sleeping accommodations; but he cannot *conceal* that he is really pretty well, and gets sleep enough to go on with, more or less pleasantly. I wonder what he would have made of *my* sleeping accommodations during the last three months.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Bad Töplitz, September 27.

No opportunity of posting the above; so I tear it open again and add a few words. We have had a sore pilgrimage these last two days since I ended the other page; a small space to go over, but by confused Bohemian conveyances amid the half-savage Bohemian populations, with their fleas, their dirt, and above all their noises. However, we have partly managed the thing, and are got into beautiful quarters again; a romantic mountain watering-place, with the sun still bright upon it; and everybody of *Bath* kind gone away. Here or nowhere I ought to find some sleep, and then Berlin is full before us, and after Berlin, home, home! We have actually seen Lobositz, the first battle-field of Fritz in the Seven Years' War; and walked over it all this morning before breakfast, under the guidance of a Christian native, checked by my best memory of reading and maps, and found it do tolerably well.

In fact, oh Goody dear, I have seen many curious and pleasant things, I ought to say—and *will* say at great length when we are by our own fireside together again. Neuberg *is* strong; one of the friendliest, handiest, most patient of men.

Berlin, October 1, 1852.
[British Hotel, Unter den Linden.]

Here you see we are at the *summit* of these wanderings, from which I hope there is for me a swift *perpendicular* return before long; not a slow parabolic one as the ascent has been. We came twenty-four hours ago, latish last night, from Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, from the field of Kunersdorf (a dreadful scraggy village where Fritz received his worst defeat), and various toils and *strapazen;* very weary, in a damp kind of night, and took shelter in the readiest inn, from which we have just removed to this better, at least far grander, one; where perhaps there are beds one can sleep in, and the butter is not bitter. Alas! such sorrows attend the wayfarer, and his first refuge is to sit down and write, if haply he have anyone to whom his writing will give a feeling of pity for him. . . . Oh, I do wish these sleepless, joyless, sad and weary wanderings were at an end, as by Heaven's help they now soon shall be. And you too, poor little weary soul! You are quite worn out with that accursed 'thorough repair.' Would to Heaven we had never thought of it; but lived in the old black house we had, where at least was no noise of carpenters to drive one mad, no stink of paint to poison one. Driven out of the house again, and sleeping solitary in a little lodging! I declare it makes me quite sad to think of it; and ——, if —— is the fundamental cause of it, deserves to be, as you pray, 'particularly damned.' Confound him, and confound the whole confused business, this abominable, sorrowful, and shockingly expensive tour to Germany included. But no. Rather let us have patience. Nevertheless, I do grieve for thee. But let me narrate as usual, only with greater brevity.

From Lobositz to Töplitz the last letters brought you, letters written in the so-called Saxon Switzerland, amid the Bohemian mountains. . . . No English, scarcely any civilized traveller seems to have accomplished the thirty or forty English miles which lie between Lobositz and Zittau. We had a strange and strangest day of it in slow German *Stellwagens;* and in fact were horribly tired before the thing in general ended by a seat in the soft-going, swift, and certain railway-carriage, and the inn at *Herrnhut*, where we had to wait four hours of the stillest life you

ever saw or dreamt of. *Herrnhut* (Lord's keeping) is the primitive and still central city of the Moravian brethren; a place not bigger than Annan, but beautiful, pure, and quiet beyond any town on the earth I dare say; and indeed more like a saintly dream of Ideal Calvinism made real than a town of stone and lime, where London porter, not needed by me, is to be had for money. I will tell you about *Herrnhut* too some day, for it is among the notable spots of the world, and I retain a lively memory of it. But not of it, nor of dreary moory Frankfurt and its Kunersdorf villages and polite lieutenants—for a Prussian lieutenant-adjutant knew *me* there by fame, and was very polite without knowing me—not of this, nor of any other phenomenon will I now speak. In fact I am dead stupid; my heart nearly choked out of me, and my head churned to pieces. . . . Berlin is loud almost as London, but in no other way great or among the greatest. I should guess it about the size of Liverpool; and more like Glasgow in the straight openness of its streets. Many grand public edifices about this eastern end of the town; but on the whole it looks in many quarters almost shabby, in spite of its noise and paint; so *low* are the houses for a capital city; more like warehouses or maltkins, with the very chimneys wanting, for within is nothing but stoves. This '*Unter den Linden*' is the one good street of the place, as if another Princes Street at 300 yards' distance, and with tree rows between them, ran parallel to the Princes Street we know. It is on the north side of this we live, grand rooms indeed, and not dearer than an Edinburgh lodging, or nearly so dear as a London one—two guineas a week, one guinea each.

October 2, 4 P.M.

The night yielded me a handsome modicum of sleep, handsome for these parts, and the lodging promises every way to be good. Certainly the most like a human bed-room of any I have yet had in this country. After breakfast I went to the library, introduced myself, got catalogue of Frederick books. A dreary wilderness, mountains of chaff to one grain of corn; caught headache in the bad air within about an hour, and set off to the British Ambassador's, who can procure me liberty to take books *home*. Well received by the British Ambassador so soon as he had read Lady A.'s letter. His wife too came in and was very kind. All right. Have been in the Museum Picture Gallery since. Endless Christs and Marys, Venus's and Amors—at length an excellent portrait of Fritz.

October 8.

We leave Berlin to-morrow, Saturday the 9th. Go by Brunswick, by Hanover, Cologne, and from thence on Tuesday evening at Ostend I find a steamer direct for London. . . . I have had a terrible tumbling week in Berlin. Oh, what a month in general I have had; month of the profoundest, ghastliest *solitude* in the middle of incessant talk and locomotion. But here after all I have got my things not so intolerably done, and have accomplished what was reasonably possible. Perhaps it will not look so ugly when once I am far away from it. In help from other people there has been redundancy rather than defect. One or two—especially a certain Herr Professor Magnus, the chief portrait painter here—have been quite marvellous with their civility; and on the whole it was usually rather a relief to me to get an hour, as now, to oneself, and be left to private exertions and reflections mainly. Yesterday I saw old Tieck, beautiful old man; so serene, so calm, so sad. I have also seen Cornelius, Rauch, &c., including Preuss, the historian of Frederick, all men in short for whom I had any use. Nay, they had me in their newspapers it would appear, and would gladly make a lion of me if I liked. A lion that can only get half sleep is not the lion that can shine in that trade, so we declined. The Ambassador has also been very good to me, got me into the library with liberty to take books home, invited me to dinner. But Magnus had engaged me before, and I could only make it *tea*. No matter for that, for they were all English common-places where I went. You will see me on Wednesday, but not till noon or *later*.

So was this terrible journey got done with, which to anyone but Carlyle would have been a mere pleasure trip; to him terrible in prospect, terrible in the execution, terrible in the retrospect. His wife said he could not conceal that he was pretty well, and had nothing really to complain of. Here is what he himself said about it when looking back with deliberate seriousness:—

After infinite struggles I had roused myself to go. The parting with my poor old mother, the crowning point of those unbearable days, was painful beyond endurance almost; and yet my heart in the inside of it seemed as if it were made of stone, as if it would not weep any more except perhaps blood. One pays dear for any

'intellect' one may have. It means primarily 'sensibility,' which again means injury, pain, misery from unconscious nature, or conscious or unconscious man; in fact, a heavy burden painful to bear, however piously you take it.

After recapitulating the places which he had seen, and the persons whom he had met, he goes on:—

All this, which is etched into me painfully as with burning acids, I once thought of writing down in detail, but have not done, probably shall not do. It was a journey done as in some shirt of Nessus; misery and dyspeptic degradation, inflammation, and insomnia tracking every step of me. Not till all these vile fire showers, fallen into viler ashes now, have once been winnowed quite away, shall I see what 'additions to my spiritual picture gallery,' or other conquests from the business I have actually brought back with me. Neuberg, I ought to record here and everywhere, was the kindest, best-tempered, most assiduous of friends and helpers, 'worth ten couriers to me,' as I often defined him.

CHAPTER XXI.

A.D. 1852–3. ÆT. 57–58.

The Grange—Cheyne Row—The Cock torment—Reflections—An improved house—Funeral of the Duke of Wellington—Beginnings of 'Frederick'—The Grange again—An incident—Public opinion—Mother's illness—The demon fowls—Last letter to his mother—Her death—James Carlyle.

THE painters had not completed their work, and the smell was insupportable when Carlyle got home in the middle of October. He was in no condition to face any more annoyances, and he and his wife took refuge for three weeks at the Grange with the ever-hospitable Ashburtons. There, too, the sulphurous mood was still predominant, and things did not go well with him. It was not till November that he was fairly re-established in his own quarters, and in a condition to so much as think of seriously beginning his work. A preliminary skirmish became necessary, to put to silence his neighbour's cocks. Mr. Remington, who then lived near him, and was the owner of the offenders, has kindly sent me the correspondence which passed on the occasion; very gracious and humble on Carlyle's part, requesting only that the cocks in question should be made inaudible from midnight till breakfast time; Mr. Remington, though they were favourites which he had brought from Northumberland, instantly consenting to suppress them altogether. This accomplished, Carlyle proceeded as it were to clear the stage by recovering his own mental condition, and took himself severely to task for what he found amiss. Much that he says will seem ex-

aggerated, but it will be remembered that he was not speaking to the world but to himself. It is idle to judge him by common rules. His nerves were abnormally sensitive. He lived habitually, unless he violently struggled against it, in what he had described as 'an element of black streaked with lightning.' Swift, when the evil humour was on him, made a voyage to the Houyhnhnms, and discharged his bile on his human brethren. Carlyle, who wished to purge the bile out of himself that he might use his powers to better purposes, began with a confession of his sins.

Journal.

November 9, 1852.—There has been a repair of the house here, which is not yet, after four months, quite complete. I write now in an unfurnished but greatly improved room, which is already, and still more will be, greatly superior to what it used to be . . . small thanks to it. My poor wife has worn herself to a shadow, fretting and struggling about it. I, sent on my travels since the middle of July, and only just finally home, am totally overset in soul, in body, and I may fear in breeches pocket too; and feel that I am drifting towards strange issues in these years and days. Never in my life nearer *sunk* in the mud oceans that rage from without and within. My survey of the last eight or nine years of my life yields little 'comfort' in the present state of my feelings. Silent weak rage, remorse even, which is not common with me; and, on the whole, a solitude of soul coupled with a helplessness, which are frightful to look upon, difficult to deal with in my present situation. For my *health* is miserable too; diseased *liver* I privately perceive has much to do with the phenomenon; and I cannot yet learn to sleep again. During all my travels I have wanted from a third to half of my usual sleep. For the rest I guess it is a *change of epoch* with me, going on for good perhaps; I am growing to perceive that I have become an old man; that the flowery umbrages of summer—such as they were for me—and also the crops and fruits of autumn are nearly over for me, and stern winter only is to be looked for—a grim message—such, however, as is sent to every man. Oh ye Supreme Powers! thou great soul of the world that *art* just, may I manage this but *well*, all sorrow then and smothered rage and despair itself shall have been cheap

and welcome. No more of it to-day. I am not yet at the bottom of it; am not here writing wisely of it, even *sincerely* of it, though with an effort that way.

Dundee steamer to Linlathen about the middle of July; inexpressible gloom, silence. Sickly imprisonment of one's whole soul and life; such has often before been my lot, has also become my customary lot in this world. Cowardice? Sometimes. Generally, in late years, I think it is. Unusual weights have been thrown upon me. *Ach Gott!* whole mountains of horror and choking impediment. But certainly I have not been strong *enough* on my side; often, often not *bold* enough; but have fled and struck when I should have stood and defiantly fought. The votes of men, the respectabilities, the &c. &c., have been too sacred to me. It must be owned, too, the man has had such a set of conditions as were not always easy to govern, and could not by the old law-books be treated well. *Schicksal und eigen Schuld.* Aye, aye. Three weeks at Linlathen very memorable to me just now, but sordid, unproductive, to think of. Came away, by Kirkcaldy and Edinburgh, to Scotsbrig. There beside my poor old mother for near four weeks. . . . To Germany, after infinite struggles, I had roused myself to go. . . . Leith, Rotterdam steamer, the Rhine, Bonn for a week, Ems, Frankfurt, Homburg, Cassel, Eisenach, Wartburg (unforgettable), Weimar, Leipzig, Dresden, Lobositz, Zittau, Herrnhut, Kunersdorf, and Berlin, whence, after ten days, home.

My arrival here. Seas of paint still flooding everything, and my poor Jane so beaten in her hard battle—a wild hard battle many ways, and in which I cannot help thee, poor kind vehement soul for ever dear to me—this also is memorable, only too much. We went to the Grange till these uncleannesses were over here. At the Grange almost for four weeks. No right rest, no right *collapse* till Tuesday last, when in the wet damp evening of a pouring day I once more got home again for a continuance. Since then, here are we fairly *fronting* our destiny at least, which I own is sufficiently Medusa-like to these sick, solitary eyes. Courage! piety! patience! Heaven grant me *wisdom* to extract the *meanings* out of these sore lessons and to do the behests of the same. If that be granted me, oh how amply enough will that be!

To begin 'Frederick' then! It was easier to propose than to do. When a writer sets to work again after a long

pause, his faculties have, as it were, to be caught in the field and brought in and harnessed. There was anxiety about his wife too, who was worn out by her summer discipline, and was 'never thinner for seven years.' She had gone home first from the Grange to get things ready.

Jane (he wrote to his mother) had the place clear of workers at last, clean as her wont is, and shining with gas at the door, and other lights to welcome me to tea. I have had a weary struggle every day since, and am not through it yet, arranging my things in their new places, an operation rather sad than hopeful to me in my present dull humour, but I must persist till it is done, and then by-and-by there will be real improvement. The house is clearly very much bettered; this room of mine in particular, and my bed-room upstairs, are, or will be, perfect beauties of rooms in their way. Let us be patient, 'canny as eggs,' and the better day will come at last. I am terribly *brashed* with all these tumblings about, and have not yet fairly recovered my feet, but with quiet, with pious endeavour, I shall surely do so; and *then* it will be joyful to me to see the black tempest lying all behind me and the bright side of the cloud attained for me. All clouds have their bright sides too. That is also a thing which we should remember; and, on the whole, I hope to get to a little *work* again, and that is the consolation which surpasses all for me.

He would have got under way in some shape, but, before starting, any distraction is enough to check the first step, and there were distractions in plenty; among the rest the Duke of Wellington's funeral. The Duke had died in September. He was now to be laid in his tomb in the midst of a mourning nation; and Carlyle did not like the display. The body lay in state at Chelsea, 'all the empty fools of creation' running to look at it. One day two women were trampled to death in the throng at the hospital close by; and the whole thing, 'except for that dreadful accident,' was, in his eyes, 'a big bag of wind and nothingness.' 'It is indeed,' he said, 'a sad and solemn fact for England that such a man has been called away, the *last* perfectly honest and perfectly brave public

man they had; and they ought, in reverence, to reflect on that, and sincerely testify *that*, if they could, while they commit him to his resting-place. But alas for the sincerity. It is even professedly all hypocrisy, noise, and expensive upholstery, from which a serious man turns away with sorrow and abhorrence.' In spite of 'abhorrence' he was tempted to witness the ceremony in the streets, which, however, only increased it.

Journal.

November 19, 1852.—Yesterday saw the Duke of Wellington's funeral procession from Bath House second-floor windows; a painful, miserable kind of thing to me and others of a serious turn of mind. The one true man of official men in England, or that I know of in Europe, concludes his long course. The military music sounded, and the tramp of feet and the roll of guns and coaches, to him inaudible for evermore. The regiment he *first* served in was there, various regiments or battalions, one soldier from every regiment of the British line; above 4,000 soldiers in all. Nothing else in the sumptuous procession was of the least dignity. The car or hearse, a monstrous bronze mass, which broke through the pavement in various places, its weight being seven or ten tons, was of all the objects I ever saw the abominably ugliest, or nearly so. An incoherent huddle of expensive palls, flags, sheets, and gilt emblems and cross poles, more like one of the street carts that hawk door-mats than the bier for a hero. Disgust was general at this vile *ne plus ultra* of Cockneyism; but poor Wellington lay dead beneath it faring dumb to his long home. All people stood in deep silence and reverently took off their hats. In one of the Queen's carriages sat a man conspicuously reading the morning newspaper. Tennyson's verses are naught. Silence alone is respectable on such an occasion.

'Frederick' meanwhile was still unstarted. Where to begin? On what scale? In what tone? All was unsettled, and uncertainty, with Carlyle, was irritation and despondency.

As usual (he says, on the 5th of December) many things, or almost all things, are conspiring to hinder me from any clear work, or to choke up my power of working altogether. If I do not stand

to myself and to my own cause it will be the worse for me. Heaven help me! Oh Heaven! But it is so always. The elements of our work lie scattered, disorganised, as if in a thick viscous chaotic ocean, ocean illimitable in all its three dimensions; and we must swim and sprawl towards them, must snatch them, and victoriously piece them together as we can. *Eheu!* Shall I try Frederick, or not try him?

The winter passed on. In January he tells his mother:—

Our quiet way of life continues, and our wet weather, and other puddles, outward and inward, have not ceased either. We should be thankful for the health we have, both of us. If we use our *besom* machinery and sweep honestly and well, the puddles do not gain quite the upper hand after all. Jane is out just now, gone out to enjoy the dry day among so many wet. She complains of defective sleep, &c., but still goes hardily about, and indeed I think is stronger than in past years. She reads now with *specs* in the candlelight, as well as I; uses her mother's specs I perceive, and indeed looks very well in them, going handsomely into the condition of an elderly dame. I remember always your joy over *specs*. Old age is not in itself matter for sorrow. It is matter for thanks if we have left our work done behind us. God deal with us in mercy, not in rigour, on that head; as we trust it will be for the faithful of us. But, in fact, it is not a serious person's sorrow surely that he is getting out of the battle; that he sees the still regions beyond it, where there is no battle more.

He began at last to write something—but it was wrongly pitched. It would not do, and he threw it aside. In March he was off to the Grange again—off there always when the Ashburtons invited him—but always, or almost so, to no purpose. 'Worse than useless to me,' he said when the visit was over. 'A long nightmare; *folly* and *indigestion* the order of the day. Why go thither? Really it neither does, nor can do me any good to frequent that much coveted kind of society—or, alas! any kind. I believe there is no lonelier mortal on the face of the earth at present, nor perhaps often was. Don't be a *Kopf-hänger*, however. Use Solitude, since it is thy lot; that

also is a lot, and rather an original one in these days.' The party at the Grange was in itself brilliant enough. Venables was there, whom he liked better than most men; and Azeglio and other notabilities. But even Venables, on this occasion, he found 'dogmatic,' and to Azeglio he was rude. Azeglio had been talking contemptuously of Mazzini. '*Monsieur*,' said Carlyle to him, '*vous ne le connaissez pas du tout, du tout!*' and turned away and sat down to a newspaper. 'Not a word of sense was talked to him, except by accident.' One thing, however, did occur which impressed him considerably, and of which I often heard him speak.

To Margaret Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

The Grange, April 1, 1853.

Last night, while we sate quietly at dinner, a slip of paper was handed in by one of the servants to Lord Ashburton. 'A fire visible somewhere in the neighbourhood.' I admired much the silent promptitude with which Lord A., telling nobody, went out, leaving his dinner in the middle, drew on boots and cloak as we found afterwards, and galloped off with a groom in the wild, squally night, which soon became plunges of rain. This is what an English country gentleman is always good for, this and the like of this, if he is of the right quality. The fire proved to be six miles off—one of the farmers of this estate, his '*omstead* all in a blaze, cattle, &c., saved. Lord A. came back about eleven, wet enough, but one would have said almost glad; though to him also it will be a considerable loss, no doubt.

A week at the Grange was as much as he could bear, and it did not seem to have done very much for him.

Journal.

April 13, 1853.—Still struggling and haggling about Frederick. Ditto ditto, alas! about many things! No words can express the forlorn, heart-broken, silent, utterly *enchanted* kind of humour I am kept in; the worthless, empty, and painfully contemptible way in which, with no company but my own, with my *eyes* open, but as with my hands bound, I pass these days and months, and even years. Good Heavens! Shall I never more rally in this world

then, but lie buried under mud and imbecility till the *end* itself (which cannot be distant, and is coming on as with seven-leagued boots) overtake me? Several are to blame; for though no one hates me, I think nearly *everybody* of late takes me on the wrong side, and proves unconsciously unjust to me, more or less destructive to me. Several are to blame, or to pity. But above all there is one. Thou thyself. Awake—arise! Oh heaven and earth, shall I never again get awake, and feel myself working and alive? In the earth there is no other pleasure for me, no other possession for me but that same; and I neglect it, indolently lie praying for it, do not rise and victoriously snatch it, while the fast fleeting days yet are. Here are now ten years, and what account can I give of them? The work done in them is very small even, in comparison. Remorse is worthless. The remnant of the future, this yet remains to us. . . . Endless German history books; dull, bad, mostly wearisome; most uninstructive, every one of them; Frederick, an unfortunate subject. In the heart of huge *solar* systems —anti-solar rather, of chaff and whirling confusions, I sometimes think I notice lineaments of a Fritz, concerning whom I *shall* have a word to say—say it? Oh Heaven, that I could say it!

The review newspaper and world, all dead against me at present, which is instructive too if I take the right point of survey for it, and look into it without jaundice of any kind. The *canaille* of talkers in type are not my friends then. They know not well what to say about me if not 'Thou, scoundrel, art of other mind than *we*, it would appear;' which the wiser are afraid might be questionable; and the unwiser, with one voice pretty much, have already done. Well, out of that too I had got new views. I myself was in fault, and the depths and immensities of human stupidity were not practically known to me before. A strange insight, real, but hardly fit for uttering even here, lies in that. 'Who can change the opinion of these people?' That is their view of the world, irrefragable, unalterable to them. Take note of that, remember that. 'The Gadarene Swine!' Often, in my rage, has that incident occurred to me. Shrill snort of astonishment, of alert attention. 'Hrumph!' 'That is it, then!' 'So sits the wind!' And with tails up and one accord at full speed away they go, down steep places to their watery grave, the *Devil* being in them. Withal it is rather curious to remark also, as I do on various occasions, how, while all the talk and print goes against me, my real estimation in the world—alas, certainly without new merit of mine,

for I never was so idle and worthless—seems steadily increasing—steadily in various quarters, and surely fast enough, if not too fast. Be true to thyself. Oh Heaven! Be not a sluggard. And so give up this and take to something like work.

To try to work Carlyle was determined enough. He went nowhere in the summer, but remained at Chelsea chained to 'Frederick,' and, moving ahead at last, leaving his wife to take a holiday. His brother John, who was now married, had taken a house at Moffat, and Mrs. Carlyle, needing change, went off to stay with him there. Paint was wanted in Cheyne Row again, and Carlyle was exquisitely sensitive to the smell of it. Other cocks—not, it is to be hoped, Mr. Remington's—set up their pipes in the summer mornings. 'Vile yellow Italians' came grinding under his windows. He had a terrible time of it; but he set his teeth and determined to bear his fate. One haunting thought only refused to leave him. Good might still lie ahead if his wife and he could keep the devil out of them. If! but what an 'if'!

O Jeannie (he wrote), you know nothing about me just now. With all the clearness of vision you have, your lynx-eyes do not reach into the inner region of me, and know not what is in my heart, what, on the whole, was always, and will always be there. I wish you did; I wish you did.

Sitting all alone in his Chelsea garden he meditated on his miseries, in one letter eloquently dilating on them, in the next apologising for his weakness.

But what could I do (he said)? fly for shelter to my mammy, like a poor infant with its finger cut? complain in my distress to the one heart that used to be open to me?

'Greater than man, less than woman,' as Essex said of Queen Elizabeth. The cocks were locked up next door, and the fireworks at Cremorne were silent, and the rain fell and cooled the July air; and Carlyle slept, and the universe became once more tolerable.

With friends outside his family he was equally disconsolate.

To Thomas Erskine, Linlathen.

Chelsea: July 9, 1853.

I had a very miserable tour in Germany; not one night of sleep all the time, and nothing, or too little, of the living kind that was beautiful to look upon in return for all that physical distress at once so tormenting and so degrading. I remember the Rhine river as a noble acquisition to my internal picture gallery. Cologne, &c., I got no good of, but rather mischief; the sight of those impious charlatans doing their so-called 'worship' there (a true devil worship, if ever there was one); and the fatal brood, architectural and others—*Puseyites* and enchanted human apes that inhabit such places—far transcended any little pleasure I could have got from the supreme of earthly masonry,[1] and converted my feeling into a sad and angry one. I was in the Wartburg, however—in Martin Luther's room—and I believe I almost wept there, feeling it to be, as far as I could understand, the most sacred spot in all the earth at this moment. Here, tempted by the devil (always by 'devils' enough), but not subdued or subduable, stood God's Truth, embodied in the usual way: one man against all men. It was upon these hills he looked out; it was there and in that way *he* dealt with the devil and defied him to his face. A scene worth visiting indeed. There are excellent portraits by Cranach of Luther and his father and mother hung on the walls. Martin himself has a fine German face: eyes so frank and serious, a look as if he could take a cup of ale as well as wrestle down the devil in a handsome manner.

The Wartburg is much visited by tourists; but I was not sorry to find they did not much heed Luther—merely took him among the rest and dwelt chiefly on the 'Byzantine architecture' and restorations. The only other beautiful thing I saw was Tieck, and he is since dead. On Fritz I can make no impression what-

[1] Bunsen had once tried to enlist Carlyle's sympathies in the completion of Cologne cathedral, showing him the plans, &c. Carlyle said nothing till obliged to speak. Then at last, being forced, he said: 'It is a very fine pagoda if ye could get any sort of a God to put in it!' Bunsen's eyes flashed anger for a moment, but the 'ridiculous' was too strong for him, and he burst out laughing. I have heard the story told as if there had been a breakfast party with bishops, &c., present. Carlyle, however, when I asked him, said that he and Bunsen were *alone*.

ever, and practically consider I have given him up and am not equal to such a task on such terms.

My wife is now at Moffat with my brother and his household. As to me, I got so smashed to pieces and perceptibly hurt in every way by my journeying last autumn—all travel and noise is at all times so noxious to me—I have never yet been able to brook the notion of travelling since, but have flattered myself I should sit still here, and would on almost any terms. Certain it is, I have need enough to stay here, if staying by myself in my own sad company be the way to *riddle* any of the infinite dross out of me and get a little nearer what grains of metal there may be.

Adieu! dear Mr. Erskine. Give my kind and grateful remembrances to your two ladies and to everybody at Linlathen.

I am always faithfully yours,

T. CARLYLE.

A real calamity, sad but inevitable and long foreseen, was now approaching. Signs began to show that his old mother at Scotsbrig was drawing near the end of her pilgrimage. She was reported to be ill, and even dangerously ill. Mrs. Carlyle hurried over from Moffat to assist in nursing her, meeting, when she arrived there, the never-forgotten but humbly offered birthday present of July 14 from her poor husband. Her mother-in-law, while she was there, sank into the long, death-like trance which she so vividly describes.[1] Contrary to all expectations, the strong resolute woman rallied from it, and Carlyle, always hopeful, persuaded himself that for the time the stroke had passed over.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: July 23, 1853.

Thank you very much, my dear, for your judicious and kind attention in writing and in not writing. You may judge with what feelings I read your letter last night, and again and again read it; how anxiously I expect what you will say to-night. If I had indeed known what was going on during Monday, what would have become of me that day? I *see* everything by your description as if I looked at it with my own eyes. My poor, beloved, good old

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 11.

mother. Things crowd round me in my solitude, old reminiscences from the very beginnings of my life. It is very beautiful if it is so sad; and I have nothing to say. I, like all mortals, have to feel the inexorable that there is in life, and to say, as piously as I can, 'God's will, God's will!' Upon the whole, I am glad you went there at this time. If you could only begin to sleep I should be thankful to have you there in my own absence. Write to me; do not fail to write while you continue. Was not that a beautiful old mother's message: 'None, I am afraid, that he would like to hear'?[1] *Sunt lacrymæ rerum.* You need not be apprehensive of —— where you are. She really likes you, and has good insight, though capable of strong prepossessions. John, even if you are in his way, which I do not think at all, has nothing to do with it. *The rest are loyal to you to the bone.* Surely, as you say, it was quite wrong to give such quantities of wine, &c., to an old, weak person. I hope and trust John has entirely abandoned that system. It is purchasing of momentary relief at a price which must be ruinous.

I have done my task to-day again, but I had drugs in me, and am not in a very vigorous humour. My task is a most dreary one. I am too old for blazing up round this Fritz and his affairs; and I see it will be a dreadful job to *riddle* his history into purity and consistency out of the endless rubbish of so many dullards as have treated of it. But I will try, too. I cannot yet afford to be *beaten;* and truly there is no other thing attainable to me in life except even my own poor scantling of work such as it may be. If I can *work* no more, what is the good of *me* further? We shall all have a right deep sleep by-and-by, my own little Jeannie. Thou wilt lie quiet beside me there in the *divine* bosom of eternity, if never in the diabolic whirl of time any more. But this is too sad a saying, though to me it is blessed and indubitable as well as sad.

I called on Lady A——; less mocking than usual; is to have a last Addiscombe party on Saturday week, and then go for the North.

Adieu! Jeannie mine. God bless for ever my poor mother and thee! T. C.

The alarm at Scotsbrig having passed off, minor evils became again important. The great cock question revived

[1] 'I asked her if she had any message for you, and she said, "None, I'm afraid, that he would like to hear, for he'll be sorry that I'm so frail."'—*Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 13.

in formidable proportions. Mrs. Carlyle had gone to her cousin's at Liverpool, but her presence was needed urgently in Cheyne Row to deal with it. A room was to be constructed at the top of the house, where neither cockcrows nor other sound could penetrate; but until it was completed 'the unprotected male,' as Carlyle called himself, was suffering dismally.

I foresee in general (he wrote to her on July 27) these cocks will require to be abolished, entirely silenced, whether we build the new room or not. I would cheerfully shoot them, and pay the price if discovered, but I have no gun, should be unsafe for hitting, and indeed seldom see the wretched animals. Failing everything, I see dimly the *ultima ratio*, and indeed wish I had in my drawer what of mineral or vegetable extract would do the fatal deed. Truly I think often it will need to be *done*. A man is not a Chatham nor a Wallenstein; but a man has work too which the Powers would not quite wish to have suppressed by two-and-sixpence worth of bantams. O! my dear! my dear! I am a most unvictorious man surely.

Morning after morning the horrid clarions blew.

The cocks must either withdraw or die (he cried, two days later.) That is a fixed point; and I must do it myself if no one will help. It is really too bad that a 'celebrated man,' or any man, or even a well-conditioned animal of any size, should be submitted to such scandalous paltrinesses; and it must end, and I had better make that my first business to-day. But I will do nothing till you come. Then indeed I feel as if mercy were already wrought for me.

For some cause there was a respite for a night or two, but now the owner of the cocks, one Ronca, was heard coughing at half-past eight in the morning, and this—but this could hardly be made a crime. 'Poor devil!' he said to himself, with a tinge of remorse, 'a bad cough indeed; and I am to be annoyed at the mere noise of it. Selfish mortal!' Lady Ashburton, hearing of his forlorn condition, made over the now vacant Addiscombe to him. His wife came back. The cocks were for a time disposed of,

and the new room was set about. The new room was the final hope. Till it was finished there could be no surety of peace. '*Ach Gott!*' he said, 'I am wretched, and in silence *nearly* mad.'

Journal.

August 17, 1853.—Near the *nadir*, I should think, in my affairs. The wheel must turn. Let me not quite despair. All summer, which I resolved to spend *here*, at least without the distraction of travel for a new hindrance, I have been visibly below par in health; annoyed with innumerable paltry things; and, to crown all—a true mock-crown—with the crowings, shriekings, and half-maddening noises of a stock of fowls which my poor neighbour has set up for his profit and amusement. To great evils one must oppose great virtues; and also to *small*, which is the harder task of the two. Masons, who have already killed half a year of my life in a too sad manner, are again upon the roof of the house, after a dreadful bout of resolution on my part, building me a *soundless room*. The world, which can do me no good, shall at least not torment me with its street and backyard noises. It is all the small request I make of the world, says wounded vanity, wounded &c.; in fact, a wounded and humiliated mind. No more unvictorious man is now living. I can do no work though I still keep trying. Try better! Alas! alas! my dear old mother seems to be fading fast away from me. My thoughts are dark and sad continually with that idea. *Inexorabile fatum!* The great, the eternal is there, and also the paltriest and smallest, to load me down. I seem to be sinking inextricably into chaos. But I won't! These are the two extremes of my lot of burdens; and there lie enough more, and sore enough between, of which I write nothing here. I am getting taught contempt of the world and *its* beneficences. Nay, perhaps I am really learning. Let me learn with *piety*. Perhaps I shall one day bless these miseries too. Steady! steady! Don't give it up! . . . Panizzi, whom I do not love, and who returns the feeling, *will* not, though solicited from various quarters—high quarters some of them—admit me to the silent rooms of the King's Library, to a place where I *could* read and enquire. Never mind! No matter at all! Perhaps it is even better so. I believe I could explode the poor monster if I took to petitioning, writing in the 'Times,' &c. But I shall take good heed of that. Intrinsically he hinders me but little. Intrinsically the blame is not in him, but in the prurient

darkness and confused pedantry and ostentatious inanity of the world which put him there, and which I must own he very fairly represents and symbolizes there. Lords Lansdowne and Brougham put Panizzi in; and the world with its Hansards and ballot-boxes and sublime apparatus put in Lords Lansdowne and Brougham. A saddish time, Mr. Rigmarole. Yes! but what then?

Of the two extreme trials of which Carlyle spoke, the greatest, the one which really and truly was to shake his whole nature, was approaching its culmination. Although his mother had rallied remarkably from her attack in the summer, and was able to read and converse as usual, there had been no essential recovery; there was to be and there could be none. His mother, whom he had regarded with an affection 'passing the love of sons,' with whom, in spite of, or perhaps in consequence of, her profound Christian piety, he had found more in common, as he often said, than with any other mortal—was now evidently about to be taken away from him. A feeling peculiarly tender had united these two. . . . Carlyle, as his letters show, had been haunted from his earliest days by the terror that he must one day lose her. She had watched over the workings of his mind with passionate solicitude: proud of his genius, and alternately alarmed for his soul. In the long evenings when they had sate together over the fire with their pipes at Mainhill, he had half-satisfied her that he and she were one in heart and in essentials. His first earnings, when a school usher, were spent in contributing to her comforts. When money came from Boston for the 'French Revolution,' the 'kitlin' instantly sent 'the auld cat' an 'American mouse.' If she gloried in his fame and greatness, he gloried more in being the son of the humble Margaret Carlyle—and while she lived, she, and only she, stood between him and the loneliness of which he so often and so passionately complained. No one else, perhaps, ever completely understood his charac-

ter; and of all his letters none are more tenderly beautiful than those which he sent to Scotsbrig. One more of these has yet to be given—the last—which it is uncertain whether she was able to read. He wrote it on his own birthday, when he was on the point of going again to the Grange, and it is endorsed by him in his own latest shaking hand, 'My last letter to my mother.'

Chelsea: December 4, 1853.

My dear, good Mother,—I wrote to Jean the other day and have very little news to tell you; but I cannot let this day pass without sending you some word or other, were it never so insignificant. We are going into the country to-morrow, to the Grange, for two weeks or perhaps a little more, partly to let the painters get done with that weary 'room' of which you have heard so much; partly because the Ashburtons, whose house we visited lately without their own presence, would have it so, and Jane thought we were bound. She will go therefore: and I, having once landed her there, am to have liberty to leave again when I will. Meanwhile I have bargained to be private all day in their big house, to go on with my work just as if at home, &c. We will see how it answers. I confess I get no good of any company at present; nor, except in stubbornly trying to work—alas! too often in vain—is there any sure relief to me from thoughts which are very sad. But we must not 'lose heart;' lose faith—never, never! Dear old mother, weak and sick and dear to me, while I live in God's creation, what a day has this been in my solitary thought; for, except a few words to Jane, I have not spoken to anyone, nor, indeed, hardly seen anyone, it being dusk and dark before I went out—a dim silent Sabbath day, the sky foggy, dark with damp, and a universal stillness the consequence, and it is this day gone fifty-eight years that I was born. And my poor mother! Well! we are all in God's hands. Surely God is good. Surely we ought to trust in Him, or what trust is there for the sons of men? Oh, my dear mother! Let it ever be a comfort to you, however weak you are, that you did your part honourably and well while in strength, and were a noble mother to me and to us all. I am now myself grown old, and have had various things to do and suffer for so many years; but there is nothing I ever had to be so much thankful for as for the mother I had. That is a truth which I know well, and perhaps this day again it may be some comfort to you. Yes,

surely, for if there has been any good in the things I have uttered in the world's hearing, it was *your* voice essentially that was speaking through me; essentially what you and my brave father meant and taught me to mean, this was the purport of all I spoke and wrote. And if in the few years that may remain to me, I am to get any more written for the world, the essence of it so far as it is worthy and good, will still be yours. May God reward you, dearest mother, for all you have done for me! I never can. Ah no! but will think of it with gratitude and pious love so long as I have the power of thinking. And I will pray God's blessing on you, now and always, and will write no more on that at present, for it is better for me to be silent.

Perhaps a note from the doctor will arrive to-morrow; I am much obliged, as he knows, for his punctuality on that subject. He knows there is none so interesting to me, or can be. Alas! I know well he writes me the best view he can take; but I see too, how utterly frail my poor mother is, and how little he or any mortal can help. Nevertheless, it is a constant solace to me to think he is near you, and our good Jean. Certainly she does *me* a great service in assiduously watching over you; and it is a great blessing to us all that she is there to do such a duty. As to my own health, I am almost surprised to report it is so good. In spite of all these tumblings and agitations, I really feel almost better than I have done in late years; certainly not worse; and at this time within sight of sixty it is strange how little decay I feel; nothing but my eyesight gone a very little; and my hope, but also my fear or care at all, about this world, gone a great deal. Poor Jane is not at all strong, sleeps very ill, &c. Perhaps the fortnight of fresh air and change of scene will do her some good. But she is very tough, and a bit of good stuff too. I often wonder how she holds out, and braves many things with so thin a skin. She is sitting here reading. She sends her affection to you and to them all. She speaks to me about you almost daily, and answers many a question and speculation ever since she was at Scotsbrig. Give my love to Jamie, to Isabella, and them all. May God's blessing be on you all!

T. Carlyle.

It could not have been with any pleasure that, at a moment when his mother was so manifestly sinking, Carlyle felt himself called on to go again to the Grange. He had been at home only a month since he last left. But there

was to be a grand gathering of great London people there. The Ashburtons were pressing, and he was under too many obligations to refuse. They went, both of them, into the midst of London intellect and social magnificence. Mrs. Carlyle was able to stay a few days only, for the cock problem had reached a crisis. In his despair, Carlyle had thought of actually buying the lease of the house where the dreadful creatures were nourished, turning the people out and leaving it empty. The 'demon fowls' were a standing joke at the witty Grange. Either he or his wife was required upon the spot to make an arrangement. He says that she proposed to go; she indicates that the pressure was on his side, and that she thought it a 'wildgoose enterprise.'[1] At any rate, the visit which was to have improved her health was cut short on this account, and she was packed off to Chelsea. He continued on in the shining circle till, on December 20, news came from Scotsbrig that his mother was distinctly worse and could not long survive. It was not quite clear that the danger was immediate. He tried to hope, but to no purpose. He felt that he ought to go down to her, at any rate that he ought not to continue where he was. His hostess consented to his going; he writes as if he had been obliged to apply for permission. Lady Ashburton, he says in one place, gave him leave.[2] In a letter written at the time, he says, 'Lady A. admitted at once, when I told her the case, that I ought to go thither, without doubt; at all events to get out of *this* has become a necessity for me; this is not supportable in my present condition.' He hurried to Scotsbrig, stopping only a night in London, and was in time to see his mother once more alive. He has left several accounts of the end of this admirable woman. That in his Journal is the most concise.

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii., p. 24. [2] Ibid. p. 26.

Journal.

January 8, 1854.—The stroke has fallen. My dear old mother is gone from me, and in the winter of the year, confusedly under darkness of weather and of mind, the stern final epoch—*epoch of old age*—is beginning to unfold itself for me. I had gone to the Grange with Jane, not very willingly; was sadly in worthless solitude for most part passing my Christmas season there. The news from Scotsbrig had long been bad; extreme weakness, for there was no disease, threatening continually for many months past to reach its term. What to do I knew not. At length shaking aside my sick languor and wretched uncertainty I perceived plainly that I ought *not* to be there—but I ought to go to Scotsbrig at all risks straightway. This was on Tuesday, December 20; on Wednesday I came home; on Thursday evening set off northward by the express train. The night's travel, Carlisle for the three-quarters of an hour I waited, Kirtlebridge at last, and my anxieties in the walk to Scotsbrig; these things I shall not forget. It is matter of perennial thankfulness to me, and beyond my desert in that matter very far, that I found my dear old mother still alive; able to recognise me with a faint joy, her former *self* still strangely visible there in all its lineaments, though worn to the uttermost thread. The brave old mother and the good, whom to lose had been my fear ever since intelligence awoke in me in this world, arrived now at the final bourn. Never shall I forget her wearied eyes that morning, looking out gently into the wintry daylight; every instant falling together in sleep and then opening again. She had in general the most perfect clearness of intellect, courageous composure, affectionate patience, complete presence of mind. Dark clouds of physical suffering, &c., did from time to time eclipse and confuse; but the clear steady light, gone now to the size of a *star*, as once it had been a *sun*, came always out victorious again. At night on that Friday she had forgotten me—'Knew me only since the morning.' I went into the other room; in a few minutes she sent for me to say she did now remember it all, and knew her son Tom as of old. 'Tell us how thou sleeps' she said, when I took leave about midnight. 'Sleeps!' Alas she herself had lain in a sleep of death for sixteen hours, till that very morning at six, when I was on the road! That was the *third* of such *sleeps* or half-faints lasting for fifteen or sixteen hours. Jane saw the first of them in August. On Saturday, if I recollect, her sense in general seemed clear, though her look of weakness was greater than ever.

Brother Jamie and I had gone out to walk in the afternoon. Returning about dusk we found her suffering greatly; want of breath, owing to weakness. What passed from that time till midnight will never efface itself, and need not be written here. I never saw a mind more clear and *present*, though worn down now to the uttermost and sinking in the dark floods. My good veracious affectionate and brave old mother! I keep one or two incidents and all the perplexed image of that night to myself, as something very precious, singular, and sternly sacred to me; beautiful too in its valiant simple worth, and touching as what else could be to me? About eleven my brother John ventured on half a dose of laudanum, the pain of breathing growing ever worse otherwise. Relief perceptible in consequence—we sent my sister Jean to bed—who had watched for nights and months, relieved only by John at intervals. I came into the room where John was now watching. 'Here is Tom come to bid you good night, mother,' said he. She smiled assent, took leave of me as usual. As I turned to go she said, 'I'm muckle obleeged t' ye.' Those were her last voluntary words in this world. After that she spoke no more—slept ever deeper. Her sleep lasted about sixteen hours. She lay on her back, stirred no muscle. The face was as that of a statue with slight changes of expression. 'Infinite astonishment' was what one might have fancied to read on it at one time; the breathing not very hard or quick, yet evidently difficult, and not changing sensibly in character, till four p.m., when it suddenly fell lower, paused, again paused, perhaps still again: and our good and dear old mother was gone from her sorrows and from us. I did not weep much, or at all: except for moments: but the sight too, and the look backwards and forwards, was one that a far harder heart might have melted under. Farewell, farewell! She was about 84 years of age, and could not with advantage to any side remain with us longer. Surely it was a good Power that gave us such a mother; and good though stern that took her away from amid such grief and labour by a death beautiful to one's thoughts. 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.' This they often heard her muttering, and many other less frequent pious texts and passages. Amen, Amen! Sunday, December 25, 1853—a day henceforth, for ever memorable to me.

The funeral was on Thursday. Intense frost had come on the Monday night. I lingered about Scotsbrig, wandering silently in the bright hard silent mornings and afternoons, waiting till all

small temporal matters were settled; which they decently were. On Monday morning I went—cold as Siberia, yet a bright sun shining; had a painful journey, rapid as a comet, but with neither food nor warmth attainable till after midnight, when my sad pilgrimage ended.

Since then I have been languidly sorting rubbish, very languid, sad, and useless every way. It cannot be said that I have yet *learned* this severe lesson I have got. I must try to learn it more and more, or it will not pass from me.

To live for the shorter or longer remainder of my days with the simple bravery, veracity, and piety of her that is gone: that would be a right learning from her death, and a right honouring of her memory. But alas all is yet *frozen* within me; even as it is without me at present, and I have made little or no way. God be helpful to me! I myself am very weak, confused, fatigued, entangled in poor *worldlinesses* too. Newspaper paragraphs, even as this sacred and peculiar thing, are not indifferent to me. Weak soul! and I am fifty-eight years old, and the tasks I have on hand, Frederick &c., are most ungainly, incongruous with my mood—and the night cometh, for me too is not distant, which for her is come. I must try, I must try. Poor brother Jack! Will he do his Dante now?[1] For him also I am sad; and surely he has deserved gratitude in these last years from us all.

James Carlyle, who was the master at Scotsbrig, was the youngest of the brothers. Carlyle told me that he thought his brother James had been the happiest of them all—happy chiefly in this, that he had fallen less under his own influence than Alexander and John. He was a mere child in the years when 'Tom was home from College'; he had been educated by his father and mother, and had believed what they believed. There is a touching mention of James in a letter written during this sad time from Scotsbrig.

'Jamie is kind,' Carlyle tells his wife, 'and honest as a soul can be; comes and sits with me, or walks with me when I like, *goes* gently away when he sees I had rather be alone.'

[1] Translation of Dante, part of which had been admirably done by John Carlyle. He was doubting whether to go on with it or leave it.

He shuddered as he thought of his hesitation in setting out.

'Oh,' he said, 'I am bound to be for ever thankful that I got here in time; not by own wisdom either or by any worth in my own management of the affair. Had I stayed at the Grange and received the news *there*, it would have driven me half-distracted and left a remorse to me till the very end of my existence.'

The few days of reflection before the funeral were spent in silence. He wrote on one of them to Erskine.

'I got here in time to be recognised, to be cheered with the sacred beauty of a devout and valiant soul's departure. God make me thankful for such a mother. God enable me to live more worthily of her in the years I may still have left. I must rally myself if I can for a new and sterner final epoch which I feel has now arrived for me. The last two years have been without action, worthless to me except for the final burning away of things that needed to be burnt.'

In London, when settled there again, he lived for many weeks in strictest seclusion, working at his task or trying to work, but his mind dwelling too constantly on his irreparable loss to allow him to make progress.

My labour (he wrote to his brother John on January 14th, 1854) is miserably languid: the heart within me is low and sad. I have kept quite alone, seen nobody at all. I think of our dear mother with a kind of mournful blessedness. Her life was true, simple, generous, brave; her end, with the last traces of these qualities still visible in it, was very beautiful if very sad to us. I would not for much want those two stern days at Scotsbrig from my memory. They lie consecrated there as if baptised in sorrow and with the greatness of eternity in them.

A fortnight later it was still the same.

My soul is exceeding sorrowful, all hung with *black* in general, thinking of what is gone and what cannot return to me. I hold my peace in general and accept the decrees of heaven, still hoping that some useful labour may be again possible for me here, which is the one consolation I can conceive at present.

Towards the spring, evening visitors were readmitted into Cheyne Row; but they were not very welcome, and were not, perhaps, very graciously received.

We have a turn or two of talk (he reports on February 10th), which does *me* little good, yet is perhaps better than flat silence, perhaps *not*. The other night, H., by volunteer appointment, came to us; brought one, R., more than half-drunk, in his train, and one D., an innocent ingenuous babe, in red hair and beard, member for the —— borough. R. also and more conspicuously, member for something, is a Jew of the deepest type, black hook-nosed Jew, with the mouth of a shark; coarse, savage, infidel, hungry, and with considerable strength of heart, head, and jaw. He went early away. The rest, to whom Ape L., and an unknown natural philosopher sometimes seen here with him, had accidentally joined themselves, stayed long. *Nichts zu bedeuten.*

It was entertaining to watch the struggle in Carlyle on such occasions between courtesy and veracity. He was seldom actually rude, unless to a great man like the Sardinian Minister. But he was not skilful in concealing his dislikes and his boredoms. His journal shows a gradual but slow, very slow recovery out of his long prostration.

Journal.

February 28, 1854.—Not quite idle; always indeed professing to work; but making, as it were, no way at all. Alas! alas! In truth I am weak and forlorn to a degree; have the profoundest feeling of utter loneliness in the world; which the company, 'when it comes,' of my fellow-creatures rather tends to aggravate and strengthen than assuage. I have, however, or am getting, a kind of sad peace withal, 'renunciation,' more real superiority to vain wishes, worldly honours, advantages, &c., the peace that belongs to the *old*. My Frederick looks as if it never would take shape in me; in fact the problem is to burn away the immense dungheap of the 18th century with its ghastly cants, foul, blind sensualities, cruelties and *inanity* now fallen *putrid*, rotting inevitably towards annihilation; to destroy and extinguish all that, having got to know it, and to know that it must be rejected for evermore; after

which the perennial portion, pretty much Friedrich and Voltaire, so far as I can see, may remain conspicuous and capable of being delineated (very loosely expressed all this; does not fit my thought like a skin; but, like an Irish waistcoat, it does in some degree).

Sunday morning last, there came into my mind a vision of the old Sunday mornings I had seen at Mainhill, &c. Poor old mother, father, and the rest of us bustling about to get dressed in time and down to the meeting-house at Ecclefechan. Inexpressibly sad to me, and full of meaning. They are gone now, vanished all; their poor bits of thrifty clothes, more precious to me than Queen's or King's expensive trappings, their pious struggling effort, their 'little life,' it is all away. It has all melted into the still sea; it was 'rounded with a sleep.' So with all things. Nature and this big universe in all corners of it show nothing else. Time! Death! All-devouring Time! This thought, '*Exeunt omnes*,' and how the generations are like crops of grass, *temporary*, very, and all *vanishes*, as it were an apparition and a ghost; these things, though half a century old in me, possess my mind as they never did before. On the whole I have a strange interior *tomb* life, and dwell in secret among scenes and contemplations which I do not speak of to anybody. My mother! my good heavy-laden dear and brave and now lost mother! The thought that I shall never see her more with these eyes gives a strange painful flash into me many times when I look at that poor portrait I have of her. 'Like Ulysses,' as I say, I converse with the shade of my mother and sink out of all company and light common talk into that grand element of sorrow and eternal stillness. God is great. I will not ask or guess (*know* no man ever could or can) what He has appointed for His poor creatures of the earth; a right and good and wise appointment, it full surely is. Let me look to it with pious manfulness, without either hope or fear that were excessive. Excessive? Alas! how very *small* it is in me; really inconsiderable, beaten out of me by 'many stripes,' pretty continual for these fifty years, till I feel as if fairly broken and pounded in the mortar; and have oftenest no prayer except Rest, rest; let me sleep then if that must be my doom! For as God lives I am weary, very weary, and the way of this world does not suit me at all. Such changes grow upon the spirit of a man. When I look back thirty years and read my feelings, it is very strange. Oh pious mother! kind, good, brave, and truthful soul as I have ever found, and more

than I have ever elsewhere found in this world, your poor Tom, long out of his schooldays now, has fallen very lonely, very lame and broken in this pilgrimage of his; and you cannot help him or cheer him by a kind word any more. From your grave in Ecclefechan kirkyard yonder you bid him trust in God, and that also he will try if he can understand, and *do*. The conquest of the world and of death and hell does verily yet lie in that, if one can understand and do it.

CHAPTER XXII.

A.D. 1854. ÆT. 59.

Crimean war—Louis Napoleon—The sound-proof room—Dreams—Death of John Wilson—Character of Wilson—A journal of a day—The economies of Cheyne Row—Carlyle finances—'Budget of a *Femme Incomprise*.'

THE year 1854 was spent almost entirely in London. Neither Carlyle nor his wife was absent for more than a day or two: she in indifferent health, to which she was stoically resigning herself; he 'in dismal continual wrestle' with 'Frederick,' the 'unexecutable book,' and rather 'in bilious condition,' which meant what we know. The work which he had undertaken was immense; desperate as that of the girl in the fairy tale with the pile of tangled silks before her; and no beneficent godmother to help him through with it; and the *gea* of life, the spring and fire of earlier years, gone out of him. He allowed what was going on in the world to distract him as little as possible; but the sounds of such things broke in upon him, and were as unwelcome as the cocks had been. The Crimean war was in prospect, and the newspapers were crowing as loud as the Demon Fowls.

Journal.

Spring, 1854.—Russian war; soldiers marching off, &c. Never such enthusiasm seen among the population. Cold I as a very stone to all that; seems to me privately I have hardly seen a madder business. 1696 was battle of Zeutha on Theiss; Eugene's task in this world to break the backbone of Turk. A lazy, ugly, sensual, dark fanatic, that Turk, whom we have now had for 400

years. I, for my own private part, would not buy the continuance of *him* there at the rate of sixpence a century. Let him go whenever he can, stay no longer with all *my* heart. It will be a beautifuller, not an uglier, that will come in his place; uglier I should not know where to look for under the sky at present. Then as to Russian increase of strength, &c. Really, I would wait till Russia meddled with me before I drew *sword* to stop his increase of strength. It is the idle population of editors, &c., that have done all this in England. One perceives clearly the ministers go forward in it against their will. Indeed, I have seen no rational person who is not privately very much inclined to be of my own opinion; all fools and loose-spoken inexperienced persons being of the other. It is very disgraceful for any 'ministry' or government; but such is the fate and curse of all ministries here at present, inevitably. Poor souls! What could the ministry *do* after all? To attend to their home affairs, fortify their own coasts, encourage their own fisheries (for new seamen), regulate their own population into or toward proper manliness of spirit and position, and capability of self-defence, and so bid defiance to all the earth, as England peculiarly might—to do this, or any portion of this, is far from them; therefore they must do the other thing. Better speed to them!

The French alliance, into which we were drawn by the Crimean affair, was not, in Carlyle's opinion, a compensating circumstance—very much the reverse. The Revolution of 1848, a weak repetition of 1793, had been followed by a corresponding Napoleonic Empire, a parody on the first. Carlyle had known Louis Napoleon in England. He had watched him stepping to the throne through perjury and massacre, and had been indignant and ashamed for the nation who could choose or tolerate at its head an adventurer unrecommended by a single virtue. From the first, he was certain that for such a man no good end was to be looked for. It was with a feeling of disgust that he found the English newspapers now hailing the 'scandalous Copper Captain,' as he called him, as the saviour of European order, and a fit ally for England. It was with something more than disgust that he heard of this person

paying a visit to the Queen of England, and being welcomed by her as a friend and brother sovereign. The war and its consequences and circumstances he thrust out of his mind, to the utmost possible distance, and thought of other things. To one of these, 'the eighth wonder of the world,' which had sprung into being out of the Great Exhibition, the glass palace of Sydenham, he was less intolerant than might have been expected. At the end of April he spent a Saturday and Sunday with the Ashburtons at Addiscombe.

On Sunday (he tells his brother) we made a pilgrimage to the Crystal Palace, which is but some two miles off, a monstrous mountain of glass building on the top of Sydenham Hill, very conspicuous from Cheyne Walk here. Innumerable objects of Art in it, whole acres of Egyptian monsters, and many really good copies of classical and modern sculpture, which well deserve examination one day. The living visitors not so very numerous in so huge an edifice—probably not above 200—were almost all Jews. Outside were as many thousands of the Christian persuasion—or rather, Christian Cockney—unable to get in. The whole matter seemed to me to be the very highest flight of Transcendental Cockneyism yet known among mankind. One saw 'Regardless of expense' written on every fibre of it, and written with the best Cockney judgment, yet still with an essentially Cockney one. Regardless of expense! That was the truly grand miracle of it.

At Cheyne Row the great feature was the completion of the 'sound-proof' room, into which he 'was whirled aloft by the angry elements.' It was built above the highest story, the roof being, as it were, lifted over it, and was equal in size to the whole area on which the house stood. A second wall was constructed inside the outer one, with a space between to deaden external noise. There were doors in the inner wall, and windows in the outer, which could be opened for ventilation, but the room itself was lighted from above. It had no outlook except to the sky. Here Carlyle spent his working hours, cut-

off from everyone—'whirled aloft,' as he said; angry at the fate which had driven him into such a refuge, and finding in it, when finished, the faults inseparable from all human contrivances. But he did admit that 'the light was superb,' that all 'softer sounds were killed on the road to him, and that of sharp sounds scarce the thirtieth part could penetrate.' The cocks had been finally abolished, *purchased* out of existence by a *5l.* note and Mrs. Carlyle's diplomacy. Thus they 'were quiet as mice,' he working with all his might, dining out nowhere, save once with the Proctors, to meet Dickens, and 'finding it the most hideous evening he had had for years.' Under these conditions, 'Frederick' ought to have made progress, if it could progress at all. But it seemed as if it could not.

Journal.

April, 1854.—No way made with my book, nor like to be made. I am in a heavy, stupefying state of health, too, and have no capacity of grasping the big chaos that lies round me, and reducing it to order. Order! Reducing! It is like compelling the grave to give up its dead, were it rightly done, and I am in no capacity for working such a miracle. Yet all things point to work—tell me sternly enough that except in work there is simply no hope for me at all, no good that *can* now come to me.

I read old German books, dull as stupidity itself—nay, superannuated stupidity—gain with labour the dreariest glimpses of unimportant, extinct human things in that region of the world; but when I begin operating; *how* to reduce that widespread black desert of Brandenburg sand to a small human garden—alas! alas! But let me not spend time here making matters *worse*. Surely now I *am* at the bottom of the wheel. I dream horribly—the fruit of incurable biliousness: waste scenes of solitary desolation, gathered from Craigenputtock, as I now perceive, but tenfold *intensated;* endless uplands of scraggy moors, with gnarls of lichened crag of a stern ugliness, for always I am quite a *hermit* there too—fit to go into Dante's 'Inferno;' with other visions less speakable, of a similar type. Every vision, I find, is the express symbol and suitable representative of the mood of mind then possessing me. Also, it is sometimes *weeks after* the actual dream, as of

these Dantesque Galloway moors, when some other analogous dream or circumstance first brings them to my waking recollection—a thing rather curious to me. But nearly all my dreams in this world have come from bodily conditions of the nerves, I think; and ninety-nine out of every hundred have been ugly and painful, very stupid too, and weak, and, on the whole, by no means worth having, could one have avoided them. For the rest, I find nothing sublime in the act of dreaming, nor even anything very strange. Shut your eyes at any time, there will be a phantasmagory of thoughts and images begin parading in unbroken series through your head. To sleep is but to shut your eyes and outer senses a little better. I have an impression that one always *dreams*, but that only in cases where the nerves are disturbed by bad health, which produces light, imperfect sleep, do they start into such relief—call it agony and antagony—as to force themselves on our waking consciousness. On the whole, the miracle of dreams was never much of a miracle to me, and now, this long while, none at all, beyond what everything is.

Advancing years have one inseparable accompaniment, painful if we like to make it so, or soft and sad, as an ordinance of nature—a thing which has to be, and must be so accepted. Each season takes away with it more and more of the friends whom we have known and loved, cutting one by one the strings which attach us to our present lives, and lightening the reluctance with which we recognise our own time approaching. Anyone at all that we have personally known has a friendly aspect when we hear that he is dead. Even if he has done us an ill turn, he cannot do it again. We forget the injuries we have received, because, after all, they did not seriously hurt us; we remember the injuries which we have done, because they are past remedy. With the dead, whatever they were, we only desire to be at peace. Between John Wilson and Carlyle there had never been any cordial relation. They had met in Edinburgh in the old days; on Carlyle's part there had been no backwardness, and Wilson was not unconscious of Carlyle's extraordinary powers. But he

had been shy of Carlyle, and Carlyle had resented it, and now this April the news came that Wilson was gone, and Carlyle had to write his epitaph.

Journal.

April 29, 1854.—John Wilson dead at Edinburgh about ten days ago. Apoplexy had gradually cut him out of the lists of the active, years ago, and for six months had quite broken his memory, &c., and rendered recovery hopeless. I knew his figure well; remember well first seeing him in Princes Street on a bright April afternoon—probably 1814—exactly forty years ago. Princes Street, on bright afternoons, was then the promenade of Edinburgh, and I, as a student, had gone among the others to see the καλαί and the καλοί; one Campbell, some years older than myself, was walking with me in the crowd. A tall ruddy figure, with plenteous blonde hair, with bright blue eyes, fixed, as if in haste towards some distant object, strode rapidly along, clearing the press to the left of us, close by the railings, near where Blackwood's shop now is. Westward he in haste; we slowly eastward. Campbell whispered me, 'That is Wilson of the "Isle of Palms,"' which poem I had not read, being then quite mathematical, scientific, &c., for extraneous reasons, as I now see them to have been. The broad-shouldered stately bulk of the man struck me; his flashing eye, copious, dishevelled head of hair, and rapid, unconcerned progress, like that of a plough through stubble. I really liked him, but only from the distance, and thought no more of him. It must have been fourteen years later before I once saw his figure again, and began to have some distant straggling acquaintance of a personal kind with him. Glad could I have been to be better and more familiarly acquainted; but though I liked much in him, and he somewhat in me, it would not do. He was always very kind to me, but seemed to have a feeling I should—could—not become wholly his, in which he was right, and that on other terms he could not have me; so we let it so remain, and for many years—indeed, even after quitting Edinburgh I had no acquaintance with him; occasionally got symptoms of his ill-humour with me—ink-spurts in 'Blackwood,' read or heard of, which I, in a surly, silent manner, strove to consider *flattering* rather. Poor Wilson! I cannot remember ever to have at all much respected his judgment, or depth of sincere insight into anything whatever; and by this time I was abroad in fields quite foreign to him, where his word was of

less and less avail to me. In London, indeed, I seldom or never heard any talk of him. I never read his blustering, drunken 'Noctes' after Gordon in Edinburgh ceased to bring them to me. We lived apart, as in different centuries; though, to say the truth, I always loved Wilson—really rather loved him, and could have fancied a most strict and very profitable *friendship* between us in different, happier circumstances. But it was not to be. It was not the way of this poor epoch, nor a possibility of the century we lived in. One had to bid adieu to it therefore. Wilson had much nobleness of heart, and many traits of noble genius, but the central *tie-beam* seemed always wanting; very long ago I perceived in him the most irreconcilable contradictions, Toryism with *sansculottism;* Methodism of a sort with total incredulity; a noble, loyal, and religious nature, not *strong* enough to vanquish the perverse element it is born into. Hence a being all split into precipitous chasms and the wildest volcanic tumults; rocks overgrown, indeed, with tropical luxuriance of leaf and flower, but knit together at the bottom—that was my old figure of speech—only by an ocean—of whisky punch. On these terms nothing can be done. Wilson seemed to me always by far the most *gifted* of all our literary men, either then or still; and yet intrinsically he has written nothing that can endure. The central gift was wanting. Adieu! adieu! oh, noble, ill-starred brother! Who shall say I am not myself *farther* wrong, and in a more hopeless course and case, though on the opposite side. . . . Wilson spoke always in a curious dialect, full of humour and ingenuity, but with an uncomfortable wavering between jest and earnest, as if it were his interest and unconscious purpose to *conceal* his real meaning in most things. So far as I can recollect, he was once in my house (Comely Bank, with a testimonial, poor fellow!) and I once in his, De Quincey, &c., a little while one afternoon. One night, at Gordon's, I supped with him, or witnessed *his* supper—ten or twelve tumblers of whisky punch, continued till the daylight shone in on him and us; and such a *firework* of wildly ingenious—I should say volcanically vivid—hearty, humorous, and otherwise remarkable, entertaining, and *not* venerable talk (Wordsworth, Dugald Stewart, many men, as well as things, came in for a lick), as I never listened to before or since. We walked homewards together through the summer sunrise, I remember well. Good Wilson! Poor Wilson! That must be twenty-six years ago. I know not if among all his 'friends' he has left one who feels more recognisingly what he

was, and how tragical his life when seemingly most successful, than I now. Adieu to him, good, grand, ruined soul, that never could be great, or, indeed, *be* anything. This present is a ruinous and ruining world.

In the obituary of this spring the name of another Scotchman appeared—of more national temperament—on whom Carlyle also leaves a few words.

A few days later (Wednesday last) there died also at Edinburgh Lord Cockburn, a figure from my early years: Jeffrey's biographer and friend; in all respects the converse or contrast of Wilson—rustic Scotch sense, sincerity, and humour, all of the practical Scotch type, *versus* the *Neopoetical* Wordsworthian, Coleridgean, extremely chaotic 'Church of the Future,' if Calvary, Parnassus, and whisky punch can ever be supposed capable of growing into anything but a dungheap of the future or past. Cockburn, small, solid, and genuine, was by much the wholesomer product; a bright, cheery-voiced, hazel-eyed man; a Scotch dialect with plenty of good logic in it, and of practical sagacity. Veracious, too. A gentleman, I should say, and perfectly in the Scotch type, perhaps the very last of that peculiar species.

Carlyle's own special work at this time was confined almost to reading books. The little that he composed was unsatisfactory, and the entries in his journal, which were unusually numerous in the period of forced inactivity, were at once an occupation and a relief. When once he was launched upon his enterprise, he had little leisure for self-reflection. A long vacant interval was soon to follow in the journal; here is one more passage from it—one more open window into his inner soul:—

Journal.

June 15, 1854.—Being to all appearance just about the *nadir* in my affairs at present, solitary, without any human being to whom I can with profit communicate myself, and totally unable, from illness, &c., to get any hold of the ugly chaos, wide as the world, which I am called to subdue into the form of *work done*, I rushed out yesterday and took a violent, long, fatiguing walk into the

sunny precincts of Tooting, &c., that at least I might be quite alone with my unbeautiful self and my ditto affairs. A beautiful, soft, bright day; the sky unusually clear, moist clouds floating about upon the wind far enough aloft, and the sun shining out from time to time. Sitting silent on Wandsworth Common, remote amid the furze bushes, I said, 'Suppose we write a *journal of a week?* the time of *acti labores* may once again come, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, and then it will be pleasant to look back.' I did not much entertain the project, nor at this time am I clear to do it. Here, however, is yesterday:—Wrote some business notes *invitissimâ Minervâ* after breakfast; had lost the little dog, &c., who, however, was found about noon. Then examined the scribble I had been doing about *Jülich* and *Berg; Preussen*, &c. Totally without worth! Decided to run out, as above said. Out at half-past one p.m.; return towards five. Asleep on the sofa before dinner at half-past five; take my 'Schlosser,' vol. 4; can do little at it till tea. Not a bad book, though very crabbed and lean. Brother John[1] enters at eight; gossip with him till nine; then out to escort him home, getting three-quarters of an hour of walking to myself withal. Had refused the Lowe *soirée* before. Jane poorly; in a low way for some days back. Read till one a.m., she soon leaving me. To bed then, having learned little; how little! To-day I am at my desk again; intend to try Liegnitz and Silesian matters. Small hope there. My eyes are very dim; bad light (from sky direct), though abundant. Chiefly the state of liver, I suppose, which indeed in itself and its effects is beyond description. Have taken to iron pens; compelled to it by the ever-fluctuating 'cheap and nasty' system which has prevailed in regard to paper and ink everywhere for twenty years past, which system, worse to me almost than the loss of an arm, not to mention money at all, may the Devil confound, as indeed he does. *Basta! Basta!* Liegnitz itself will be better than that.

So far Carlyle on himself and his affairs. I will now add a piece of writing of his wife's, which throws light on the domestic economies of Cheyne Row, and shows how life was carried on there, with what skill, with what thrift, under what conditions, personal and material. Her let-

[1] John Carlyle had come with his wife to live in London. She died tragically two months later in her first confinement.

ters indirectly tell much, but this particular composition is directly addressed to that special subject. There was a discussion some years ago in the newspapers whether two people with the habits of a lady and a gentleman could live together in London on 300*l.* a year. Mrs. Carlyle, who often laughed about it while it was going on, will answer the question. Miss Jewsbury says that no one who visited the Carlyles could tell whether they were poor or rich. There were no signs of extravagance, but also none of poverty. The drawing-room arrangements were exceptionally elegant. The furniture was simple, but solid and handsome; everything was scrupulously clean; everything good of its kind; and there was an air of ease, as of a household living within its means. Mrs. Carlyle was well dressed always. Her admirable taste would make the most of inexpensive materials; but the materials themselves were of the very best. Carlyle himself generally kept a horse. They travelled, they visited, they were always generous and open-handed. They had their house on easy terms. The rent, which when they came first was 30*l.* a year, I think was never raised—out of respect for Carlyle's character; but it had many rooms in it, which, because they could not bear to have them otherwise, were maintained in the best condition. There was much curiosity among their friends to know how their establishment was supported. Mrs. Carlyle had 150*l.* a year from Craigenputtock. He himself, in a late calculation, had set down his average income from his books at another 150*l.* For several years before the time at which we have now arrived he had published little which materially added to this. There was a fixed annual demand for his works, but not a large one. The 'Cromwell' was a large book, and had gone through three editions. I do not know precisely how much he had received from it; perhaps 1,500*l.* The 'Latter-day

Pamphlets' had produced little beyond paying their expenses. The 'Life of Sterling' was popular, but that too only in a limited circle. Carlyle was thrifty, but never penurious; he gave away profusely in his own family, and was liberal beyond his means elsewhere. He had saved, I think, about 2,000*l.* in all, which was lying at interest in Dumfries bank, and this was all. Thus his entire income at this time could not have exceeded 400*l.*, if it was as much. His German tour had been expensive. The new room had cost 170*l.* The cost of living was increasing through the rise in prices, which no economy could guard against, and though they had but one servant the household books mounted disagreeably. Mrs. Carlyle, not wishing to add to her husband's troubles, had as far as possible kept her anxieties to herself. Indeed, Carlyle was like most husbands in this matter, and was inclined to be irritable when spoken to about it. But an explanation at last became necessary, and the humorous acidity of tone with which she entered on it shows that she had borne much before she presented her statement. It is dated February 12, 1855, and is endorsed by Carlyle 'Jane's Missive on the Budget,' with a note appended.

The enclosed was read with great laughter; had been found lying on my table as I returned out of the frosty garden from smoking. Debt is already paid off. Quarterly income to be 58*l.* henceforth, and all is settled to poor Goody's heart's content. The piece is so clever that I cannot just yet find in my heart to burn it, as perhaps I ought to do. T. C.

Budget of a Femme Incomprise.

I don't choose to *speak* again on the *money question!* The 'replies' from the Noble Lord are unfair and unkind, and little to the purpose. When you tell me 'I pester your life out about money,' that 'your soul is sick with hearing about it,' that 'I had better make the money I have serve,' 'at all rates, hang it, let you alone of it'—all that I call perfectly unfair, the reverse of kind, and tending to nothing but disagreement. If I were greedy or

extravagant or a bad manager, you would be justified in 'staving me off' with loud words; but you cannot say *that* of me (whatever else)—cannot *think* it of me. At least, I am sure that I never 'asked for more' from you or anyone, not even from my own mother, in all my life, and that through six and twenty years I have kept house for you at more or less cost according to given circumstances, but always on less than it costs the generality of people living in the same style. What I should have expected you to say rather would have been: 'My dear, you *must* be dreadfully hampered in your finances, and dreadfully anxious and unhappy about it, and quite desperate of *making it do*, since *you* are "asking for more." Make me understand the case, then. I can and will help you out of that *sordid* suffering at least, either by giving you more, if that be found prudent to do, or by reducing our wants to within the present means.' That is the sort of thing you would have said had you been a perfect man; so I suppose you are not a perfect man. Then, instead of crying in my bed half the night after, I would have explained my budget to you in peace and confidence. But now I am driven to explain it on paper 'in a state of mind;' *driven*, for I cannot, it is not in my nature to live 'entangled in the details,' and I *will not*. I would sooner hang myself, though 'pestering you about money' is also more repugnant to me than you dream of.

You don't understand why the allowance which sufficed in former years no longer suffices. That is what I would explain to the Noble Lord if he would but—what shall I say?—*keep his temper*.

The beginning of my embarrassments, it will not surprise the Noble Lord to learn, since it has also been 'the beginning of' almost every human ill to himself, was *the repairing of the house*. There was a destruction, an *irregularity*, an *incessant recurrence of small incidental expenses*, during all that period, or *two* periods, through which I found myself in September gone a year, *ten* pounds behind, instead of having some pounds saved up towards the winter's coals. I could have worked round 'out of that,' however, in course of time, if habits of *unpinched* housekeeping had not been long taken to by *you* as well as myself, and if new unavoidable or not to be avoided *current* expenses had not followed close on those incidental ones. I will show the Noble Lord, with his permission, what the new current expenses *are*, and to what they amount per annum. (Hear, hear! and cries of 'Be brief!')

1. We have a servant of 'higher grade' than we ever ventured

on before; more expensive in money. Anne's wages are 16 pounds a year; Fanny's were 13. Most of the others had 12; and Anne never dreams of being other than *well fed*. The others *scrambled* for their living out of ours. Her regular meat dinner at one o'clock, regular allowance of butter, &c., adds at least three pounds a year to the *year's* bills. But she plagues us with no fits of illness nor of *drunkenness*, no *warnings* nor complainings. She does perfectly what she is *paid* and *fed* to do. I see houses not so well kept with 'cook,' 'housemaid,' and 'manservant' (Question!). Anne is the last item I should vote for retrenching in. I may set her down, however, at six additional pounds.

2. We have now gas and water 'laid on,' both producing admirable results. But betwixt 'water laid on' at one pound sixteen shillings per annum, with *shilling* to turncock, and water carried at fourpence a week there is a yearly difference of 19 shillings and four pence; and betwixt *gas* all the year round and a few sixpenny boxes of lights in the winter the difference may be computed at *fifteen shillings*. These two excellent innovations, then, increase the yearly expenditure by one pound fourteen shillings and fourpence—a trifle to speak of; but you, my Lord, born and bred in thrifty Scotland, must know well the proverb, 'Every little mak's a mickle.'

3. We are higher *taxed*. Within the last eighteen months there has been added to the Lighting, Pavement, and Improvement Rate ten shillings yearly, to the Poor Rate one pound, to the sewer rate ten shillings; and now the doubled Income Tax makes a difference of 5*l*. 16*s*. 8*d*. yearly, which sums, added together, amount to a difference of 7*l*. 16*s*. 8*d*. yearly, on taxes which already amounted to 17*l*. 12*s*. 8*d*. There need be no reflections for want of taxes.

4. Provisions of all sorts are higher priced than in former years. Four shilling a week for bread, instead of two shillings and sixpence, makes at the year's end a difference of 3*l*. 18*s*. Butter has kept all the year round 2*d*. a pound dearer than I ever knew it. On the quantity we use—two pounds and a half per week 'quite reg'lar'—there is a difference of 21*s*. 8*d*. by the year. Butcher's meat is a penny a pound dearer. At the rate of a pound and a half a day, *bones* included—no exorbitant allowance for three people—the difference on that at the year's end would be 2*l*. 5*s*. 6*d*. Coals, which had been for some years at 21*s*. per ton, cost this year 26*s*., last year 29*s*., bought judiciously, too. If I had had to pay 50*s*. a

ton for them, as some housewives had to, God knows what would have become of me. (Passionate cries of 'Question! question!') We burn, or used to burn—I am afraid they are going faster this winter—twelve tons, one year with another. Candles are *riz:* composites a shilling a pound, instead of 10*d.*; dips 8 pence, instead of 5*d.* or 6*d.* Of the former we burn three pounds in nine days—the greater part of the year you sit so late—and of dips two pounds a fortnight on the average of the whole year. Bacon is 2*d.* a pound dearer; soap ditto; potatoes, at the cheapest, a penny a pound, instead of three pounds for 2*d.* We use three pounds of potatoes in two days' meals. Who could imagine that at the year's end that makes a difference of 15*s.* 2*d.* on one's mere potatoes? Compute all this, and you will find that the difference on *provisions* cannot be under twelve pounds in the year.

5. What I should blush to state if I were not *at bay*, so to speak: ever since we have been in London *you* have, in the handsomest manner, paid the winter's butter with *your own money*, though it was not in the bond. And this gentlemanlike proceeding on your part, till the butter became uneatable, was a good two pounds saved me.

Add up these differences:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
1. Rise on servant	6	0	0
2. Rise on light and water .	1	14	0
3. On taxes	7	16	8
4. On provisions	12	0	0
5. Cessation of butter . . .	2	0	0
You will find a total of	£29	10	8

My calculation will be found quite correct, though I am not strong in arithmetic. I have *thochtered* all this well in my head, and *indignation* makes a sort of arithmetic, as well as verses. Do you finally understand why the allowance which sufficed formerly no longer suffices, and pity my difficulties instead of being angry at them?

The only thing you *can* reproach me with, *if you like*, is that fifteen months ago, when I found myself already in debt, and everything *rising* on me, I did not fall at once to *pinching* and *muddling*, as when we didn't know where the next money was to come from, instead of 'lashing down' at the accustomed rate: nay, expanding into a 'regular servant.' But you are to recollect that when I first

complained to you of the *prices*, you said, quite good-naturedly, 'Then you are coming to bankruptcy, are you? Not going to be able *to go on*, you think? Well, then, we must come to your assistance, poor *crittur*. You mustn't be made a bankrupt of.' So I kept my mind easy, and retrenched in nothing, relying on the promised 'assistance.' But when 'Oh! it was lang o' coming, lang o' coming,' my arrears taking every quarter a more alarming cifer, what could I do but put you in mind? Once, twice, at the third speaking, what you were pleasantly calling 'a great heap of money' —15*l.*—was—what shall I say?—flung to me. Far from *leaving anything* to meet the increased demand of another nine months, this sum did not clear me of debt, not by five pounds. But from time to time encouraging *words* fell from the Noble Lord. 'No, you cannot pay the double Income Tax; clearly, I must pay that for you.' And again: 'I will burn as many coals as I like; if you can't pay for them somebody must!' All resulting, however, thus far in '*Don't you wish you may get it?*' Decidedly I should have needed to be more than mortal, or else 'a born daughter of Chaos,' to have gone on without attempt made at ascertaining what *coming to my assistance* meant: whether it meant 15*l.* without a blessing once for all; and, if so, what retrenchments were to be permitted.

You asked me at last money row, with withering sarcasm, 'had I the slightest idea what amount of money would *satisfy me*. Was I wanting 50*l.* more; or forty, or thirty? Was there any conceivable sum of money that could put an end to my eternal botheration?' I will answer the question as if it had been asked practically and kindly.

Yes. I have the strongest idea what amount of money would '*satisfy*' me. I have computed it often enough as I lay awake at nights. Indeed, when I can't sleep now it is my 'difficulties' I think about more than my sins, till they become 'a real mental awgony in my own inside.' The above-named sum, 29*l.*, divided into quarterly payments, would *satisfy* me (with a certain parsimony about little things somewhat less might do), I engaging my word of a gentlewoman to *give back* at the year's end whatever portion thereof any diminution of the demand on me might enable me to save.

I am not so unpractical, however, as to ask for the whole 29*l.* without thought or care where it is to come from. I have settled all that (Derisive laughter, and Hear, hear!), so that nine pounds only will have to be disbursed by you over and above your long-accustomed disbursements (Hear, hear!). You anticipate, per-

haps, some draft on your waste-paper basket. No, my Lord, it has never been my habit to interfere with your ways of making money, or the rate which you make it at; and if I never did it in early years, most unlikely I should do it *now*. My bill of ways and means has nothing to do with making money, only with disposing of the money made. (Bravo! hear!)

1. Ever since my mother's death you have allowed me for old Mary Mills 3*l.* yearly. She needs them no more. *Continue these three pounds for the house.*

2. Through the same long term of years you have made *me* the handsomest Christmas and birthday presents; and when I had purposely disgusted you from *buying me things*, you gave me at the New Year 5*l.* Oh I know the meaning of that 5*l.* quite well. *Give me nothing;* neither money nor money's worth. I would have it so anyhow, and continue the 5*l.* for the house.

3. Ever since we came to London you have paid some 2*l.*, I guess, for *butter*, now become uneatable. Continue that 2*l.* for the house; and we have already *ten* pounds which you can't miss, not having been used to them.

4. My allowance of 25*l.* is a very liberal one; has enabled me to spend freely for myself; and I don't deny there is a pleasure in that when there is no household crisis; but with an appalling deficit in the house exchequer, it is not only no pleasure but an impossibility. I can keep up my dignity and my wardrobe on a less sum—on 15*l.* a year. A silk dress, 'a splendid dressing-gown,' 'a milliner's bonnet' the less; what signifies that at my age? Nothing. Besides, I have had so many 'gowns' given me that they may serve for two or three years. By then God knows if I shall be needing *gowns* at all. So deduct 10*l.* from my personal allowance; and continue that for the house.

But why not transfer it *privately* from my own purse to the house one, and ask only for 19*l.*? It would have sounded more modest—*figured* better. Just because 'that sort of thing' don't please me. I have tried it and found it a bad *go:* a virtue *not* its own reward! I am for every herring to hang by its own head, every purse to stand on its own bottom. It would worry me to be thought rolling in the wealth of 25*l.*, when I was cleverly making 15*l.* do, and investing 10*l.* in coals and taxes. Mrs. —— is up to that sort of self-sacrifice thing, and to finding compensation in the sympathy of many friends, and in smouldering discontent. I am up to neither the magnanimity nor the compensation, but I am

quite up to laying down 10*l.* of my allowance in a straight-forward recognised way, without standing on my toes to it either. And what is more, I am determined upon it, *will not* accept more than 15*l.* in the present state of affairs.

There only remains to disclose the actual state of the exchequer. It is empty as a drum. (Sensation.) If I consider twenty-nine more pounds indispensable—things remaining as they are—for the coming year, beginning the 22nd of March, it is just because I have found it so in the year that is gone; and I commenced that, as I have already stated, with 10*l.* of arrears. You assisted me with 15*l.*, and I have assisted myself with 10*l.*, five last August, which I took from the Savings Bank, and the five you gave me at New Year, which I threw into the coal account. Don't suppose—'if thou's i' the habit of supposing'—that I tell you this in the *un*devout imagination of being *repaid*. By all that's sacred for me—*the memory of my father and mother*—what else can an irreligious creature like me swear by? I would not take back that money if you *offered* it with the best grace, and had picked it up in the street. I tell it you simply that you may see I am not so dreadfully greedy as you have appeared to think me latterly. Setting *my* 10*l.* then against the original arrears, with 15*l.* in assistance from *you*, it would follow, from my own computation, that I should need 14*l.* more to clear off arrears on the weekly bills and carry me on paying my way until 22nd of March, next quarter-day. (Cries of Shame! and Turn her out!) I say only '*should need*.' Your money is of course yours, to do as you will with, and I *would like* to again 'walk the causeway' carrying my head as high—as—Mr. A., the upholsterer, owing no man anything, and *dearly I would like* to 'at all rates let YOU alone of it,' if I knew who else had any business with my housekeeping, or to whom else I could properly address myself for the moment; as what with that expensive, most ill-timed dressing-gown, and *my* cheap ill-timed chiffonnier, and my half-year's bills to Rhind and Catchpole, I have only what will serve me till June comes round.

If I was a man, I might fling the gauntlet to Society, join with a few brave fellows, and 'rob a diligence.' But my sex 'kind o' debars from that.' Mercy! to think there are women—your friend Lady A., for example ('*Rumeurs!*' Sensation)—I say for *example*; who spend not merely the additamental pounds I must make such pother about, but *four times my whole income* in the *ball* of one night, and none the worse for it, nor anyone the better. It is—

what shall I say?—'curious,' upon my honour. But just in the same manner Mrs. Freeman might say: 'To think there are women —Mrs. Carlyle, for example—who spend 3*l.* 14*s.* 6*d* on one dressing-gown, and I with just *two loaves* and eighteen pence from the parish, to live on by the week.' There is no bottom to such reflections. The only thing one is perfectly sure of is 'it will come all to the same ultimately,' and I can't say I'll regret the loss of myself, for one.—I add no more, but remain, dear Sir, your obedient humble servant, JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle, it must be admitted, knew how to administer a 'shrewing.' Her poor husband, it must be admitted, also knew how to bear one. He, perhaps, bore it too well, for there were parts of what she said which he might with advantage have laid to heart seriously. At any rate, he recognized instantly and without the least resentment the truth of a statement to which he had been too impatient to listen. The cleverness of it delighted him, in spite of the mockery of himself and his utterances. At the foot of the last page he wrote immediately—

Excellent, my dear clever Goody, thriftiest, wittiest, and cleverest of women. I will set thee up again to a certainty, and thy 30*l.* more shall be granted, thy bits of debts paid, and thy will be done.
Feb. 12, 1855. T. C.

No man ever behaved better under such a chastisement. Not a trace is visible of resentment or impatience, though also less regret than a perfect husband ought to have felt that he had to a certain extent deserved it. Unfortunately, knowing that he had meant no harm and had done all that he was asked to do the instant that the facts were before him, he never could take a lesson of this kind properly to heart, and could be just as inconsiderate and just as provoking on the next occasion that arose. Poor Carlyle! Well he might complain of his loneliness! though he was himself in part the cause of it. Both he and she were noble and generous, but his was the soft heart, and hers the stern one.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A.D. 1854–7. ÆT. 59–62.

Difficulties over 'Frederick'—Crimean war—Louis Napoleon in England—Edward Fitzgerald—Farlingay—Three weeks at Addiscombe—Mrs. Carlyle and Lady Ashburton—Scotsbrig—Kinloch Luichart—Lady Ashburton's death—Effect on Carlyle—Solitude in Cheyne Row—Riding costume—Fritz—Completion of the first two volumes of Frederick'—Carlyle as a historian.

Journal.

Chelsea, September 16, 1854.—'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' What a fearful word! I cannot find how to take up that miserable 'Frederick,' or what on earth to do with it. 'Hohenzollerns,' 'Sketches of German History'—something of all that I have tried, but everything breaks down from innumerable outward impediments—alas! alas! from the defect of inward fire. I am getting old, yet would grudge to depart without trying to tell a little more of my mind. This of repairing my house has been a dreadful thing, tumbling topsy-turvy all my old habits, &c. I feel as if I never *could* write any more in these sad, altered circumstances; as if it were like being placed on the point of a spear, and there bidden at once stand and write. That was my thought this morning when I awoke—an unjust, exaggerated thought; yet it is certain all depends on myself; and in the whole earth, probably, there is not elsewhere so lonely a soul. To work! Try to get some work done, or thou wilt go mad.

October 25.—I do not write here, or write at all, to say how ill I prosper, how ill I *manage* myself; what a sad outlook my studies, interests, and endeavours in this world continue to offer. I seem as if beaten, disgracefully vanquished, in this 'the last of my fields.' I am weak—a poor angry-hearted mortal, sick, soli-

tary, and altogether foiled. For a week or two past I have been to the State Paper Office, in hopes of getting some illumination for my dim, dreary, impossible course through the 'desert of Brandenburg sand.' Occasionally it has seemed promising. Neuberg has now been admitted, or will be in a day or two, to attend me there, the good man having heroically undertaken that piece of charity. Let us see; let us see. Nothing but '*remorse*,' the sharp sting of conscience for time wasted, carries me along, or even induces such a resolution for desperate effort as *could* carry me along. Alas! I am not yet *into* the thing. Generally, it seems as if I never should or could get into it. What will become of me? Am I absolutely beaten by this and the thousand other paltry things that have gone wrong with me in these late times?

'Victory at the Alma!' fierce and bloody; forcing a passage right across fortified heights and 45,000 Russians, to *begin* the siege of Sebastopol—a terrible, and almost horrible operation, done altogether at the command of the newspapers. What have I to do with all that? In common, I believe, with nearly all the rational men in the country, I have all along been totally indisposed to this miserable Turk war. The windy fools alone—it is the immense majority of that class, that have done and do this last enterprise of ours. Would we were well out of it. That is all my prayer and thought in regard to that.

April 4, 1855.—Writing at something called 'Frederick.' The 'Double Marriage' at present most mournful, dreary, undoable work. All the world in emotion about Balaclava and the Turk war—too sad a fulfilment of my 'Latter Day' prophecies, as many now admit. I perceive it to be the beginning of *bankruptcy* to Constitutional England, and have in silence my own thoughts about it. Lonelier and lonelier! Let me get along with my work. For me there is no other good ever to be hoped.

If he needed comfort, he was not likely to find it in the things which were going on round him. It was no satisfaction to him that the state of the army in the Crimea—the dysentery and starvation, with the memorable 'take care of Dowb' in the midst of it—confirmed his notions of the nature of modern British administration. In this April came the still more sinister phenomenon of the visit to England of the French Emperor. On

this point, if on no other, he was at one with the majority of his countrymen. Outside the privileged circles who wanted order preserved, and security to property, and safe enjoyment of idle luxury, Louis Napoleon had no friends among us. But the times were hard, and we looked on, swallowing down our disgust as best we could, while the man of December was entertained at Windsor. It was said in the papers that he was received in London by enthusiastic crowds. That was not Carlyle's impression from what he himself saw.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: April 20, 1855.

Louis Napoleon has not been shot hitherto. That is the best that can be said. He gathers, they say, great crowds about him, but his reception from the hip-hip-hurrahing classes is not warm at all. On Monday, just before they arrived, I came (in omnibus) down Piccadilly. Two thin and thinnest rows of the most abject-looking human wretches I had ever seen or dreamt of—lame, crook-backed, dwarfish, dirty-shirted, with the air of pickpockets and City jackals, not a *gent* hardly among them, much less any vestige of a gentleman—were drawn up from St. James's Street to Hyde Park Corner to receive the august pair. I looked at them with a shuddering thankfulness that they were not drawn up to receive *me*.

April 23.—We have got done with our Emperor. Thank Heaven, he took himself away before the week ended. Never was such a blaze of enthusiastic reception, &c., says rumour, which I for my own share cannot confirm or decisively contradict. Royal children all weeping when the *soi-disant* august pair took themselves away again—*à la bonne heure!*

Very bitter this—too bitter as we look back, perhaps. Louis Napoleon was a symbol and creature of his time, which divided with him the crime of the *coup d'état*. He had his day, and paid his debt at the end of it to the retributory powers. But while his day lasted and he seemed to thrive, he was an ugly object in the eyes of those who believed in some sort of Providence.

'Frederick' meanwhile, in spite of lamentations over failure, was at last moving. Carlyle had stood steadily to it for eighteen months, and when August came he required rest and change. Many friends were eager for the honour of entertaining him. There was no longer any mother to call him down to Scotsbrig. He selected among them Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, who had been useful to him in the 'Cromwell' days, investigating Naseby field, and whose fine gifts of intellect and character he heartily loved and admired. Mr. Fitzgerald lived at Woodbridge, near Farlingay, in Suffolk, an old-fashioned mansion-house of his own, in which he occupied a few rooms, the rest being a farm-house. The scene was new to him. A Suffolk farmer, 'with a dialect almost equal to Nithsdale,' was a fresh experience. The farm cookery was simple and wholesome, the air perfect, the sea, with a beach where he could bathe, at no great distance; his host ready to be the pleasantest of companions if his society was wished for, and as willing 'to efface himself' when not wanted. Under these conditions, a 'retreat' for a few days to Woodbridge was altogether agreeable. The love which all persons who really knew him felt for Carlyle made it a delight to minister to his comfort. His humours were part of himself. They took him as he was, knowing well how amply his conversation would pay for his entertainment. He, for his part, enjoyed himself exceptionally; he complained of nothing. Place, lodging, company were equally to his mind.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Farlingay, August 10.

As to me, all things go prosperously. I made an excellent sleep out last night—at least, two sleeps added together that amounted to excellent. You see I have skill in the weather too. Here are the sunny autumn days begun, and this, the first of them, has been one of the beautifullest that could be desired; as nice a morning as I remember to have seen, and your letter waiting for

me, and good Fitz sitting patient on a big block—huge stump of a tree-root, on which they have sown mignonette—at the head of the garden till I pleased to come down. I have sauntered about, reading, in the fields. We drove in the gig: afterwards I walked lustily through pleasant lanes and quiet country roads, all of hard, smooth sand; in short, a day suitable to my purpose in coming here. I already seem to feel twice as strong for walking; step along at a great rate in spite of the windless heat. I design to have a try again at the sea to-morrow.

August 13.

There have been some adventures here, or rather one adventure, but all goes right after it as much as before. It was an adventure of cows. Cows go in a field—or rather went. but do not now go—opposite this big window, separated merely by the garden and an invisible fence. The night after I wrote last, these animals, about 2 a.m., took to lowing with an energy to have awakened the seven sleepers. No soul could guess why; but there they raged and lowed through the night watches, awoke the whole house here, and especially awoke me, and held me vigilant till six, when I arose for a walk through fields and lanes. No evil came of it, only endless sorrow of poor Fitz and the household, endless apologies, &c. The cows were removed, and I have slept well ever since, and am really growing better and better in my silent rustication here. Fitz took me down yesterday to Aldborough, a very pleasant drive—seventeen miles; off at 8 A.M., home about the same hour of evening. It is a beautiful little sea town, one of the best bathing-places I have seen. Nothing can excel the sea—a mile of fine shingly beach, with patches of smooth sand every here and there; clear water shelving rapidly, deep at all hours; beach solitary beyond wont, whole town rather solitary. My notion is, if you have yet gone nowhere, you should think of Aldborough. If a lodging could be had there, which is probable, I could like very well to take a fortnight or so of it. Never saw a place more promising. . . . Adieu, dearest! Drown Nero, and be reasonable.—. Yours ever, T. C.

August 17.

No news from you to-day, which I will take to mean that there is no bad news, all things remaining with Goody, as they do with *Illy, in statu quo.* I have bathed; I have been driven about. Weather hot and shining, without wind. Last night I slept unusually well, and to-morrow I am to go. Fitz has been the best

of landlords, and has discharged his sacred rites really with a kind of Irish zeal and piety; a man not to be forgotten. He has done everything except 'leave me well alone;' that he has not quite done; and to say truth, I shall not care to be off and lie down in my own corner again, even with the sputter of Cremorne in the distance.

Restless spirit! for 'in his own corner,' when 'he did lie down in it,' he grew 'sleepless, disconsolate, and good for little or nothing.' The Ashburtons, knowing his condition, offered him Addiscombe again for the short remains of the summer, and there he and Mrs. Carlyle tried to make a brief holiday together. It did not answer. She preferred Chelsea and solitude, and left him to wander about the Surrey lanes alone.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Addiscombe: September 2, 1855. Sunday midnight.

My poor little Jeannie is away. You may fancy, or rather, perhaps, in your spleen you will not fancy, what a dreary *wae* sight it was to me this morning when I sallied out, stupid and sad, and found your door open, the *one* cup downstairs, tea-pot washed out. 'Mrs. Carlyle gone at eight, sir; don't know whither; had not slept at all.' Alas! alas! I know not even whether you had got any breakfast. It did not strike me to question my *Hyæna* further on that subject, and it now strikes me you probably had none. Poor little soul! tough as wire, but rather heavy-laden. Well, I hope you are now asleep in your own safe, big, curtained old bed. In all ways you can now stretch yourself out.

I have had the loneliest day I can recollect in all my life, or about the very loneliest. I declined riding. My horse had need of rest, at any rate. The wind was howling and the dust flying, and on all my nerves lay dull embargo, only to be lifted by *hard* labour. I set out soon after one; walked over heaths, through thick woods, in solitary places, with a huge *sough* of the wind and a grey troublous sky for company, about three and a half hours; did not weary, did not much improve. Sate smoking once with a bush at my back, on a hillside by the edge of a wood. Got home five minutes before five, and the punctual Dragon was there with the dinner you had ordered. After dinner I read for an hour,

smoked, then sate down by the fire, and, waiting to ring for candle, fell into nightmare sleep till almost nine.

I look for you on Tuesday *early*. Nevertheless, if you would rather not, I have no doubt of getting some feasible enough dinner, &c., for indeed that poor woman seems to understand her work well enough; and the Dragon herself is all civility and sugary smiles, if that were of much advantage. For the rest, the dreariness of solitude—that, though disagreeable to bear, is understood to be of the nature of medicine to the mind at this juncture. No way of cleaning muddy water but by letting it settle.

However, I calculate you will come, and take the reins in hand for another stage. My poor little Protectress! Good night now finally. T. C.

Such letters as this throw strange lights into Carlyle's domestic life, sad and infinitely touching. When he complains so often of the burdens that were laid upon him, one begins to understand what he meant. And yet, harassed and overloaded as he was, he could find leisure for acts of kindness to strangers who would not have intruded on him had they known of his anxieties. I had not yet settled in London; but I came up occasionally to read books in the Museum, &c. I called as often as I ventured in Cheyne Row, and was always made welcome there. But I was a mere outward acquaintance, and had no right to expect such a man as Carlyle to exert himself for me. I had, however, from the time when I became acquainted with his writings, looked on him as my own guide and master—so absolutely that I could have said: '*Malim errare cum Platone quam cum aliis bene sentire*'; or, in Goethe's words, which I often indeed did repeat to myself: '*Mit deinem Meister zu irren ist dein Gewinn.*' The practice of submission to the authority of one whom one recognises as greater than one's self outweighs the chance of occasional mistake. If I wrote anything, I fancied myself writing it to him, reflecting at each word on what he would think of it, as a check on affectations. I was busy

then on the first volume of my 'History of England.' I had set the first two chapters in print that I might take counsel with friends upon them. I sent a copy to Carlyle, which must have reached him about the time of this Addiscombe sojourn, and it came back to me with pencil criticisms which, though not wanting in severity, consoled me for the censures which fell so heavily on those chapters when the book was published.

Autumn passed on, and winter and spring, and Carlyle was still at his desk. At Christmas there was another visit to the Grange. 'Company at first aristocratic and select: Lord Lansdowne and Robert Lowe; then miscellaneous shifting, chiefly of the scientific kind,' and moderately interesting. But his stay was short, and he was absorbed again at his work in the garret room. With Mrs. Carlyle, unfortunately, it was a period of ill-health, loneliness, and dispiritment. At the end of 1855 she had commenced the diary, from which her husband first learnt, after her death, how miserable she had been, and learnt also that he himself had been in part the cause. It was continued on into the next spring and summer, in the same sad, stoically indignant tone; the consummation of ten years of resentment at an intimacy which, under happier circumstances, should have been equally a delight to herself, yet was ill-managed by all parties concerned, and steeped in gall and bitterness her own married life. It is impossible to suppose that Lady Ashburton was not aware of Mrs. Carlyle's feelings towards her. She had a right perhaps to think them ridiculous, but for Carlyle's own sake she ought to have been careful how she behaved to her. If nine-tenths of Mrs. Carlyle's injuries were imaginary, if her proud and sensitive disposition saw affronts where there had been only a great lady's negligence, there was a real something of which she had a right to complain; only her husband's want of perception in such matters could have prevented

him from seeing how unfit it was that she should have to go and come at Lady Ashburton's bidding, under fear of her husband's displeasure. A small incident in the summer of 1856, though a mere trifle in itself, may serve as an illustration of what she had to undergo. The Carlyles were going for a holiday to Scotland. Lady Ashburton was going also. She had engaged a palatial carriage, which had been made for the Queen and her suite, and she proposed to take the Carlyles down with her. The carriage consisted of a spacious saloon, to which, communicating with it, an ordinary compartment with the usual six seats in it was attached. Lady Ashburton occupied the saloon alone. Mrs. Carlyle, though in bad health and needing rest as much as Lady A., was placed in the compartment with her husband, the family doctor, and Lady A.'s maid,[1] a position perfectly proper for her if she was a dependent, but in which no lady could have been placed whom Lady Ashburton regarded as her own equal in rank. It may be that Mrs. Carlyle chose to have it so herself. But Lady A. ought not to have allowed it, and Carlyle ought not to have allowed it, for it was a thing wrong in itself. One is not surprised to find that when Lady A. offered to take her home in the same way she refused to go. 'If there were any companionship in the matter,' she said bitterly, when Carlyle communicated Lady A.'s proposal, 'it would be different; or if you go back with the Ashburtons it will be different, as then I should be going as part of your luggage without self-responsibility.' Carlyle regarded the Ashburtons as 'great people,' to whom he was under obligations: who had been very good to him: and of whose *train* he in a sense formed a part. Mrs. Carlyle, with her proud, independent, Scotch republican spirit, imperfectly recognised these social distinctions. This it may be said was a trifle, and ought not to have been made much of.

[1] See *Reminiscences*, p. 463.

But there is no sign that Mrs. Carlyle did make much of what was but a small instance of her general lot. It happens to stand out by being mentioned incidentally. That is all. But enough has been said of this sad matter, which was now drawing near its end.

On reaching Scotland the party separated. Lady Ashburton went to the Highlands, where Carlyle was to follow in September. Mrs. Carlyle went to her cousins in Fife and he to Scotsbrig, which he had left last after his mother's funeral. All his family were delighted to see him once more amongst them. His brother James was waiting for him at the station. His sister-in-law had provided a long new *pipe* of the right Glasgow manufacture: he would smoke nothing else. His mother—she, alas! was not there: only the chair in which she had sate, now vacant.

But (as he said) there is no wisdom in yielding to such thoughts. It is on death that all life has been appointed to stand for its brief season, and none of us can escape the law. There is a certain solemn consolation which reconciles me to almost everything in the thought that I am myself fairly *old;* that all the confusions of life, whether of this colour or that, are soon about to sink into nothing, and only the soul of one's work, if one did any that had a soul, can be expected to survive.

He had not come to Scotsbrig to be idle; he had his work with him, at which he toiled on steadily. He had expected his wife to join him there, but she showed no intention that way. He wrote to her regularly with his usual quiet affection. Her answers 'he found sombre and distrustful perhaps beyond need,' but kind and good; he 'begged her to know that in his own way none loved her so well as he, or felt that he had better cause to do so.' From Scotsbrig he moved to his sister's at the Gill, by Annan—happy among his own kindred, longing to be 'out of London, never to return,' and to spend the rest of his

days in a scene where health of mind and body would not be impossible.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

The Gill: August 7, 1857.

I seem to be doing really excellently in regard to health. What a change (*mostly* for the better) has been brought about since I escaped from that Devil's oven with its dirts and noises. The disgusting *dearth* of London, the noise, unwholesomeness, dirt, and fret of one's whole existence there has often forced itself upon me when I look at this frugality and these results. If I had done with those books what more have I to do with that healthless, profitless, mad, and heavy-laden place? I will really put it to you once more to consider if it were not better we returned to poor old Scotland, there to adjust ourselves a little, there to lay our bones, I care not much in what part. Annandale is very sad to me, and has no charm almost, except that Jamie would be here. It is certain we might live here in opulence, keep brougham, cow, minister's man, &c.), and give our poor selves and Nero a much wholesomer life were those printing enterprises once ended.

One spot Carlyle could not fail to visit—the Ecclefechan kirkyard:—

On Sunday (he said) I made a visit *whither* you can guess; had a few sacred moments there, standing with bared head out of sight. Surely there is not any mystery more divine than this unspeakably sad and holy one. There they were all lying in peace, having well finished their fight. 'Very bonny; very bonny,' as poor old Mary Mills said in another case.[1]

He continued well in health. Never in his life had he more the kind of chance he was always crying out for—'perfect kindness and nearly perfect solitude, the freshest of air, wholesomest of food, riding horse, and every essential provided—m—m—better than he—m—deserved.'[2] 'He had got some work done,' 'made a real impression on the papers he had brought with him.' Why could not he stay where he was when he was well off? Why need

[1] Of the grave of Mrs. Welsh.

[2] Coleridge; with the humming pronunciation.

he have supposed that he must start away to the Ashburtons at Loch Luichart? Harvest, he said, was coming on in Annandale, when guests were inconvenient. Any way, it was a fresh drop of acid to his wife, who took no notice to him of the letter in which he informed her of his purpose, but wrote to another of the family.

You say in your letters to —— (he said) you wait for Mr. C.'s plans. Alas! Mr. C. has no plans you do not long since know of. He means to be back at Chelsea at his work about the end of September; would be well content to pass the whole time on these present terms, here and about here; has no theory of future movements as visits, except that one to the Inverness regions, which he will avoid if he can. That is the whole truth.

It appeared he could not avoid it, for he went to Loch Luichart, stayed a fortnight there, and did not enjoy himself, if we may judge from this specimen of his experiences:—

Kinloch Luichart: September 23.

Very cold; no fire, or none but an imaginary one, can be permitted in the drawing-room. Her ladyship is in worse humour than usual; is capable of being driven to extremities by your setting up a peat from its flat posture: so I have learned altogether to abstain. Nothing earthly to be *done*, nothing good to be read, to be said, or thought. This is not a luxurious kind of life for a poor wayfaring individual. My commonest resource is this: to walk out from six to ten miles, ducking under bushes from the showers; return utterly tired, put on dressing-gown, cape, plaid, &c., and lie down on one's bed under all the woollen stuff one can gather, with hat laid on cheek to keep out the light. I usually get to a kind of warm half-sleep, and last till dinner time not so ill off.

His wife was still silent for some days, and when she wrote it was to be satirical at his situation, and to refuse, in sharper tones than he liked, to return under Lady A.'s convoy to London.

The second part of your letter (he replied) is far less pleasant to me than the first. It is wholly grounded on misknowledge, or in

deep ignorance of the circumstances, and deserves for answer no further details, credible or incredible, about these Highland matters till we meet. There is for you—but you are a good body, too! What you say about the regal vehicle to London from Edinburgh is mostly right, and I have settled it must be the way you write. Lady A., whose kind intentions and endeavours cannot be questioned, seems particularly anxious we should both profit by this Edinburgh conveyance. My answer is 'No; with thanks.' What pleasure or profit *they* would get by it is not apparent; but any way, we have to stand by the above decision, which I see you think the best for various reasons.

An unpleasant state of things! But there is one remedy for all evils. The occasion of the 'rifts' in Carlyle's life was to be removed for ever in the ensuing spring.

Journal.

May 6, 1857.—Monday, May 4, at Paris, died Lady Ashburton, a great and irreparable sorrow to me, yet with some beautiful consolations in it too; a thing that fills all my mind since yesterday afternoon that Milnes came to me with the sad news, which I had never once anticipated, though warned sometimes vaguely to do so. 'God sanctify my sorrow,' as the old pious phrase went. To her I believe it is a great gain; and the exit has in it much of noble beauty as well as pure sadness worthy of such a woman. Adieu! adieu! Her work—call it her grand and noble endurance of want of work—is all done!

He was present at the funeral, at Lord Ashburton's particular entreaty. It seemed like taking leave of the most precious possession which had belonged to him in the world. A few days after, the 23rd of May, he writes to his brother John:—

I got a great blow by that death you alluded to, which was totally unexpected to me; and the thought of it widening ever more, as I think further of it, is likely to be a heaviness of heart to me for a long time coming. I have indeed lost such a friend as I never had, nor am again in the least likelihood to have, in this *stranger* world; a magnanimous and beautiful soul which had furnished the English earth and made it homelike to me in many

ways is not now here. Not since our mother's death has there been to me anything resembling it.

Many years later, on casually hearing some one describe Lady A. in a way that interested him, he notes:—

A sketch true in every feature I perceived, as painted on the mind of Mrs. L——; nor was that a character quite simple to read. On the contrary, since Lady Harriet died I have never heard another that did so read it. Very strange to me. A *tragic* Lady Harriet, deeply though she veiled herself in smiles, in light, gay humour and drawing-room wit, which she had much at command. Essentially a most veracious soul too. Noble and gifted by nature, had Fortune but granted any real career. She was the greatest lady of rank I ever saw, with the soul of a princess and captainess had there been any career possible to her but that fashionable one.

After this the days went on with sombre uniformity, Mrs. Carlyle still feeble and growing indeed yearly weaker, Carlyle toiling on in his 'mud element,' driving his way through it, hardly seeing anyone, and riding for three hours every afternoon. He had called his horse Fritz. 'He was a very clever fellow,' he said of him to me, 'was much attached to me, and understood my ways. He caught sight in Palace Yard of King Richard's horse, clearly perceived that it was a horse, and was greatly interested in it.' 'Ah, Fritz,' he once apostrophised him, 'you don't know all your good fortune. You were well brought up to know and do your duty. Nobody ever told you any lies about some one else that had done it for you.' He wrote few letters, his mother no longer living to claim his time. It was only on occasion that he gave anyone a lengthened account of himself. This is to his brother John:—

Chelsea: June 11, 1857.

Probably I am rather better in health; the industrious riding on this excellent horse sometimes seems to myself to be slowly telling on me; but I am habitually in sombre, mournful mood, conscious of great weakness, a defeated kind of creature, with a

right good load of sorrow hanging on me, and no goal that looks very glorious to aim towards now within sight. All my days and hours go to that sad task of mine. At it I keep weakly grubbing and puddling, weakly but steadily; try to make daily some little way as now almost the one thing useful. I refuse all invitations whatsoever for several reasons, and may be defined as a mute solitary being at present, comparable to an owl on the house-top in several respects. The truth is, I had enough before, and I have had privately a great loss and sorrow lately as it were of the one genuine friend I had acquired in these parts, whose nobleness was more precious to me than I knew; a loss not in any measure to be repaired in the world henceforth. That of old Johnson, common to old men in this world, often comes into my head. 'Been delayed till most of those whom I wished to please are sunk into the grave, and success and failure are empty sounds; I therefore dismiss it with frigid indifference;' but will do the best I can all the same. In fact, I do make a little way, and shall perhaps live to see the thing honestly done after all. Jane is decidedly better; gets out daily, &c., but is still as weak as possible; and though we have the perfection of weather, warm, yet never sultry, the poor mistress does not yet get even into her old strength for walking or the like. She went out to East Hampstead, Marquis of Downshire's people, beyond Windsor, and got so much good of her three days there I have been desirous she could get to Scotland or somewither for a couple of months, and she did seem to have some such intention. Sunny Bank[1] the place; but that has misgone, I fear. Meanwhile, she is very busy ornamenting the garden, poor little soul; has two China seats, speculates even upon an awning, or quasi-tent, against the blazes of July that are coming, which, you see, are good signs. Poor Douglas Jerrold, we hear incidentally this morning, is dead; an 'acrid philanthropist,' last of the 'London wits.' I hope the last. A man not extremely valuable in my sight; but an honest creature withal; and he has bade us Adieu for ever!

'The Frederick' work did not grow more easy. The story, as it expanded, became the history of contemporary Europe, and even of the world, while Carlyle, like a genuine craftsman as he was, never shirked a difficulty, never threw a false skin over hollow places, or wrote a sentence

[1] Haddington.

the truth of which he had not sifted. One day he described himself as 'busy drawing water for many hours from the deep Brandenburg well,' and realising nothing 'but a coil of wet rope.' Still progress was made in July of this year 1857. The opening chapters were getting into print. He did not himself stir from London. The weather indoors had grown calmer after the occasion of difference was gone, and the gentle companionship of early days, never voluntarily impaired on his part, had partially returned. But change was necessary for her health. Her friends at Sunny Bank were really eager to have her, and he was glad to send her off. He himself travelled generally third class on railway journeys. She, weak though she was, insisted on going second. Carlyle saw her into the train. She had a wretched journey, and his first letter, after hearing of her misfortunes, was as tender as a lover's:—

To Jane Welsh Carlyle, Sunny Bank.

Chelsea: July 9, 1857.

Oh, what a passage! My poor little Goody Goody, Oh, dear! oh, dear! I was miserable all the way home to leave you in such a hole, the rather as I noticed, just when you were rolling off, one of the first-class carriages behind you with not a soul in it. You shall go no more into any wretched saving of that kind, never more while we have money at all. Remember that. I consoled myself with thinking most of your neighbours would go out in the Fen country and leave you with at least room and air. But it has been far otherwise. Good heavens! all the windows closed! Tobacco and the other stew all night! My heart is sore for my poor weak woman. Never again: should I sell my shirt to buy you a better place. Lie still and be quiet; only saunter out into the garden, into the balmy, natal air, and kind though sad old memories. We are doing well enough here. By God's favour—of which we have had much surely, though in stern forms—I will get rid of this deplorable task in a not disgraceful manner. *Then* for the rest of our life we will be more to one another than ever we were, if it please Heaven.

I have looked at the birds daily;[1] all right; and daily bestowed a bunch of chickweed on the poor wretches, who sing gratefully in return. Nero ran with me through the Brompton solitudes last night, merry as a maltman. Always on coming home he trips up to your room till I call him back. I wish he would give it over, for it makes me *wae*. I have been mainly under the awning all day, and got my sheets—three of them—corrected. God keep thee ever, dearest; whom else have I in the world? Be good, be quiet, and write. T. CARLYLE.

The prohibition against 'presents' had not been rescinded.

This is your birthday (he wrote on July 14). God grant us only many of them. I think now and then I could dispense with all other blessings. Our years have been well laden with sorrows, a quite sufficient *ballast* allowed us; but while we are together here there is always a world left. I am not to send you any gifts other than this scrap of paper; but I might give you California and not mean more than perhaps I do. And so may there be many years, and (as poor Irving used to say) the worst of them over.

Such halcyon weather could not continue without an occasional break. The air grew hot; proof-sheets were now and then troublesome. Photographers worried him to sit for their gallery of illustrious men, offering to send their artist to Chelsea for the purpose. The 'incomparable artist' was forbidden to come near the place. Sleep was irregular; solitude was trying.

I do pretty well, considering (he said after a fortnight of it). All I complain of is gloom, and I do not know how I should get well rid of that at present even if *I had you* to throw some portion of it upon! Tea is the gloomiest of all my meals. No Goody there! I am thankful even to Nero for reminding me of you.

At last there came interruption of work, from the need of revising the 'Latter-day Pamphlets' for a new edition. He was not well, and there came one of the old cross fits, and even Nero himself fell out of favour.

[1] Mrs. Carlyle's canaries.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Chelsea: July 26, 1857.

To confess truth, I have had for about a week past a fit of villanous headaches, feverishness, &c., which I at first attributed to oxtail soup, but now discover to be cold caught sitting in the sweep of the wind under the awning. I have been at proofs again all day. I am getting on slow, like an old spavined horse, but never giving in. The gloom of my soul is perfect at times, for I have feverish headaches, and *no* human company, or absolutely none that is *not* ugly to me. One hope remains—that of working out of this sad element, getting my book done, and quitting London, I often think, or as good as quitting it, for the sake of fresh air and dairy produce in abundance. Nero is already grunting for a sally out. He lost me yesternight, the intolerable messin that he is. I was hurrying home from a long walk, full of reflec ions not pleasant. At the bottom of Cadogan Place eleven o'clock struck: time to hurry home for porridge. But the vermin was wanting; no whistle would bring him. I had to go back as far as Wilton Crescent. There the miserable quadruped appeared, and I nearly bullied the life out of him. He licked my milk-dish at home with the 'same relish.' On the whole, however, he is a real nuisance and absurdity in this house.

The relapse happily did not last. The cold, or whatever it was, departed, and the gloom retired. The canaries had their chickweed, 'and said "Thank you kindly" as plain as could be sung.' Friends ceased to be ugly again, and Nero ceased to be a nuisance. 'Farie,' he said, 'rode with me yesternight. Poor Farie; very honest, gentlemanlike, friendly, more like a human creature than anybody I see at present.' 'Nero came into the garden and stationed himself on the warm flags to inquire about dinner.' His wife's comfort, he knew, would depend on the accounts which he sent about himself and he made the best that he could of everything. She was paying visits which were not all pleasant. He was eager for every detail.

I am glad, he said, you make your bits of complaints freely to me; if not to me, to whom else now alive on the earth? Oh!

never distrust me, as the Devil sometimes tempts your poor heart to do. I know you for an honest soul, far too sharp-tempered, but *true* to the bone; and if I ever am or was unkind to you, God knows it was very far against my purpose. Do not distrust me. Tell me everything, and do not mind how weak you are before me. I know your strength and your weakness pretty well by this time. Poor little Goody! Sha'n't I be glad to see you back again? Yes; for a considerable number of reasons.

For more reasons than one, but for one especially. Carlyle's costume was always peculiar: so peculiar, thanks to his Ecclefechan tailor, that it was past being anxious about. Who that knew Carlyle would care what clothes he chose to wear? But there were degrees even in these singular articles.

I perceive, he said, you will have to set earnestly about getting me some wearing apparel when you come home. I have fallen quite shameful. I shall be naked altogether if you don't mind. Think of riding most of the summer with the aristocracy of the country, whenever I went into Hyde Park, in a duffle jacket which literally was part of an old dressing-gown a year gone. Is the like on record?

The sense that 'Frederick' was actually getting itself executed had tended wonderfully to soothe down the irritated humours. Even a night made sleepless by the heat of the weather had its compensations. On August 5 he wrote:—

Sunday I started broad awake at 3 a.m., went downstairs, out, smoked a cigar on a stool: have not seen so lovely, sad, and grand a summer weather scene for twenty years back. Trees stood all as if cast in bronze, not an aspen leaf stirring; sky was a silver mirror, getting yellowish to the north-east; and only one big star, star of the morning, visible in the increasing light. This is a very grand place, this world, too. It did me no ill. Enough!

The world was well; all was well; for his own writing even was turning out better than he expected, though his opinion of it varied from day to day.

The worst is, he said, there is not the heart of a jay piat in me, to use Jamie's phrase. I want, above all, a light mood of spirits to gallop through such topics; and, alas! where is that to come from? We must just do without it. I am well aware mourning and kicking at the pricks is not the way to mend matters.

The news of the Sepoy rebellion coming in this summer of course affected Carlyle, more, however, with sorrow than surprise. 'Tongue cannot speak,' he wrote, 'the horrors that were done on the English by those mutinous hyænas. Allow hyænas to mutiny and strange things will follow.' But he had long thought that 'many British interests besides India were on a baddish road.' The best that *he* could do was to get on with his own work, and not permit his attention to be drawn from it. Mrs. Carlyle greatly approved of the opening of 'Frederick.' She recognised at once the superiority of it to any other work that he had done, and she told him so. He was greatly delighted; he called her remarks the only bit of human criticism which he had heard from anyone.

It would be worth while to write books [he said] if mankind would read them as you do. From the first discovery of me you have predicted good in a confident manner; all the *same* whether the world were singing chorus, or no part of the world dreaming of such a thing, but of much the reverse.

He was essentially peaceable the whole time of her absence; a flash might come now and then, but of summer sheet-lightning, which meant no harm. Even distant cocks and wandering organ-grinders got nothing but a passing anathema.

I am better to-day, he wrote on September 1, after he had been for two months alone. I hope you do not mind transient grumbling, knowing the nature of the beast by this time. Yellow scoundrels [the organ boys], though I speak of them so often, really are not troublesome; very many days they do not come at all, and if I were always tolerably well I should care little about them. A young lady, very tempestuous on the piano at one of those open

back windows, really does me no ill almost; nor does your friend with the accordion. He rather tickles me, like a nigger song; such an enthusiasm is in him about nothing at all; and when he plays 'Ye banks and braes,' I almost like him. Never mind me and my grumblings.

A few days after this she came home to him, and 'there was joy in Nero and the canaries, and in creatures more important.' Work went on without interruption. Fritz gave increasing satisfaction, taking better care of his rider than his rider could have taken of himself, and showing fresh signs of the excellence of his education. Not only was the moral part of him what it should be, but he had escaped the special snare of London life. 'He had not been brought up to think that the first duty of a horse was to say something witty.' The riding was late in the afternoon, and lasted long after dusk, along the suburban roads, amidst the glare of the red and green railway lamps at the bridges, and the shrieks and roars of the passing trains; Fritz never stumbling or starting, or showing the least sign of alarm.

The Scotch do not observe times and seasons, and Christmas in London to so true a Scot as Carlyle was a periodic nuisance. The printers suspended work, and proof-sheets hung fire. English holidays might have been beautiful things in old days, in country manors and farms; but in modern Chelsea they meant husbands staggering about the streets, and their miserable wives trying to drag them home before the last of the wages was spent on beer and gin.

All mortals [Carlyle wrote on December 28] are tumbling about in a state of drunken saturnalia, delirium, or quasi-delirium, according to their several sorts; a very strange method of thanking God for sending them a Redeemer; a set singularly worth 'redeeming,' too, you would say. I spent Christmas and the two days following in grim contention all day each time with the most refractory set of proof-sheets I expect in this work; the sternly

sad remembrance of another Christmas [when his mother died] present to me also at all moments, which made a strange combination, peculiarly tragic when I had time to see it from the distance, like a man set to whittle cherry-stones and toy boxes in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Indoors, happily, the old affectionate days had come back—the old tone, the old confidences. It had really been as he had said in the summer, 'They were more to one another than they had ever been.' But Mrs. Carlyle suffered more than she had yet done from the winter cold, and a shadow of another kind now darkened the prospect. He had gone for three or four days to the now solitary Grange, at Lord Ashburton's earnest entreaty. Mrs. Carlyle was to have gone with him, but could not venture. He had been most unwilling to leave her, but she insisted that he must.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: January 22, 1858.

Happily, my poor Jane is somewhat better. She had a little improved on Friday or Saturday, which made her urge the shocking unpoliteness of breaking an express promise, and despatch *me* at the eleventh hour. She professed to be still further improved when I came home, and, in fact, does sleep perceptibly better, though still very ill, and eats also a little better; though her cough, I perceive, is rather worse than before; and, in fact, she is weak and heavy-laden to a degree, and nothing but an invincible spirit could keep her up at all. It was the first day of the *thaw* when she discovered her cold, but I doubt not it had been getting ready in the cold days before; indeed, there were some wretched operatives here, busy upon the grate and its back and its tiles down below, with whom she had a great deal of trouble and vexation. They, I think, had mainly done it. I had, at any rate, a considerable notion to kick their lime-kits and them completely out of the house, but abstained from interfering at all, lest explosion should arise. Poor little soul! I have seldom seen anybody weaker, hardly ever anybody keeping *on foot* on weaker terms. But if she could only continue to have half sleep instead of only a fourth or even lower proportion, I should expect her to be able to get out again on good days, and so to recover soon anything she

has lost *lately*. She has a particular pain about a handbreadth below the heart, rather sore to the touch—on pressure not sore at all, if not stirred, nor seemingly connected with coughing otherwise than by the mere *stir* produced. This is now some three weeks old, and vexes her somewhat. T. yesterday—judicious, kind man!—assured her *he* knew that, and it was an inflammation of the pleura just getting under way. If you can form any guess about it by this description, you may tell me. Affectionate regards to all.—Yours ever, T. CARLYLE.

House worries, with servants, &c., did not improve Mrs. Carlyle. Fritz had been left at the Grange. Carlyle, driven to his feet again, had lost his own chief comfort, and 'Frederick' had to be continued in more indifferent spirits. In the spring he writes to John again:—

Chelsea: March 22, 1858.

I am not worth seeing, nor is anybody much worth being seen by me in my present mood and predicament. I never was so solitary intrinsically. I refuse all invitations, and, except meeting people in the street, have next to no communication with my external fellow-creatures. I walk with difficulty long snatches, nothing but Nero attending me. I begin to find I must have my horse back again one of these days. My poor inner man reminds me that such will be my duty. I am sorry to report that since yesterday my poor Jane has caught new cold, and is flung down again, worse, probably, than before. She had never sunk so weak this year, and we hoped when the singularly good weather came it was all over. But within this day or two there has been a change of temperature, and this is where we are. 'No sleep at all' last night; nothing but the sofa and silence for my poor partner. We are changing our servant too; but how the new one (will answer)—a Scotch Inverness subject of promising *gemuth*, but inexperienced in house-work—is somewhat of a problem. Few people that I have seen suffer their allotment in this world in a handsomer manner. I still hope this relapse will not last long.

To the Same.

April 15.

Our weather has suddenly got warm. Jane is now out, poor little soul. She would have been joyful, and on the road to *well* again, had it not been for that Devil's brood of house servants.

Anne went away a fortnight ago—no further good to be had of Anne. *Better* that she should go. Then came the usual muster and choice for poor Missus—great *fash*, fidget, and at last a simple-looking Scotch lass preferred, who did not *know* her *work*, but whose physiognomy pleased hugely in the proper quarter. Much new *fash* in consequence for the two weeks gone—patient teaching of the simpleton, animated by hope of honesty, veracity, affectionate mind, &c., &c., the whole of which fell upon poor Jane; for I had nothing to do in it except hold my peace, and rejoice in such prospects of all the virtues in a simple form. Night before last the poor Dame did not sleep, seemed sad too. On pressing into her I found the simpleton of virtues had broken into bottomless *lying*, 'drinking of cream on the road upstairs,' &c., and that, in short, it was hopeless. And while we yet spoke of it, a poor charwoman, used to the house, knocked at the room door, and entered with the sudden news that our simpleton was off, bag and baggage, plus a sovereign that had just been advanced her. Gone, ten p.m., and had left the pass key with the said charwoman.

My poor little sick partner. I declare it is heart-breaking for her sake, *disgusting*, otherwise, to a high degree, and *dirtier* for the mind than even brushing of boots oneself would be for the body. But our Dame is not to be beaten quite; has already improvised a new arrangement—unhappily no sleep *almost* yet, and we must help her all we can.

In spite of anxieties and 'sordid miseries,' the two volumes of 'Frederick' meanwhile drew to completion. Carlyle (for him) was amazingly patient, evidently for his wife's sake having laid strong constraint on himself. His complaints, when he did complain, were of a human reasonable kind. Neuberg was most assiduous, and another young intelligent admirer—Mr. Larkin,[1] who lived next door to him—had volunteered his services, which were most gratefully recognised. 'My excellent helper,' he calls Mr. Larkin, 'in these printing enterprises, makes maps, indexes, &c., &c., makes everything; in fact, one of the best men I have almost ever seen, and a very indispensable blessing to me.' Much went against him—or so he thought.

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 114.

April 15.

Nothing (he said), will ever reconcile me to these miserable iron pens. Often in writing the beautiful book now on hand I remind myself of the old Spaniard who had to do his on leather with a dagger,[1] and, in fact, I detest writing more and more, and expect fairly to end it if I can ever finish this—but all friends be soft with me, for I declare myself hard bested in the present season.

By the first of May the printers had their last 'copy.' By the end of May all was in type. In the second week in June the first instalment of the work on which he had been so busy toiling was complete and off his hands, waiting to be published in the autumn. For six years he had been labouring over it. In 1851 he had begun seriously to think about the subject. In 1852 he made his tour to Berlin and the battle-fields. Ever since he had lain as in eclipse, withdrawn from all society save that of his most intimate friends. The effort had been enormous. He was sixty-three years old, and the furnace could be no longer heated to its old temperature. Yet he had thrown into the task all the strength he had left; and now, although the final verdict has long been pronounced on this book, in Germany especially, where the merits of it can be best appreciated, I must say a very few words myself about it, and on Carlyle's historical method generally.

History is the account of the actions of men; and in 'actions' are comprehended the thoughts, opinions, motives, impulses of the actors and of the circumstances in which their work was executed. The actions without the motives are nothing, for they may be interpreted in many ways, and can only be understood in their causes. If 'Hamlet' or 'Lear' was exact to outward fact—were they and their fellow-actors on the stage exactly such as Shakespeare describes them, and if they did the acts

[1] The *Araucana*, by Alonzo de Ercilla.

which he assigns to them, that was perfect history; and what we call history is only valuable as it approaches to that pattern. To say that the characters of men cannot be thus completely known, that their inner nature is beyond our reach, that the dramatic portraiture of things is only possible to poetry, is to say that history ought not to be written, for the inner nature of the persons of whom it speaks is the essential thing about them; and, in fact, the historian assumes that he does know it, for his work without it is pointless and colourless. And yet to penetrate really into the hearts and souls of men, to give each his due, to represent him as he appeared at his best, to himself and not to his enemies, to sympathize in the collision of principles with each party in turn; to feel as they felt, to think as they thought, and to reproduce the various beliefs, the acquirements, the intellectual atmosphere of another age, is a task which requires gifts as great or greater than those of the greatest dramatists; for all is required which is required of the dramatist, with the obligation to truth of ascertained fact besides. It is for this reason that historical works of the highest order are so scanty. The faculty itself, the imaginative and reproductive insight, is among the rarest of human qualities. The moral determination to use it for purposes of truth only is rarer still—nay, it is but in particular ages of the world that such work can be produced at all. The historians of genius themselves, too, are creatures of their own time, and it is only at periods when men of intellect have 'swallowed formulas,' when conventional and established ways of thinking have ceased to satisfy, that, if they are serious and conscientious, they are able 'to sympathize with opposite sides.'

It is said that history is not of individuals; that the proper concern of it is with broad masses of facts, with tendencies which can be analysed into laws, with the evo-

lution of humanity in general. Be it so—but a science can make progress only when the facts are completely ascertained; and before any facts of human life are available for philosophy we must have those facts exactly as they were. You must have Hamlet before you can have a theory of Hamlet, and it is to be observed that the more completely we know the truth of any incident, or group of incidents, the less it lends itself to theory. We have our religious historians, our constitutional historians, our philosophical historians; and they tell their stories each in their own way, to point conclusions which they have begun by assuming—but the conclusion seems plausible only because they know their case imperfectly, or because they state their case imperfectly. The writers of books are Protestant or Catholic, religious or atheistic, despotic or Liberal; but nature is neither one nor the other, but all in turn. Nature is not a partisan, but out of her ample treasure-house she produces children in infinite variety, of which she is equally the mother, and disowns none of them; and when, as in Shakespeare, nature is represented truly, the impressions left upon the mind do not adjust themselves to any philosophical system. The story of Hamlet in Saxo-Grammaticus might suggest excellent commonplace lessons on the danger of superstition, or the evils of uncertainty in the law of succession to the crown, or the absurdity of monarchical government when the crown can be the prize of murder. But reflections of this kind would suggest themselves only where the story was told imperfectly, and because it was told imperfectly. If Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' be the true version of that Denmark catastrophe, the mind passes from commonplace moralising to the tragedy of humanity itself. And it is certain that if the thing did not occur as it stands in the play, yet it did occur in some similar way, and that the truth, if we knew it, would be equally affecting—

equally unwilling to submit to any representation except the undoctrinal and dramatic.

What I mean is this, that whether the history of humanity can be treated philosophically or not: whether any evolutionary law of progress can be traced in it or not; the facts must be delineated first with the clearness and fulness which we demand in an epic poem or a tragedy. We must have the real thing before we can have a science of a thing. When that is given, those who like it may have their philosophy of history, though probably they will care less about it; just as wise men do not ask for theories of Hamlet, but are satisfied with Hamlet himself. But until the real thing *is* given, philosophical history is but an idle plaything to entertain grown children with.

And this was Carlyle's special gift—to bring dead things and dead people actually back to life; to make the past once more the present, and to show us men and women playing their parts on the mortal stage as real flesh and blood human creatures, with every feature which he ascribes to them authenticated, not the most trifling incident invented, and yet as a result with figures as completely alive as Shakespeare's own. Very few writers have possessed this double gift of accuracy and representative power. I could mention only two, Thucydides and Tacitus; and Carlyle's power as an artist is greater than either of theirs. Lockhart said, when he read 'Past and Present,' that, except Scott, in this particular function no one equalled Carlyle. I would go farther, and say that no writer in any age had equalled him. Dramatists, novelists have drawn characters with similar vividness, but it is the inimitable distinction of Carlyle to have painted actual persons, with as much life in them as novelists have given to their own inventions, to which they might ascribe what traits they pleased. He worked in fetters—in the

fetters of fact; yet, in this life of Frederick, the king himself, his father, his sister, his generals, his friends, Voltaire, and a hundred others, all the chief figures, large and small, of the eighteenth century, pass upon the stage once more, as breathing and moving men and women, and yet fixed and made visible eternally by the genius which has summoned them from their graves. A fine critic once said to me that Carlyle's 'Friedrich Wilhelm' was as peculiar and original as Sterne's 'Walter Shandy;' certainly as distinct a personality as exists in English fiction. It was no less an exact copy of the original—Friedrich Wilhelm his real self—discerned and reproduced by the insight of a nature which had much in common with him. Those bursts of passion, with wild words flying about, and sometimes worse than words, and the agonised revulsion, with the 'Oh, my Feekin! oh, my Feekin! whom have I in the world but thee?' must have sadly reminded Mrs. Carlyle of occasional episodes in Cheyne Row.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A.D. 1858– . ÆT. –63.

Night in a Railway Train—Annandale—Meditations—A new Wardrobe—Visit to Craigenputtock—Second time in Germany—The Isle of Rugin—Putbus—Berlin—Selesia Prag—Weimar—Aix—Frederich Catterfield's and Carlyle's descriptions by turns—Returns to England—Second Marriage of Lord Ashburton.

No further progress could be made with 'Frederick' till there had been a second tour in Germany, which was to be effected, if possible, in the summer or autumn of this year, 1858. The immediate necessity, after the completion of the present volumes, was for rest. When the strain was taken off, Carlyle fell into a collapsed condition. Notwithstanding his good resolutions, he became slightly fretful and troublesome, having nothing immediate to do. He was slightly out of health, and fancied himself worse than he was. Mrs. Carlyle had grown better with the warmer weather; he could venture to leave her, and he went off in the middle of June to his sister in Annandale.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

The Gill, Annan, June 24, 1858.

Well, my dear little Jeannie, here I am safe, with less suffering than I anticipated. Nothing went awry of all the arrangements; not the smallest ill accident befell. My chief suffering was from dust. Foul air I overcame by addressing, at the very first pulling up of the *opposite* window, a forcible bit of familiar eloquence to the gentleman active; 'how would he like to have his neighbour's dirty *shirt* offered him to wear, which was a clean transaction in com-

parison?' so that they at least let me keep down my own window, and even kept down theirs, poor souls! in whole or in part, almost the whole night. We were five—mostly fat; but these arrangements secured air, though with a painful admixture of dust and engine smoke. Except myself, the poor souls (Glasgow bodies mostly) fell sound asleep in an hour or two, and word of speech to me there was none, though perfect good nature, mixed with apprehension, as I judged. About midnight I changed my waistcoat, and took out the supper provided me by my own poor considerate little Goody. It was an excellent device. Some winks of sleep I had, too, though the stoppage always woke me again. In fine, Carlisle, through a beautiful, bright, breezy morning, a little before six. Cigar there; hardly finished when we started again; and at seven the face of Austin, with a gig, met me at Cummertrees, and within half an hour more I was busy washing here, and about to fall upon breakfast in my old quarters. . . . I have had coffee of prime quality, been out strolling to smoke a pipe, and returned with my feet wet. This is all I have yet *done*, and I propose next to put on my dressing-gown, and fairly lie down in quest of a sleep. This will probably be gone before I awake again; but, indeed, what news can there well be in the interim from a man in his sleep. Oh, my dear, one Friendkin! (what other have I left really?) I was truly *wae* to leave thee yesternight; you did not go away either. I saw you, and held up my finger to you almost at the very last. Don't bother yourself in writing me a very long letter; a very short one, if it only tell me you begin to profit by being left alone, will be abundantly welcome. Adieu, dearest. I even think of Nero, the wretch!

Ever yours,

T. CARLYLE.

The next morning he gathered and sent her a sprig of heather.

I am perfectly alone, he said, nothing round me but the grey winds and the abyss of Time, Past, Present, and Future. A whole Sanhedrim, or loudly debating parliament, so to speak, of *reminiscences* and ghosts is assembled round me—sad, very sad of tone in the mind's ear, but not unprofitable either. A little *live* note to Goody will be a comfort to myself, and no displeasure to Nero and her over the tea to-morrow morn.'

He bethought himself that before he left London he had been more cross than he ought to have been, indeed both cross and perverse. It was 'the nature of the beast,' as he often said, and had to be put up with, like the wind and the rain. Mrs. Carlyle had imagined that she must have been in some fault herself, or that he thought so.

The one thing that I objected to in your note, he answered, was that of my being discontented with you, or having ever for an instant been. Depend upon it that is a *mistake*, once for all. I was indeed discontented with myself, with hot, fetid London, generally with all persons and things—and my stomach had struck work withal; but not discontented with poor you ever at all. Nay, to tell you the truth, your anger at me (grounded on that false basis) was itself sometimes a kind of comfort to me. I thought, 'Well, she has strength enough to be cross and ill-natured at me; she is not all softness and affection and weakness.'

At the Gill he could indulge his moods, bright or sombre, as he liked.

Here, he said, all goes without jolt; well *enough* we may define everything to be. I find the air decidedly wholesome to me. I do my sleeping, my eating, my walking, am out all day, in the open air; regard myself as *put in hospital*, decidedly on favourable terms, and am certain to improve daily. One of my worst wants is clothes; my thin London dress does not suit this temperature, and positively I am too shabby for showing face on the roads at all.

Gloom, as usual, clung to him like a shadow.

I go on well, he continued; am very sad and solitary, ill in want of a horse. The evening walks in the grey howl of the winds, by the loneliest places I can find, are like walks in Hades. Yet there is something wholesome in them; something stern and grand, as if one had the Eternities for company, in defect of suitabler.

The Eternities, however fond he was of their company, left him time to think of other things. His wife's cousin, John Welsh, was ill. He at once insisted that the boy should go to Madeira, and should go at his own and his

wife's expense. If thoughtful charity recommends men to the Higher Powers, none ever better deserved of them than Carlyle. But he thought nothing of such things. He was soon finding himself happy, in clear air and silence, with his sister, 'feeling only a wearied man, not a ghastly phantasm, haunted by demons, as he usually was in London.' His costume was his chief anxiety.

Oh you lucky Goody, to be out of all that, he said. Never did I see so despicably troublesome a problem—insoluble, too; the endless varieties being all of quack nature, and simply no good stuff for raiment to be had. I have come to discover that here, too, I must pay my tribute to the general insanity, take such clothes as are to be had, and deliver poor Jean and myself from further bother on the subject. Oh, my Goody! I am very wae and lonely here. Take care, take care of thy poor little self, for truly enough I have no other.

The next letters are very touching, almost tragic.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

The Gill: July 5, 1858.

I reckon myself improving in bodily health. As for the spiritual part, there is no improving of me. I live in a death's head, as Jean Paul says some woodpeckers do, finding it handier than otherwise, and there I think I shall mostly continue. I sleep tolerably well always. They are all as kind and attentive here as they can be. *Fractus bello, fessus annis.* I ought to think myself lucky in such a niche, and try to gather my wayward wanderings of thought, and compose myself a little, which I have not yet in the least done since I came hither. My best time is usually the evening; never saw such evenings for freshness, brightness—the west one champaign of polished silver, or silver gilt, as the sun goes down, and I get upon the wastes of the Priest-side, with no sound audible but that of tired geese extensively getting home to their quarters, and here and there a contemplative cuddy, giving utterance to the obscure feeling he has about this universe. I go five or six miles, striding along under the western twilight, and return home only because porridge ought not to be belated over much. I read considerably here, sit all day sometimes under the shelter of a comfortable hedge, pipe not far distant, and read Ar-

rian. Oh, if I sent you all the thoughts—sad extremely some of them—which I have about you, they would fill much paper, and perhaps you would not believe in some of them. It grieves my heart to think of you weltering along in that unblessed London element, while there is a bright, wholesome summer rolling by.

July 8.

I am a prey to doleful considerations, and my solitary imagination has free field with me in the summer silence here. My poor little Jeannie! my poor, ever-true life-partner, hold up thy little heart. We have had a sore life pilgrimage together, much bad road, poor lodging, and bad weather, little like what I could have wished or dreamt for my little woman. But we stood to it, too; and, if it please God, there are yet good years ahead of us, better and quieter much than the past have been now and then. There is no use in going on with such reflections and anticipations. No amount of paper would hold them all at this time, nor could any words, spoken or written, give credible account of them to thee. I am *was* exceedingly, but not half so miserable as I have often been.

July 9.

I lay awake all last night, and never had I such a series of hours filled altogether with you. . . . I was asleep for some moments, but woke again; was out, was in the bathing-tub. It was not till about five that I got into 'comatose oblivion,' rather than sleep, which ended again towards eight. My poor suffering Jeannie was the theme of my thoughts. Nay, if I had not had that I should have found something else; but, in very truth, my soul was black with misery about you. Past, present, future, yielded no light point anywhere. Alas! and I had to say to myself, This is something like what she has suffered 700 times within the last two years. My poor, heavy-laden, brave, uncomplaining Jeannie! Oh, forgive me, forgive me for the much I have thoughtlessly done and omitted, far, far, at all times, from the poor purpose of my mind. And God help us! thee, poor suffering soul, and also me. God be with thee! what beneficent power we can call God in this world who is exorable to human prayer.

One of Mrs. Carlyle's letters had been delayed in the post. It arrived a day late. He writes:—

July 11.

If nothing had come that day too, I think I must have got into the rail myself to come up and see. It was a great relief from the

blackest side of my imaginings, but also a sad fall from the brighter side I had been endeavouring to cherish for the day preceding. Oh me, oh me! I know not what has taken me; but ever since that sleepless night, though I am sleeping, &c., tolerably well again, there is nothing but wail and lamentation in the heart of all my thoughts—a voice as of Rachel weeping for her children; and I cannot divest myself of the most pusillanimous strain of humour. All yesterday I remarked, in speaking to ——, if any tragic topic came in sight, I had a difficulty to keep from breaking down in my speech, and becoming inarticulate with emotion over it. It is as if the scales were falling from my eyes, and I were beginning to see in this, my solitude, things that touch me to the very quick. Oh, my little woman! what a suffering thou hast had, and how nobly borne! with a simplicity, a silence, courage, and patient heroism which are only now too evident to me. Three *waer* days I can hardly remember in my life; but they were not without worth either; very blessed some of the feelings, though many so sore and miserable. It is very good to be *left alone* with the truth sometimes, to hear with all its sternness what *it* will say to one.

All this was extremely morbid; but it was not an unnatural consequence of habitual want of self-restraint, coupled with tenderness of conscience when conscience was awake and could speak. It was likely enough that in those night-watches, *when the scales fell off*, accusing remembrances must have risen before him which were not agreeable to look into. With all his splendid gifts, moral and intellectual alike, Carlyle was like a wayward child—a child in wilfulness, a child in the intensity of remorse. His brother James provided him with a horse—a 'dromedary,' he called it, 'loyal but extremely stupid'—to ride or drive about among the scenes of his early years. One day he went past Hoddam Hill, Repentance Tower, Ecclefechan churchyard, &c., beautiful, quiet, all of it, in the soft summer air, and yet he said, 'The valley of Jehoshaphat could not have been more stern and terribly impressive to him. He could never forget that afternoon and evening, the old churchyard tree at Ecclefechan, the white head-

stones of which he caught a steady look. The deepest *de Profundis* was poor to the feeling in his heart.' The thought of his wife, ill and solitary in London, tortured him. Would she come to the Gill to be nursed? No one in the world loved her more dearly than his sister Mary. The daughters would wait on her, and be her servants. He would himself go away, that he might be no trouble to her. Amidst his sorrows the ridiculous lay close at hand. If he was to go to Germany, his clothes had to be seen to. An entire 'new wardrobe' was provided, 'dressing-gown, coats, trousers lying round him like a hay coil;' rather well-made too, after all, though 'the whole operation had been scandalous and disgusting, owing to the anarchy of things and shopkeepers in those parts.' He had been recommended to wear a leather belt for the future when he rode. His sisters did their best, but 'the problem became abstruse;' a saddler had to be called in from Dumfries, and there was adjusting and readjusting. Carlyle, sad and mournful, 'inexpressibly wearied,' impatient, irritated, declared himself disgusted with the 'problem,' and more disgusted with himself, 'when he witnessed his sister's industrious helpfulness, and his own unhelpable nature.'

Pardon me, he cried—pardon me, ye good souls! Oh, it is not that I am cruel or unthankful; but I am weary, weary, and it is difficult to get the galling harness from me, and the heavy burden off the back of an old wayworn animal, at this advanced stage. You never saw such sewing of *belts*, thrice over each of the two that were realized (and, in fact, they do seem to fit perfectly); not to speak of my unjust impatience—most unjust—of my sulky despair. Poor, good sister! No wonder I was wae in walking into the cold, bright sunset after seeing her off. The silence before I returned in again—the wind having gone down—was intense; only one poor collie heard expressing his astonishment at it miles away.

The clothes and belt question being disposed of, he grew better—slept better. The *demons* came less often. A German Life of Charles XII. was a useful distraction.

Such a man! would not for the whole world have spoken or done any lie; valiant as a son of Adam ever was—strange to see upon a throne in this earth; the grand life blown out of him at last by a *canaille* of '*Nobility*,' so called.

A visit to Craigenputtock had become necessary. There was business to be attended to, the tenant to be seen and spoken with, &c. He rather dreaded this adventure, but it was not to be avoided. His brother James went with him.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

The Gill, August 6, 1858.

Yesterday the Craigenputtock expedition was achieved. Battering showers attended us from Iron Grey kirkyard to Sunday well, but no other misadventure at all; for as to famine, neither Jamie nor I could have eaten had the chance been offered us, as, indeed, it was by our loyal tenant and his wife. On the whole, the business was not at all so uncomfortable as I had anticipated, or, indeed, to be called miserable, at all, except for the memories it could not fail to awaken. From Stroquhan upwards there are slight improvements noticeable in one or two places, but essentially no marked change. The bleak moor road lay in plashes of recent rain from Carstammon onwards. Stumpy [some field] was in crop—very poor promise the oatmeal coming there; and after two other gates by the side of the ragged woods grown sensibly bigger, and through our once 'pleasaunce,' which is grown a thicket of straggling trees, we got to the front door, where the poor old knocker, tolerably scoured still, gave me a pungent salutation. The house, trim and tight in all essential particulars, is now quite buried in woods; and even from the upper back windows you can see no moor, only distant mountain-tops, and, near by, leafy heads of trees. The tenant, who was in waiting by appointment, is a fine, tall, strapping fellow, six feet two or so, with cheerful sense, honesty, prompt mastery of his business looking out of every feature of him; wife, too, a good busy young mother. Our old dining-room is now the state apartment, bearing *her* likeness, as it once did quite another dame's, and grand truly for those parts: new-papered, in a flaming pattern, carpetted do., with tiny sideboard, &c. I recognised only the old grate and quasi-marble mantelpiece, little changed, and surely an achievement dear to me now. *Your* old paper is on the other two rooms, dim, like the fading memories. I

looked with emotion upon my old *library closet*, and wished I could get thither again, to finish my 'Frederick' under fair chances. Except some small injuries about the window-sashes, &c., which are now on the road to repair, everything was tight and right there. A considerable young elm (natural son of the old high tree at the N.E. corner of the house, under which I have read Waverley Novels in summer holidays) has planted itself near the bare wall—our screen from the old peat-house, you recollect—and has got to be ten or twelve feet high under flourishing auspices. This I ordered to be respected and cherished towards a long future, &c.

Craigenputtock looks all very respectably; much wood to cut and clear away, the tenant evidently doing rather well in it. The poor woods have struggled up in spite of weather, tempest, and misfortune. Even Macadam's burnt plantation begins to come away, and the old trees left of it are tall and venerable beings. Nothing like Craigenputtock larch for toughness in all this country.' For most part, there are again far too many trees. '300*l.* worth o' wud to cut away, and mair, and there is a market,' said a man skilled in such matters, whom I found mowing there and consulted. . . . Is not this enough of Craigenputtock—Crag of the Gleds, as its name means? Enough, and to spare.

Germany was to come next, and to come immediately, before the days drew in. He shuddered at the recollection of the *Zwei ruhige Zimmer*, &c., in which he had suffered so much torture. But he felt that he must go, cost what it might. Some friend had proposed to take him in a yacht to the Mediterranean and land him at Trieste. Lord Ashburton more reasonably had offered him a cast in another yacht to the Baltic. But Carlyle chose to stand by the ordinary modes of conveyance. He sent for his passport, nailed a map of Germany to his wall, daily perused it, and sketched an outline of his route. M. Neuberg, who was at Leipzig, was written to, but it was doubtful whether he was attainable. A Mr. Foxton, a slight acquaintance, offered his companionship, and was conditionally accepted; and after one or two 'preliminary shivers' and 'shuddering recoils,' Carlyle screwed his courage to the sticking-point and, in spite of nerves and

the rest of it, got through with the operation. The plan was to go by steam to Hamburg; whither next was not quite decided when an invitation came from Baron von Usedom and his English wife to visit them in the Isle of Rügen. It was out of the way; but Stralsund, Rügen, the Baltic, were themselves interesting. The Usedoms' letter was most warm, and Carlyle, who rather doubted Mr. Foxton's capabilities as courier, thought that this excursion might 'put him on his trial.' He could be dismissed afterwards if found unsuitable. Much anxiety was given to poor Mr. Foxton. Neuberg held out hopes of joining, and Foxton in that case would not be wanted. But John Carlyle suggested that Neuberg and he would perhaps neutralize each other, like alkali and acid. On August 21 Carlyle went off to Edinburgh, whither poor Mr. Foxton had come, at great inconvenience to himself. He found his friend 'very talky, scratch o' plastery, but serviceable, assiduous, and good compared with nothing.' The evening of the same day they sailed from Leith.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Hamburg: August 24, 11 p.m.

Here I am safe enough since eight hours, after such a voyage for tumult and discomfort (now forgotten) as I have seldom made. The Leith people, innocent but ineffectual souls, forgot every promise they had made except that of sailing five hours after their time and landing us at last fifteen hours after ditto. We had baddish weather all Sunday, mediocre till this morning, and such a scrambling dog-kennel of a sickly life. However, the sail up the *Elbe* all this day was bright, sunny, and beautiful, and our history since—a fair prospect even of sleep being superadded—has been favourable in all points; so that thanks to Heaven are alone due from me in that matter. And thy little heart, poor woman, wherever this may find thee, may set itself at rest on my score. We have the finest airy hotel, cheap too, they say. My room is five stairs up, looking over mere roofs. We dined wholesomely. Neuberg had a man in wait—poor good soul after all!—to say that he was ready at any hour, &c. In short, except a storm of fine

wind music spreading over the city and not yet concluded, there is a right fair share of comfort and good omens round me here on fair earth again. The music is excellently sweet; *pathetic* withal to the worn soul towards midnight; and I write to my own little partner far away for to-morrow's post, till it cease. Again let us thank Heaven. Foxton, poor fellow, is very good; stands snubbing into silence; annihilates himself whenever I like, and is verily a gentleman in air and heart. Good for almost nothing in the way of *help*,[1] though prompt as possible. But along with Neuberg he will do extremely well.

August 25, 9 a.m.

We go off at noon towards Usedom and Rügen, Foxton stopping at Stralsund near by. There will we wait Neuberg's advance in safety, and can take a fine sea-bathe if we like, for Rügen is the German Isle of Wight.

Carnitz, Insel Rügen: August 27.

How glad I am to write to thee from here. Since yesterday my prospects and situation have miraculously mended, and at present I call myself a lucky kind of man. I am rid of Foxton quite *ad libitum*, free of scratching on the plaster. Have had again a sound good sleep, and am lodged in the prettiest strange place you ever saw, among people kind to me as possible. Am going to get my enterprise deliberately made feasible, and as a preliminary mean to have a bathe in the Baltic Sea as soon as this note and one to Neuberg is done.

Yesterday, about 11 a.m., after two rather sleepless and miserable nights on land, which with the three preceding at sea had reduced me to a bad pitch, I had, with poor, helpless but assiduous Foxton stepped out of the railway train at Rostock, biggish sea capital of Mecklenburg, and was hurrying along to get a place in the Stralsund diligence, with no prospect but eight hours of suffocation and a night to follow without sleep, when a lady, attended by her maid, addressed me with sunny voice and look, 'Was not I Ma. Carlyle?' 'I am the Frau von Usedom,' rejoined she on my answer, 'here to seek you, sixty-four miles from home, and you must go with me henceforth.' Hardly in my life had such a *manus e nubibus* been extended to me. I need not say how thrice gladly I accepted. I had, in fact, done with all my labour then, and was carried on henceforth like a mere child in arms, nothing to do or

[1] I may as well say that both Mr. Foxton and Mr. Neuberg have been dead for several years.

care for, but all conceivable accommodation gracefully provided me up hither to this pleasant Isle of the Sea, where I now am a considerably rested man. We posted forty-five miles, I sitting mainly on the box, smoking and gazing abroad. Foxton, whom after a while I put inside to do the talking, we dropped at Stralsund, 6 p.m., other side of the little strip of sea, and he is off to Berlin or whither he likes, and I need not recall him again except as *sour* to the *fat* of Neuberg, who is worth a million of him for helping me on and making no noise about it. Happy journey to poor Foxton!

After Stralsund and one little bit of sea steaming in one of the brightest autumn evenings, we had still almost twenty miles into the strange interior of the Rügen, a flat, bare, but cultivated place, with endless paths but no *roads*. Strange brick-red beehives of cottages, very exotic-looking; a very exotic scene altogether in the moonlight, and a voluble, incessantly explosive, demonstrative, but thoroughly good Madame von Usedom beside me. Most strange, almost as in a Mährchen. But we had four swift horses, a new, light carriage, and went spanking along roadless, and in fine I am here and have slept. The place is like nothing you ever saw, mediæval, semi-patriarchal, half a farm-house, half a palace. The Herr, who is at Berlin, returns this night. Has made arrangements, &c. Oh, what arrangements! and even 'spoken of it to the Prince of Prussia.' What is also for practice definitely lucky, Neuberg's letter finds me this morning, and he will himself be in Berlin *to-morrow night*, there to wait. N. thinks in about two weeks after our meeting the thing might be got completed. Would it were so, and I home again out of these foreign elements good and bad. In a word, be at ease about *me*, and thank Heaven I have human room to sleep in again, am seeing strange things not quite worthless to me, and, in fact, am in a fair way. If I knew you were but well I think I could be almost happy here to-day in the silent sunshine on these remote Scandinavian shores. The wind is singing and the sun sporting in the lindens, and I hear doves cooing. Windows up! Two rooms all to myself. Coo! coo!

Berlin: September 5.

Above a week since you heard of me! and I, unhappy that I am, have not heard from you one word.[1] Oh! may the like never happen between us again. May this be the last journey I take

[1] Her letters had gone to Dresden.

into foreign tumults and horrors, far away from all that I love and all that is really helpful to me. But to my narrative :—The Usedoms in Rügen were the kindest of hosts to me, and the place and circle had its interests and advantages; but alas! I fell unwell the day after writing to you. Bathed in the Baltic on the back of all my Hamburg and other adventures; caught cold; *had* already caught it, but developed it by the vile 'bathe.' Felt as if I were getting into a fever outright, and had to take decisive measures, though in a foreign house. That did prove effectual, but you can fancy what two or three days I had, the rather as they made me do the 'picturesque' all the time; and there was no end to the talk I had to carry on. The Herr von Usedom is a fine, substantial, intelligent, and good man. We really had a great deal of nice speech together, and did beautifully together; only that I was so weak and sickly, and except keeping me to the picturesque, he would not take almost any wise charge of my ulterior affairs. At length—Friday afternoon last—he did set out with me towards Berlin and practicalities. 'To stay over night at Putbus, the Richmond of Rügen, and then catch the steamer to Stettin, and thence by rail to Berlin next day.' We got to Putbus, doing picturesque by the way. A beautiful Putbus indeed! where I had such a night as should be long memorable to me: big loud hotel, sea-bathing, lodgers with their noises, including plenteous coach-horses under my window, followed by noises of cats, item of brood sows, and at two a.m. by the simultaneous explosion of two Cochin China cocks, who continued to play thenceforth, and left me what sleep you can fancy in such quarters. Never till the end of things may I visit Putbus again. However, next day's—yesterday's—steam voyage and rail was pleasantly successful, and at 10.30 p.m. I found the useful Neuberg, who had secured me my old apartment in the British Hotel, and here, thank God, I have got some sleep again and have washed my skin clean, and mean to be on the road towards Liegnitz and Breslau to-morrow. . . . Neuberg looks very ugly—is, in fact, ill in health. Foxton is here too; scratchy, though in a repentant condition. Enough! let us on, and let them do! Berlin is loud under my windows. A grey, close, hottish Sunday; but I will take care not to concern myself with it beyond the needful. To-morrow we are off: Liegnitz, Breslau, Prag, then Dresden; after which only two battlefields remain, and London is within a week. Neuberg is also going straight to London. You may compute that all the travelling *details*—washtubs,

railways, money settlements, &c.—are fairly off my hands from this point. I have strength enough in me too. With the snatches of sleep fairly expectable, I conclude myself roadworthy for fourteen days. Then adieu! *Keil Kissen*, sloppy, greasy victual, all cold too, including especially the coffee and the tea. Adieu, Teutschland! Adieu, travelling altogether, and I will never leave my Goody any more. Oh! what a *Schatz* even I, poor I, possess in that quarter, the poorest, but also the richest in some respects, of all the sons of men.

I saw some prettyish antient Rügen gentlemen, item ladies, who regarded with curiosity the foreign monster. Small thanks to them. N.B.—The Baltic Sea is not rightly salt at all—not so salt as Solway at half-tide, and one evening we rode across an arm of it. Insignificant sea!

Brieg, Lower Silesia: September 10, 1858.

We quitted Berlin under fair auspices Monday morning last, fortified with a general letter from the Prince's aide-de-camp to all Prussian officers whatsoever. But hitherto, owing to an immense review, which occupies everybody, it has done us less good than we expected. At Cüstrin a benevolent major did attend us to the field of Zorndorf, and showed us everything. But in other places the review at Liegnitz has been fatal to help from such quarters. We have done pretty well without; have seen three other fields, and had adventures of a confused, not wholly unpleasant, character.

Our second place was Liegnitz itself, full of soldiers, oak garlands, coloured lamplets, and expectation of the Prince. We were on the battlefield, and could use our natural eyes, but for the rest had no other guidance worth other than contempt. Did well enough nevertheless, and got fairly out of Liegnitz to Breslau, which has been our head-quarters ever since. A dreadfully noisy place at night, out of which were excursions. Yesterday to Leuthen, the grandest of all the battles; to-day hither about fifty miles away to Molwitz, the first of Fritz's fights, from which we have just now returned. Sleep is the great difficulty here, but one does contrive some way. Occasionally, as at Cüstrin, one has a night 'which is rather exquisite.' But I lie down in the daytime—in fine, struggle through one way or the other. I do not think it is doing me much hurt, and it lasts only some ten days now. As to profit—well, there is a kind of comfort in doing what one intended. The people are a good, honest, modest set of be-

ings; poorer classes, especially in the country, much happier than with us. Every kind of industry is on the improving hand; the land, mainly sandy, is far better tilled than I expected. And oh! the church steeples I have mounted up into, and the barbarous jargoning I have had questioning ignorant mankind. Leuthen yesterday and Molwitz to-day, with their respective steeples, I shall never forget.

Breslau: September 11.

This is a queer old city as you ever heard of. High as Edinburgh, or more so. Streets very strait and winding; roofs thirty feet or so in height, and of proportionate steepness, ending in chimney-heads like the half of a butter firkin set on its side. The people are not beautiful, but they seem innocent and obliging, brown-skinned, scrubby bodies, a good many of them of Polack or Slavic breed. More power to their elbow! You never saw such churches, Rath-houses, &c., old as the hills, and of huge proportions. An island in the Oder here is completely covered with cathedrals and appendages. Brown women with cook noses, snubby in character, have all got straw hats, umbrellas, crinolines, &c., as fashion orders, and are no doubt charming to the brown man. Neuberg is a perfect Issachar for taking labour on him; needs to be led with a strongish carb. Scratchy Foxton and he are much more tolerable together. Grease plus vinegar, that is the rule.

Prag: September 14, 1858.

From Breslau, where I wrote last, our adventures have been miscellaneous, our course painful but successful. At Landshut, edge of the *Riesen Gebirge*, where we arrived near eleven the first night, in a crazy vehicle of one horse, you never saw such a scene of squalid desolation. I had pleased myself with the thoughts of a cup of hot milk, such as is generally procurable in German inns. *Umsonst!* no milk in the house! no nothing! only a *ruhiges Zimmer* not opened for weeks past, by the smell of it. I mostly missed sleep. Our drive next day through the *Riesen Gebirge* into Bohemian territory was as beautiful as any I ever had. It ended in confusion, getting into railways full of dirty, smoking, Sunday gents, fully as ugly on the Elbe there as on the Thames nearer you. We had passed the sources of the Elbe early in the day; then crossed it at night. We have not far quitted it since, nor shall till we pass Dresden. The gents that night led us to a place called *Pardubitz*, terribly familiar to me from those dull 'Frederick'

books, where one of the detestablest nights of all this expedition was provided me. Big, noisy inn, full of evil smells; contemptible little wicked village, where a worse than jerry-shop close over the way raged like Bedlam or Erebus, to cheer one, in a bed, *i.e.*, trough, eighteen inches too short, and a mattress forced into it which cocked up at both ends as if you had been in the trough of a saddle. *Ach Himmel!* We left it at 4 a.m. to do the hardest day's work of any. Chotusitz, Kolin—such a day, in a wicked vehicle with a spavined horse, amid clouds of dust, under a blazing sun. I was half-mad on getting hither at 8.30 p.m., again by the railway carriage, among incidental groups of the nastiest kind of gents.

The Bohemians are a different people from the Germans proper. Yesterday not one in a hundred of them could understand a word of German. They are liars, thieves, slatterns, a kind of miserable subter-Irish people—Irish with the addition of ill-nature and a disposition decidedly disobliging. We called yesterday at an inn on the battlefied of Kolin, where Frederick had gone aloft to take a survey of the ground. 'The Golden Sun' is still its title; but it has sunk to be the dirtiest house probably in Europe, and with the nastiest-looking, ill-thriving spectre of a landlady, who had not even a glass of beer, if Foxton could have summoned courage to drink it in honour of the occasion.

This is a grand picturesque town, this Prag. To-day we had our own difficulties in getting masters of the Ziscaberg, Sterbehohe, and other localities of the battle which young ladies play on the piano—but on the whole it was light compared with the throes of yesterday. Here is an authentic wild pink plucked from the battlefield. Give it to some young lady who practises the 'Battle of Prague' on her piano to your satisfaction.

There are now but three battlefields to do, one double, day after to-morrow by a return ticket to be had in Dresden, the two next—Torgau, Rossbach—in two days following. Poor Neuberg has fairly broken down by excess of yesterday's labour, and various misery. He gave up the Hradschin (*Radsheen* they pronounce it) to Foxton and me, though one of the chief curiosities of Prag, and has gone to bed—a noisy bed—with little nursing, poor man; but hopes to be roadworthy to-morrow again. He is the mainstay of every enterprise—I could not do without him—and Foxton is good for absolutely nothing, except to neutralize him, which he pretty much does.

Dresden: September 15, 1858.

I have got your second letter here—a delightful little letter, which I read sitting on the Elbe bridge in the sunshine after I had got my face washed, with such a struggle, and could get leave to feel like Jonah after being vomited from the whale's belly. Our journey from Prag has excelled, in confusion, all I ever witnessed in the world; the beautifullest country ever seen too, and the beautifullest weather—but, *Ach Gott!* However, we are now near the end of it. . . . I am not hurt; I really do not think myself much hurt—but, oh what a need of sleep, of silence, of a right good washing with soap and water all over!

On September 22 he was safe at home again at Chelsea—having finished his work in exactly a month. Nero was there to 'express a decent joy' at seeing him again—Nero, but not his mistress. She was away in Scotland with her friends, Dr. and Mrs. Russell. He had charged her not to return on his account as long as she was getting good from the change of air and scene. On the twenty-third he sent her the history of the rest of his adventures.

Our journey after Dresden continued, with the usual velocity and tribulation, over Hochkirch—beautiful outlook from the steeple there, and beautiful epitaph on Marshal Keith, one of the seven hundred that perished on that spot, the church-doors still holed with the musketry there—over Leipzig, where Foxton rejoined us after our thrice-toilsome day at Torgau; then from Weissenfeld over Rossbach, the last in our series, thank Heaven! We then got into the Weimar train, found little M——, and, what was better, a fine, quiet bed-room, looking out upon decent garden-ground in the inn already known to me, where I procured a human sleep, and also a tub with water enough next morning—and, in short, was greatly refreshed; the rather as I absolutely refused to go about except in the narrowest limits next day, and preferred lying on my bed, asleep or not, to all the 'sights' in nature. At three p.m. we had to go again. The Grand Duchess sent a telegram—being telegraphed to—most gracious, but it was to no purpose. I did wish to see the high lady—very clever and distinguished, everybody says—but it involved waiting twenty-four hours in an uncertain hostelry at Eisenach, and then getting off at two a.m., therefore resolutely, 'No, Illustrious Madame.' Next day from

Guntershausen, near Cassel, to Aix-la-Chapelle, was among the hardest in my experience of physical misery—begins at four a.m., no sleep behind it, nor any food before it, and lasts incessantly till seven p.m.; oftenest in slow trains through broiling sun, sand clouds, and manufacturing smoke. My living was a cup of most lukewarm coffee, swallowed like physic, which it much resembled, as all German coffee does, and poor eating to it; not even a crumb of bread and butter; raw ham and bread, to be washed down too in one minute of time. On this, with a glass of soda water and cognac and farthing loaf of tough bread picked up somewhere, human nature had to subsist to Aix, arrive there about seven. . . . About half-past eight try to eat if you could something tepid and questionable. Happily the bed was once more human—I was thoroughly done up.

Next morning stand upon the *kid* of Charlemagne—abominable monks roaring out their idolatrous grand music within sight. Then embark again—arrived at Ostend six to seven p.m., get on board a boat to Dover (mail steamer), six hours—nothing to be had as living, Neuberg and others very sick. In Dover one a.m., tumult of custom-houses, of over-crowded inns; in despair try *tea* and retire to one's garret, with nothing to depend on but lucifers and tobacco through the night. It was not so bad as might have been expected. Next day a fine train up to town, Foxton branching off at Redhill, and taking leave almost with tears. By the river steamer I reach home half-past four, or rather later. To-day, after a good sleep, good coffee, &c., I have as bad a headache as need be desired, and trace the *Strapazen* of this journey in a lively manner. I feel in me, down in the breast chiefly, the stock of cold I have had secretly these three weeks, but otherwise ail nothing.

Such was Carlyle's second tour in Germany, as sketched in these letters by himself. One misses something of the liveliness of the experiences of the first, when everything was new, and was seized upon by his insatiable curiosity. It was a journey of business, and was executed with a vigour and rapidity remarkable in so old a man. There were fewer complaints about sleep—fewer complaints of any kind. How well his surveying work was done, the history of Frederick's campaigns, when he came to write

them, were ample evidence. He speaks lightly of having seen Kolin, Torgau, &c., &c. No one would guess from reading these short notices that he had mastered the details of every field which he visited; not a turn of the ground, not a brook, not a wood, or spot where wood had been, had escaped him. Each picture was complete in itself, unconfused with any other; and, besides the picture, there was the character of the soil, the extent of cultivation—every particle of information which would help to elucidate the story.

There are no mistakes. Military students in Germany are set to learn Frederick's battles in Carlyle's account of them—altogether an extraordinary feat on Carlyle's part, to have been accomplished in so short a time. His friends had helped him no doubt; but the eye that saw and the mind that comprehended were his own.

Very soon after his return the already finished volumes of 'Frederick' were given to the world. No work of his had as yet obtained so instant and wide a welcome. The literary success was immediate and exceptionally great. 2,000 copies had been printed—they were sold at the first issue. A second 2,000 were disposed of almost as rapidly, and by December there was a demand for more. He had himself been singularly indifferent on this part of the business. In his summer correspondence there is not a single word of expectation or anxiety. As little was there sign of exultation when the world's verdict was pronounced. The child that is born with greatest difficulty is generally a favourite, but it was not so in this instance. In his journal he speaks of the book as 'by far the most heart-rending enterprise he had ever had' as 'worth nothing,' though 'faithfully done on his part.' In Scotland he describes himself as having been 'perfectly dormant,' 'in a sluggish, sad way, till the end of August.' In Germany he had seen the battlefields—'a quite frightful month of

physical discomfort,' with no result that he could be sure of, 'except a great mischief to health.' He had returned, he said, 'utterly broken and degraded.' This state of feeling, exaggerated as it was, survived the appearance of the two volumes. He had complained little while the journey was in progress—when he was at home again there was little else but sadness and dispiritment.

Journal.

December 28th, 1858.—Book was published soon after my return; has been considerably more read than usual with books of mine; much babbled of in newspapers. No better to me than the barking of dogs. *Verachtung, ja Nicht achtung* my sad feeling about it. Officious people three or four times put 'reviews' into my hands, and in an idle hour I glanced partly into these; but it would have been better not, so sordidly ignorant and impertinent were they, though generally laudatory. *Ach Gott, allein, allein auf dieser Erde!* However, the fifth thousand is printed, paid for I think—some 2,800*l.* in all—and will be sold by-and-by with a money profit, and perhaps others not useless to me. One has to believe that there are rational beings in England who read one's poor books and are silent about them. Edition of *works*[1] is done too. Larkin, a providential blessing to me in that and in the 'Frederick.' I am fairly richer at this time than I ever was, in the money sense—rich *enough* for all practical purposes—otherwise no luck for me till I have done the final two volumes. Began that many weeks ago, but cannot get rightly into it yet, struggle as I may. Health unfavourable, horse exercise defective, villanous ostlers found to be starving my horse. Much is 'defective,' much is against me; especially my own fidelity of perseverance in endeavor. Ah me, would I were through it! I feel then as if sleep would fall upon me, perhaps the last and perfect sleep. I haggle and struggle here all day, ride then in the twilight like a haunted ghost; speak to nobody; have nobody whom it gladdens me to speak to. Truce to complaining.

A few words follow which I will quote also, as they tell of something which proved of immeasurable consequence, both to Carlyle and to his wife.

[1] Collected edition of Carlyle's works.

Lord Ashburton has wedded again—a Miss Stuart Mackenzie—and they are off to Egypt about a fortnight ago. 'The changes of this age,' as minstrel Burns has it, 'which fleeting Time procureth!' Ah me! ah me!

Carlyle sighed; but the second Lady Ashburton became the guardian genius of the Cheyne Row household; to Mrs. Carlyle the tenderest of sisters, to Carlyle, especially after his own bereavement, sister, daughter, mother, all that can be conveyed in the names of the warmest human ties. . . But the acquaintance had yet to begin. Miss Stuart Mackenzie had hitherto been seen by neither of them.

CHAPTER XXV.

A.D. 1859–62. ÆT. 64–67.

Effects of a Literary Life upon the Character—Evenings in Cheyne Row—Summers in Fife—Visit to Sir George Sinclair, Thurso Castle—Mrs. Carlyle's Health—Death of Arthur Clough—Intimacy with Mr. Ruskin—Party at the Grange—Description of John Keble—'Unto this Last.'

No one who has read the letters of Carlyle in the preceding chapters can entertain a doubt of the tenderness of his heart, or of his real gratitude to those relations and friends who were exerting themselves to be of use to him. As little can anyone have failed to notice the waywardness of his humour, the gusts of 'unjust impatience' and 'sulky despair' with which he received sometimes their best endeavours to serve him, or, again, the remorse with which he afterwards reflected on his unreasonable outbursts. 'The nature of the beast' was the main explanation. His temperament was so constituted. It could not be altered, and had to be put up with, like changes of weather. But nature and circumstances worked together; and Lord Jeffrey had judged rightly when he said that literature was not the employment best suited to a person of Carlyle's disposition. In active life a man works at the side of others. He has to consider them as well as himself. He has to check his impatience, he has to listen to objections even when he knows that he is right. He must be content to give and take, to be indifferent to trifles, to know and feel at all times that he is but one among many, who have

all their humours. Every day, every hour teaches him the necessity of self-restraint. The man of letters has no such wholesome check upon himself. He lives alone, thinks alone, works alone. He must listen to his own mind; for no other mind can help him. He requires correction as others do; but he must be his own schoolmaster. His peculiarities are part of his originality, and may not be eradicated. The friends among whom he lives are not the partners of his employment; they share in it, if they share at all, only as instruments or dependants. Thus he is an autocrat in his own circle, and exposed to all the temptations which beset autocracy. He is subject to no will, no law, no authority outside himself; and the finest natures suffer something from such unbounded independence. . . . Carlyle had been made by nature sufficiently despotic, and needed no impulse in that direction from the character of his occupations,—while his very virtues helped to blind him when it would have been better if he could have been more on his guard. He knew that his general aim in life was pure and unselfish, and that in the use of his time and talents he had nothing to fear from the sternest examination of his stewardship. His conscience was clear. His life from his earliest years had been pure and simple, without taint of selfish ambition. He had stood upright always in many trials. He had become at last an undisputed intellectual sovereign over a large section of his contemporaries, who looked to him as disciples to a master whose word was a law to their belief. And thus habit, temperament, success itself had combined to deprive him of the salutary admonitions with which the wisest and best of mortals cannot entirely dispense. From first to last he was surrounded by people who allowed him his own way, because they felt his superiority—who found it a privilege to minister to him as they became more and more conscious of his greatness—who,

when their eyes were open to his defects, were content to put up with them, as the mere accidents of a nervously sensitive organization.

This was enough for friends who could be amused by peculiarities from which they did not personally suffer. But for those who actually lived with him—for his wife especially, on whom the fire-sparks fell first and always, and who could not escape from them—the trial was hard. The central grievance was gone, but was not entirely forgotten. His letters had failed to assure her of his affection, for she thought at times that they must be written for his biographer. She could not doubt his sincerity when, now after his circumstances became more easy, he gave her free command of money; when, as she could no longer walk, he insisted that she should have a brougham twice a week to drive in, and afterwards gave her a carriage of her own. But affection did not prevent outbursts of bilious humour, under which, for a whole fortnight, she felt as if she was 'keeper in a mad-house.' When he was at a distance from her he was passionately anxious about her health. When he was at home, his own discomforts, real or imaginary, left no room for thought of others. 'If Carlyle wakes once in a night,' she said to me, 'he will complain of it for a week. I wake thirty times every night, but that is nothing.' Notwithstanding all his resolutions, notwithstanding the fall of 'the scales from his eyes' and the intended amendment for the future, things relapsed in Cheyne Row after Carlyle returned from Germany, and settled again to his work, much into their old condition. Generally the life was smooth and uneventful, but the atmosphere was always dubious, and a disturbed sleep or an indigestion would bring on a thunder-storm. Mrs. Carlyle grew continually more feeble, continual nervous anxiety allowing her no chance to rally; but her indomitable spirit held her up; she went out little in the

evenings, but she had her own small tea parties, and the talk was as brilliant as ever. Carlyle worked all day, rode late in the afternoon, came home, slept a little, then dined and went out afterwards to walk in the dark. If any of us were to spend the evening there, we generally found her alone; then he would come in, take possession of the conversation and deliver himself in a stream of splendid monologue, wise, tender, scornful, humorous, as the inclination took him—but never bitter, never malignant, always genial, the fiercest denunciations ending in a burst of laughter at his own exaggerations. Though I knew things were not altogether well, and her drawn, suffering face haunted me afterwards like a sort of ghost, I felt for myself that in him there could be nothing really wrong, and that he was as good as he was great.

So passed the next two or three years; he toiling on unweariedly, dining nowhere, and refusing to be disturbed—contenting himself with now and then sending his brother word of his general state.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: March 14, 1859.

We go along here in the common way, or a little below it, neither of us specially definable as ill, but suffering (possibly from the muddy torpid weather), under unusual *feebleness*, and wishing we were a little stronger. Jane keeps afoot; takes her due drives, tries walking when the weather permits, and is surely a good deal better than she has been wont to be in the last two years. But her weakness is very great; her power of *eating* runs very low, poor soul. To day she seems to be trying total abstinence, or something near it, by way of remedy to a constant nausea she complains of. 'We must do the best we can for a living, boy!' As to me, the worst is a fatal inability to get forward with my work in this state of nerves and stomach. I am dark, inert, and stupid to a painful degree, when progress depends almost altogether on vivacity of nerves. The remedy is . . . there is no remedy but boring along mole-like or mule-like, and refusing to lie down altogether.

In June after 'months of uselessness and wretchedness,' he was 'tumbled' into what he called 'active chaos,' i.e. he took a house for the summer at Humbie, near Aberdour in Fife. The change was not very successful. He had his horse with him, and 'rode fiercely about, haunted by the ghosts of the past.' Mrs. Carlyle followed him down. John Carlyle was charged to meet her at Edinburgh, and see her safe for the rest of her journey. 'Be good and soft with her,' he said, 'you have no notion what ill any flurry or fuss does her, and I know always how kind your thoughts are, and also hers, in spite of any flaws that may arise.' Was it that he could not 'reck his own rede!' or was Mrs. Carlyle herself exaggerating, when she described the next fortnight with him at Humbie, as like being in a 'madhouse'? They went afterwards to the cousins at Auchtertool, and from Auchtertool she wrote the sad letter to a young friend in London who had asked to be congratulated on her marriage.[1] They remained in Scotland till the end of September. At Chelsea again, on the 3rd of October, he wrote a few words in his journal, the last entered there for several years.

'Returned Saturday night from a long miscellaneous sojourn in Scotland which has lasted very idly and not too comfortably since the last days of June. Bathing, solitary riding, walking, one or two fits of catarrhal illness of a kind I did not like; this and much solitary musing, reminiscence, and anticipation of a painful kind filled that fallow period. Perhaps both of us are a little better; one cannot hope much. A terrible task now ahead again. Steady! steady! To it then! Isabella, my good sister-in-law at Scotsbrig, was gone. Poor brother Jamie! We looked at the place of graves Tuesday last. There at least is peace; there is rest. Foolish tears almost surprised me.'

There was a short visit to the Grange in January (1860), another in April to Lord Sandwich at Hinchinbrook—from which he was frightened away prematurely by the

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 141.

arrival of Hepworth Dixon. He had evidently been troublesome at home, for from Hinchinbrook he wrote to his wife begging her 'to be patient with him.' 'He was the unhappy animal, but did not mean ill.' With these exceptions, and a week at Brighton in July, he stayed fixed at his desk, and in August, leaving his wife in London, where nervousness had reduced her to the brink of a bilious fever, he went off, taking his work with him, to stay at Thurso Castle with Sir George Sinclair. There he remained several weeks in seclusion as complete as he could wish. His letters were full and regular, though they did not give entire satisfaction.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Off Aberdeen Harbour: August 3, 1860.

Arrived here after what they call an excellent voyage, which indeed has had good weather and all other fine qualities except that finest, the possibility of reasonable sleeping. I have seldom seen such an overcrowded piggery of a place as we had to try that latter operation in.

I did manage a little, however, each night. I feel wonderfully tolerable after all is done; the *sound* in my ears either gone or else lost amid other innumerable clankings, snorings, and clangours. Thank God we are got so far with success. Could I only hear that my poor Jeannie is a little come round again, now that the noises and disturbances from my side of the house are done.

Thurso Castle: August 6, 1860.

Saturday—wet, dreary, gaunt, and strange—was a little dispiriting, in spite of the cordial and eager welcome of all these good people. But that night I had a capital sleep. Next morning I contrived to shirk church (which I shall always do) and walked along the many-sounding shore with a book, a cape, and a little tobacco, some mile or two among the cliffs and crags. Not a human being visible; only the grand ever-murmuring sea; Pentland Frith clear as crystal, with Orkney Hoy Island, a fine precipitous sea-girt mountain, to our left, and Dunnet Head some six or seven miles ahead. There I sate and sauntered in the devoutest, quietest, and handsomest mood I have been in for many

months. Then I read, bathed carefully, and set out vigorously walking to arrive *warm* and also punctual. In short, dear, I did well yesterday and have had again a tolerable sleep. Nay, have got my affairs settled, so to speak; breakfast an hour *before* the family (who don't get into their worship, &c., till ten), am not to show face at all till three p.m. and mean actually to try some work. If I can it will be very fine for me.

The little butler here seems one of the cleverest, willingest creatures I have seen for a long time, and is zealously anxious (as hitherto all and sundry are) to oblige the monster come among them.

Thurso, visible, about two gunshots off, from one of my windows, is a poor grey town, treeless, with one or two steam-engines in it, and a dozen or two of fishing-boats. Nor is Thurso Castle much of a mansion, at least till you examine it attentively. But it is really an extensive, well-furnished, human dwelling-place; and its situation with its northern parapet, looking down upon the actual waves which never go a stone's throw off, is altogether charming; a place built at three different times, from 1664 downwards (quite modern this my northern side of it), with four or five poor candle-extinguisher-like towers in different parts, very bare, but trim, with walks and sheltering offices and walls. No saddle horse; not even a saddle shelty; but there is a carriage and pair for the womankind, with whom I have not yet gone, though I mean to.

August 14.

My dear little Goody,—I could have been somewhat fretted yesterday morning. First at your long delay in writing, and your perverse notion of *my* neglect in that particular, also of your scornful condemnation of my descriptive performance (which I can assure you was not done for the sake of future biographers, nor done at all except with considerable pain and inconvenience and at the very first moment possible in my gloom and sickliness, if you had known of it). But all feelings were swallowed up in one —grief and alarm at the sleepless, excited, and altogether painful state my poor little Jeannie had evidently got into. A long letter was to have been written yesterday afternoon after work and bathing and dinner were well over. But, alas! at dinner (which had been unexpectedly crowded forward to two p.m. instead of three, and had sent me into the sea and back again at full gallop, not to miss the essential daily bath)—at dinner, which I found them de-

nominating luncheon, I was informed that three miles off, at some Highland laird's named Major ———, there stood an engagement for me of a strict nature, and that there I was to dine. *Nimmer und Nimmermehr.* The major had not even asked me. I want no acquaintance with any laird or major. I positively cannot go. It was in vain that I insisted and reiterated in this key. Poor Sir George offered to dine now and go walking with me on the sands while the major's dinner went on.

In short I found I should give offence and seem a very surly, unthankful fellow by persisting, so I was obliged to go. The laird, an old Peninsula soldier, was not a bad fellow; quite the reverse indeed; had a wife and wife's sister and a son just from India and the Crimea; finally a very pretty Highland place, and a smart douce little daughter who made the Caithness dialect beautiful. Of myself I will say only that I have cunningly adjusted my hours; am called at eight, bathe as at home, run out from heat: breakfast privately, and by this means shirk 'prayers'—am at work by ten, bathe at two, and do not show face till three. After which comes walking, comes probably driving. Country equal to Craigenputtock for picturesque effects, *plus* the sea, which is always one's friend. I have got some work done every day; have slept every night, never quite ill, once or twice splendidly.

Carlyle abhorred the 'picturesque' when sought after of set purpose. He was exquisitely sensitive of natural beauty, when he came across it naturally and surrounded by its own associations. Here is a finished picture which he sent to his brother.

To John Carlyle.

Thurso: August 24, 1860.

I sit boring over my work, not idle quite, but with little visible result, and that has considerably weakened the strength of my position here. I dimly intended to hold on for 'about a month;' and this is not unlikely to be the limit. Sir G. has always professed to be clear for two months as the minimum, but will perhaps be at bottom not so averse to the shorter term, there being such a cackle of grandchildren here, with governesses &c., whom he sees to be a mere bore to me, though to him such a joy. Yesterday we went to John o' Groats actually. It is about twenty miles from us to the little seaside inn. There you dismount, walk

to Groats, *i.e.* to the mythic site of Groats—a short mile—thence two rather long ones to the top of Duncansby Head.

It is one of the prettiest shores I ever saw: trim grass or fine corn, even to the very brow of the sea. Sand (where there is sand) as white as meal, and between sand and farm-field a *glacis* or steep slope, which is also covered with grass, in some places thick with meadow-sweet, 'Queen of the Meadows,' and quite odoriferous as well as trim. The island of Stroma flanks it, across a sound of perhaps two miles broad. Three ships were passing westward in our time. The old wreck of a fourth was still traceable in fragments, sticking in the sand, or leant on harrows higher up by way of fence. The site of Groats has a barn short way behind it, and a cottage short way to its left looking seaward. The waves are about a pistol shot off at high water. It stands—*i.e.* a house would stand—very beautifully, as at the bottom of a kind of scoop rising slowly behind into highish country, ditto to west, though not into great heights at all, and the big Duncansby quite grandly screening it both from E. and N.E.; and all was so admirably still and solitary: extensive Cheviot sheep nibbling all about, and no other living thing, like a dream. The Orkneys, Ronald Shay, Skerries, &c., lay dim, dreamlike, with a beauty as of sorrow in the dim grey day. Groats' site appeared to me terribly like some extinct farmer's lime-kiln. Rain broke out on coming home, and I lost a good portion of my sleep last night by the adventure. This is all I have to say of Groats or myself.

Amid these scenes, and heartily conscious of his host's kind consideration for him, he stayed out his holiday. He had wished his wife to have a taste of Scotch air too before the winter, and had arranged that she should go to his sister at the Gill. She had started, and was staying on the way with her friends the Stanleys at Alderley, when her husband discovered that he could do no more at Thurso, and must get home again. The period of his visit had been indefinite. She had supposed that he would remain longer than he proposed to do. The delay of posts and a misconstruction of meanings led Mrs. Carlyle to suppose that he was about to return to Chelsea immediately, and that her own presence there would be indispensable;

and, with a resentment, which she did not care to conceal, at his imagined want of consideration for her, she gave up her expedition and went back. It was a mistake throughout, for he had intended himself to take Annandale on his way home from Thurso; but he had not been explicit enough, and she did not spare him. He was very miserable and very humble. He promised faithfully that when at home again he would worry her no more till she was strong enough to be 'kept onasy.'

I will be quiet as a dream (he said). Surely I ought to be rather a protection to your poor sick fancy than a new disturbance. Be still; be quiet. I swear to do thee no mischief at all.

Alas! he might swear; but with the excellentest intentions, he was an awkward companion for a nervous, suffering woman. He had *meant* no mischief. It was impossible that he could have meant it. His misfortune was that he had no perception. He never understood that a delicate lady was not like his own robuster kindred, and might be shivered into fiddle-strings while they would only have laughed.

This was his last visit to Scotland before the completion of 'Frederick.' A few words to Mr. Erskine, who had written to inquire about his wife, give a more accurate account of his own condition than it gave of hers.

To Thomas Erskine, Esq.

Chelsea: October 12, 1860.

I got home nearly three weeks ago. Jane was not weaker than I expected; her house, poor soul, all set in order on an improved footing as to servants, almost pathetic as well as beautiful to me. I am happy to report that she has grown stronger ever since, and is now once more in her usual posture. I have got my smithy fire kindled again, and there is sound of the hammer once more audible. I have sunk silent, humiliated, endeavouring to be quietly, wisely, not foolishly, diligent with all the strength left to me. 'Frederick' is not the most pious of my heroes; but the world awakens in me either piety or else despair. Why have I not a

more pious labour to end with? perhaps not to be able to end. But one must not quarrel with one's kind of labour. To do it is the thing requisite. My horse is potent for riding, and one of the loyallest quadrupeds. That perhaps is the finest item in the horoscope.

The 'improved footing' as to servants had been Carlyle's own arrangement. In his wife's weakened condition he thought it no longer right that she should be left to struggle on with a single maid-of-all-work. He had insisted that she should have a superior class of woman as cook and housekeeper, with a girl to assist. He himself was fixed to his garret room again, rarely stirring out except to ride, and dining nowhere save now and then with Forster, to meet only Dickens, who loved him with all his heart.

The new year brought the Grange again, where Mrs. Carlyle was now as glad to go as before she had been reluctant.

Everybody (he wrote) as kind as possible, especially the lady. This party small and insignificant; nobody but ourselves and Venables, an honest old dish, and Kingsley, a new, of higher pretensions, but inferior flavour.

The months went by. On March 27 a bulletin to his brother says:—'I have no news; nothing but the old silent struggle continually going on; for my very dreams, when I have any, are apt to be filled with it. A daily ride nearly always in perfect solitude, a daily and nightly escort of confused babblements, and thoughts not cheerful to speak of, yet with hope more legible at times than formerly, and on the whole with health better rather than worse.'

In this year he lost a friend whom he valued beyond any one of the younger men whom he had learnt to know. Arthur Clough died at Florence, leaving behind him, of work accomplished, a translation of Plutarch, a volume of

poems (which by-and-by, when the sincere writing of this ambitious age of ours is sifted from the insincere, may survive as an evidence of what he might have been had fulness of years been granted to him), and, besides these, a beautiful memory in the minds of those who had known him. I knew what Carlyle felt about him, and I tried to induce him to write some few words which might give that memory an enduring form.

I quite agree in what you say of poor Clough (he replied). A man more vivid, ingenious, veracious, mildly radiant, I have seldom met with, and in a character so honest, modest, kindly. I expected very considerable things of him. As for the 'two pages' you propose, there could, had my hands been loose, have been no valid objection, but, as it is, my hands are tied.

Every available moment had been guaranteed to 'Frederick.' Clough was gone; but another friendship had been formed which was even more precious to Carlyle. He had long been acquainted with Ruskin, but hitherto there had been no close intimacy between them, *art* not being a subject especially interesting to him. But Ruskin was now writing his 'Letters on Political Economy' in the 'Cornhill Magazine.' The world's scornful anger witnessed to the effect of his strokes, and Carlyle was delighted. Political Economy had been a creed while it pretended to be a science. Science rests on reason and experiment, and can meet an opponent with calmness. A creed is always sensitive. To express a doubt of it shakes its authority, and is therefore treated as a moral offence. One looks back with amused interest on that indignant outcry now, when the pretentious science has ceased to answer a political purpose and has been banished by its chief professor to the exterior planets.

But Carlyle had hitherto been preaching alone in the wilderness, and rejoiced in this new ally. He examined Ruskin more carefully. He saw, as who that looked

could help seeing, that here was a true 'man of genius,' peculiar, uneven, passionate, but wielding in his hand real levin bolts, not mere flashes of light merely—but fiery arrows which pierced, where they struck, to the quick. He was tempted one night to go to hear Ruskin lecture, not on the 'Dismal Science,' but on some natural phenomena, which Ruskin, while the minutest observer, could convert into a poem. 'Sermons in Stones' had been already Carlyle's name for 'The Stones of Venice.' Such a preacher he was willing to listen to on any subject.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: April 23, 1861.

Friday last I was persuaded—in fact had unwarily compelled myself, as it were—to a lecture of Ruskin's at the Institution, Albemarle-street. Lecture on Tree Leaves as physiological, pictorial, moral, symbolical objects. A crammed house, but tolerable to me even in the gallery. The lecture was thought to 'break down,' and indeed it quite did '*as a lecture;*' but only did from *embarras des richesses*—a rare case. Ruskin did blow asunder as by gunpowder explosions his leaf notions, which were manifold, curious, genial; and, in fact, I do not recollect to have heard in that place any neatest thing I liked so well as this chaotic one.

This was a mere episode, however, in a life which was as it were chained down to 'an undoable task.' Months went by; at last the matter became so complicated, and the notes and corrections so many, that the printers were called in to help. The rough fragments of manuscript were set in type that he might see his way through them.

You never saw such a jumble of horrors as the first proofs are (he said in reporting the result). In my bewildering *indexless* state, and with such books and blockheadism, I cannot single-handed deal with the thing except stage after stage in this tentative way. Often enough I am doing the very last revise when, after such screwing and torturing, the really vital *point* of the matter—rule of all the articulation it must have—will disclose itself to me, *overlooked* by the fifty Dryasdusts I have been consulting.

Alas! (he cries at another time) my poor old limbs are nothing

like so equal to this work as they once were; a fact that, but an irremediable one. Seldom was a poor man's heart so near broken by utter weariness, disgust, and long-continued despair over an undoable job. The only point is, said heart must not break altogether, but *finish* if it can.

No leisure—leisure even for thought—could be spared to other subjects. Even the great phenomenon of the century, the civil war in America, passed by him at its opening without commanding his serious attention. To him that tremendous struggle for the salvation of the American nationality was merely the efflorescence of the 'Nigger Emancipation' agitation, which he had always despised. 'No war ever raging in my time,' he said, when the first news of the fighting came over, 'was to me more profoundly foolish-looking. Neutral I am to a degree: I for one.' He spoke of it scornfully as 'a smoky chimney which had taken fire.' When provoked to say something about it publicly, it was to write his brief *Ilias Americana in nuce.*

Peter of the North (to Paul of the South): Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year as I do. You are going straight to Hell, you ——

Paul: Good words, Peter. The risk is my own. I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or the day, and get straight to Heaven; leave me to my own method.

Peter: No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first! [And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.[1]]

T. C.

At the Grange, where he had gone in January, 1862, the subject was of course much talked of. The Argyles were there, the Sartoris's, the Kingsleys, the Bishop of Oxford, Milnes, Venables, and others. The Duke and Duchess were strong for the North, and there was much arguing,

[1] *Macmillan's Magazine*, August, 1863.—Carlyle admitted to me after the war ended that perhaps he had not seen into the bottom of the matter. Nevertheless, he republished the *Ilias* in his Collected Works.

not to Carlyle's satisfaction. The Bishop and he were always pleased to meet each other, but he was not equally tolerant of the Bishop's friends. Of one of these there is a curious mention in a letter written from the Grange during this visit. Intellect was to him a quality which only showed itself in the discovery of truth. In science no man is allowed to be a man of intellect who uses his faculties to go ingeniously wrong. Still less could Carlyle acknowledge the presence of such high quality in those who went wrong in more important subjects. Cardinal Newman, he once said to me, had not the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit. He was yet more uncomplimentary to another famous person whom the English Church has canonized.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

The Grange: January, 1862.

We are a brisk party here, full of locomotion, speculation, and really are in some sort agreeable to one another. The Bear, the Duke, with the womankind wholly, are off some twenty miles, mostly in an open carriage. The Bishop is gone with them, to see some little ape called Keble, of 'The Christian Year.' He (the Bishop) is very perceptibly older in the face, but no change in the shifty, cunning, thorough-going ways of him. He took me riding yesterday, galloping as if for the King's Hundred to see something which he called the Beacon Hill, which we never saw, daylight failing us, though we had a gallop of some sixteen miles. You may figure whether it suited me in my feverish feeble mood. The most agreeable man among us is the Duke; really a good, solid, Scotch product. Takes, I think, considerably to me, as does his Duchess, though I do not speak much to her. Find the Nigger question much a topic with her, and by no means a safe one.

'Frederick,' meanwhile, was making progress, though but slowly. The German authorities he found to be raw metallic matter, unwrought, unorganised, the ore nowhere smelted out of it. It is curious that on the human side of things the German genius should be so deficient, but so it is. We go to them for poetry, philosophy, criticism, the-

ology. They have to come to us for a biography of their greatest poets and the history of their greatest king. The standard Life of Goethe in Germany is Lewes's; the standard History of Frederick is Carlyle's. But the labour was desperate, and told heavily both on him and on his wife. When the summer came she went for change to Folkestone. He in her absence was like a forsaken child.

Nothing is wrong about the house here (he wrote to her), nor have I failed in sleep or had other misfortune; nevertheless, I am dreadfully low-spirited, and feel like a child *wishing Mammy back* [italics his own]. Perhaps, too, she is as well away for the moment. The truth is, I am under medical appliances, which renders me for this day the wretchedest nearly of all the sons of Adam not yet condemned, in fact, to the gallows. I have not spoken one word to anybody since you went away. Oh! for God's sake, take care of yourself! In the earth I have no other.

Again, a few days later:—

July 2, 1862.

Silence, even of the saddest, sadder than death, is often preferable to shake the nonsense out of one. Last night, in getting to bed, I said to myself at last, 'Impossible, sir, that you have no friend in the big Eternities and Immensities, or none but Death, as you whimper to yourself. You have had friends who, before the birth of you even, were good to you, and did give you several things. Know that you have friends unspeakably important, it appears, and let not their aweful looks or doings quite terrify you. You require to have a heart like theirs in some sort. Who knows? And fall asleep upon that honourable pillow of whinstone.'

This was a singular dialogue for a man to hold with himself. 'A spectre moving in a world of spectres'—'one mass of burning sulphur'—these also were images in which he now and then described his condition. At such times, if his little finger ached he imagined that no mortal had ever suffered so before. If his liver was amiss he was a chained Prometheus with the vulture at his breast, and earth, ether, sea, and sky were invoked to witness his injuries. When the fit was on him he could

not, would not, restrain himself, and now when Mrs. Carlyle's condition was so delicate, her friends, medical and others, had to insist that they must be kept apart as much as possible. He himself, lost as he was without her, felt the necessity, and when she returned from Folkestone he sent her off to her friend Mrs. Russell in Nithsdale. Some one, I know not who, wrote to entreat her to stay away as long as possible. The letter runs:—

I hope you do not think of returning home. Should Mr. Carlyle become rampageous I will set Mrs. —— on to pray for him. Should you, during your absence, require any transaction in London to be carried out with more than usual intelligence and finesse, remember MI.

But no one was more anxious than Carlyle himself now was that she should be saved from worries. As soon as he had clearly recognised how ill she was, his own grievances disappeared. There was no 'rampaging.' He was all that was thoughtful and generous. He called himself a 'desultory widow,' but he tried his best to be happy in his desertion, or at least to make her believe him so. . . . She was afraid of costing him money. 'I positively order, he wrote to her, that there be no pinching about money at all. Fie, fie! Here is a draft, which Dr. Russell, as banker, will pay when you ask.' Not a complaint escaped him in his daily letters. All was represented as going well; 'Frederick' was going well; the sleep was well; the servants were doing well. Fruit, flowers, cream, &c., came regularly in from Addiscombe—game boxes came with the grouse season. There was a certain botheration from visitors—'dirty wretches' would call and be troublesome. It was the year of the second Exhibition, which I believe Carlyle never entered, but which brought crowds to London—a party from Edinburgh among the rest who were well anathematized: but some one came now and then who was not 'dirty,' and on the

whole the book went forward, and he himself worked, and rode, and grumbled at nothing, save the Scotch Sunday Post arrangements, which interrupted his correspondence. 'Truly,' he said 'that Phariseean Sabbath and mode of disarming Almighty wrath by something better than the *sécret pour lui plaire* is getting quite odious to me, or inconvenient rather, for it has long been odious enough.'

The third volume of 'Frederick' was finished and published this summer. The fourth volume was getting into type, and the fifth and last was partly written. The difficulties did not diminish; 'one only consolation there was in it, that 'Frederick' was better worth doing than other foul tasks he had had.

At times (he said) I am quite downcast on my lonesome, long, interminable journey through the not Mount Horeb wilderness, but the beggarly 'Creca Moss' one. Then at other times I think with myself, 'Creca,' and the Infinite of barren, brambly moor is under Heaven too. What if thou could'st show the blockhead populations that withal, and get honourably out of this heart-breaking affair, pitied by the Eternal Powers! If I can hold out another year. Surely before this time twelvemonth we shall have done.

He rarely looked at reviews. He hardly ever read a newspaper of any kind. I do not remember that I ever saw one in his room. For once, however, he made an exception in favour of a notice of his last volume in the 'Saturday.'

It was by Venables (he said), not a bad thing at all—excellent in comparison to much that I suppose to be going, though I have only read this and one other. They really do me no ill, the adverse ones, or inconceivably little, and hardly any good, the most flattering of the friendly. In my bitter solitary struggle, continued almost to the death, I have got to such a contempt for the babble of idle, ignorant mankind about me as is sometimes almost appalling to myself. What am I to them in the presence of very fate and fact?

He had one other great pleasure this summer. Ruskin's 'Unto this Last,' a volume of essays on political economy, was now collected and re-published. Carlyle sent a copy to Mr. Erskine, with the following letter:—

To T. Erskine, Linlathen.

Chelsea: August 4, 1862.

Dear Mr. Erskine,—Here is a very bright little book of Ruskin's, which, if you have not already made acquaintance with it, is extremely well worth reading. Two years ago, when the Essays came out in the fashionable magazines, there rose a shriek of anathema from all newspaper and publishing persons. But I am happy to say that the subject is to be taken up again and heartily gone into by the valiant Ruskin, who, I hope, will reduce it to a *dog's likeness*—its real physiognomy for a long time past to the unenchanted eye, and peremptorily bid it prepare to quit this afflicted earth, as R. has done to several things before now. He seems to me to have the best talent for *preaching* of all men now alive. He has entirely blown up the world that used to call itself of 'Art,' and left it in an *impossible* posture, uncertain whether on its feet at all or on its head, and conscious that there will be no continuing on the bygone terms. If he could do as much for Political Economy (as I hope), it would be the greatest benefit achieved by preaching for generations past; the chasing off of one of the brutallest nightmares that ever sate on the bosom of slumbrous mankind, kept the *soul* of them squeezed down into an invisible state, as if they had no soul, but only a belly and a beaver faculty in these last sad ages, and were about *arriving* we know where in consequence. I have read nothing that pleased me better for many a year than these new *Ruskiniana*.

I am sitting here in the open air under an awning with documentary materials by me in a butler's tray, desk, &c. for writing, being burnt out of my garret at last by the heat of the sun. I hope by this time twelvemonth I may be at Linlathen again; at least I do greatly wish it, if the hope be too presumptuous. There is a long stiff hill to get over first, but this is now really the last; fifth and final volume actually in hand, and surely, with such health as I still have, it may be possible. I must stand to it or do worse. . . . London has not been so noisy and ugly for ten years, but this too is ending. . . . Adieu, dear friend!

Yours ever, T. CARLYLE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A.D. 1864. ÆT. 69.

Personal intercourse—Daily habits—Charities—Conversation—Modern science and its tendencies—Faith without sight—Bishop Colenso—The Broad Church School—Literature—Misfortunes of Fritz—Serious accident to Mrs. Carlyle—Her strange illness—Folkestone—Death of Lord Ashburton—Mrs. Carlyle in Scotland—Her slow recovery—'Frederick' finished.

So far my account of Carlyle has been taken from written memorials, letters, diaries, and autobiographic fragments. For the future the story will form itself round my own personal intercourse with him. Up to 1860 I had lived in the country. I had paid frequent visits to London, and while there had seen as much of Cheyne Row and its inhabitants as Mrs. Carlyle would encourage. I had exchanged letters occasionally with her and her husband, but purely on external subjects, and close personal intimacy between us there had as yet been none. In the autumn of that year, however, London became my home. Late one afternoon, in the middle of the winter, Carlyle called on me, and said that he wished to see more of me—wished me in fact to be his companion, so far as I could, in his daily rides or walks. Ride with him I could not, having no horse; but the walks were most welcome—and from that date, for twenty years, up to his own death, except when either or both of us were out of town, I never ceased to see him twice or three times a week, and to have two or three hours of conversation with him. The first

of these walks I well remember, from an incident which happened in the course of it. It was after nightfall. At Hyde Park Corner, we found a blind beggar anxious to cross over from Knightsbridge to Piccadilly, but afraid to trust his dog to lead him through the carts and carriages. Carlyle took the beggar's arm, led him gently over, and offered to help him further on his way. He declined gratefully; we gave him some trifle, and followed him to see what he would do. His dog led him straight to a public-house in Park Lane. We both laughed, and I suppose I made some ill-natured remark. 'Poor fellow,' was all that Carlyle said; 'he perhaps needs warmth and shelter.'

This was the first instance that I observed of what I found to be a universal habit with him. Though still far from rich, he never met any poor creature, whose distress was evident, without speaking kindly to him and helping him more or less in one way or another. Archbishop Whately said that to relieve street beggars was a public crime. Carlyle thought only of their misery. 'Modern life,' he said, 'doing its charity by institutions,' is a sad hardener of our hearts. 'We should give for our own sakes. It is very low water with the wretched beings, one can easily see that.'

Even the imps of the gutters he would not treat as reprobates. He would drop a lesson in their way, sometimes with a sixpence to recommend it. . . . A small vagabond was at some indecency. Carlyle touched him gently on the back with his stick. 'Do you not know that you are a little man,' he said, 'and not a whelp, that you behave in this way?' There was no sixpence this time. Afterwards a lad of fourteen or so stopped us and begged. Carlyle lectured him for beginning so early at such a trade, told him how, if he worked, he might have a worthy and respectable life before him, and gave him sixpence. The

boy shot off down the next alley. 'There is a sermon fallen on stony ground,' Carlyle said, 'but we must do what we can.' The crowds of children growing up in London affected him with real pain; these small plants, each with its head just out of the ground, with a whole life ahead, and such a training! I noticed another trait too—Scotch thrift showing itself in hatred of waste. If he saw a crust of bread on the roadway he would stop to pick it up and put it on a step or a railing. Some poor devil might be glad of it, or at worst a dog or a sparrow. To destroy wholesome food was a sin. He was very tender about animals, especially dogs, who, like horses, if well treated, were types of loyalty and fidelity. I horrified him with a story of my Oxford days. The hounds had met at Woodstock. They had drawn the covers without finding a fox, and, not caring to have a blank day, one of the whips had caught a passing sheep dog, rubbed its feet with aniseed, and set it to run. It made for Oxford in its terror, the hounds in full cry behind. They caught the wretched creature in a field outside the town, and tore it to pieces. I never saw Carlyle more affected. He said it was like a human soul flying for salvation before a legion of fiends.

Occupied as he had always seemed to be with high-soaring speculations, scornful as he had appeared, in the 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' of benevolence, philanthropy, and small palliations of enormous evils, I had not expected so much detailed compassion in little things. I found that personal sympathy with suffering lay at the root of all his thoughts; and that attention to little things was as characteristic of his conduct as it was of his intellect.

His conversation when we were alone together was even more surprising to me. I had been accustomed to hear him impatient of contradiction, extravagantly exaggerative, overbearing opposition with bursts of scornful

humour. In private I found him impatient of nothing but of being bored; gentle, quiet, tolerant; *sadly*-humoured, but never *ill*-humoured; ironical, but without the savageness, and when speaking of persons always scrupulously just. He saw through the 'clothes' of a man into what he actually was. But the sharpest censure was always qualified. He would say, 'If we knew how he came to be what he is, poor fellow, we should not be hard with him.'

But he talked more of things than of persons, and on every variety of subject. He had read more miscellaneously than any man I have ever known. His memory was extraordinary, and a universal curiosity had led him to inform himself minutely about matters which I might have supposed that he had never heard of. With English literature he was as familiar as Macaulay was. French and German and Italian he knew infinitely better than Macaulay, and there was this peculiarity about him, that if he read a book which struck him he never rested till he had learnt all that could be ascertained about the writer of it. Thus his knowledge was not in points or lines, but complete and solid.

Even in his laughter he was always serious. I never heard a trivial word from him, nor one which he had better have left unuttered. He cared nothing for money, nothing for promotion in the world. If his friends gained a step anywhere he was pleased with it—but only as worldly advancement might give them a chance of wider usefulness. Men should think of their duty, he said;—let them do that, and the rest, as much as was essential, 'would be added to them.' I was with him one beautiful spring day under the trees in Hyde Park, the grass recovering its green, the elm buds swelling, the scattered crocuses and snowdrops shining in the sun. The spring, the annual resurrection from death to life, was es-

pecially affecting to him. 'Behold the lilies of the field!' he said to me; 'they toil not, neither do they spin. Yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. What a word was that? and the application was quite true too. Take no thought for the morrow—care only for what you know to be right. That is the rule.'

He had a poor opinion of what is called science; of political economy; of utility as the basis of morals; and such-like, when they dealt with human life. He stood on Kant's Categorical Imperative. Right was right, and wrong was wrong, because God had so ordered; and duty and conduct could be brought under analysis only when men had disowned their nobler nature, and were governed by self-interest. Interested motives might be computed, and a science might grow out of a calculation of their forces. But love of Truth, love of Righteousness—these were not calculable, neither these nor the actions proceeding out of them.

Sciences of natural things he always respected. *Facts* of all kinds were sacred to him. A fact, whatever it might be, was part of the constitution of the universe, and so was related to the Author of it. Of all men that have ever lived he honoured few more than Kepler. Kepler's '*laws*' he looked on as the grandest physical discovery ever made by man; and as long as philosophers were content, like Kepler, to find out facts without building theories on them to dispense with God, he had only good to say of them. Science, however, in these latter days, was stepping beyond its proper province, like the young Titans trying to take heaven by storm. He liked *ill* men like Humboldt, Laplace, or the author of the 'Vestiges.' He refused Darwin's transmutation of species as unproved; he fought against it, though I could see he dreaded that it might turn out true. If man, as explained by Science, was no more than a developed animal, and

conscience and intellect but developments of the functions of animals, then God and religion were no more than inferences, and inferences which might be lawfully disputed. That the grandest achievements of human nature had sprung out of beliefs which might be mere illusions, Carlyle could not admit. That intellect and moral sense should have been put into him by a Being which had none of its own was distinctly not conceivable to him. It might perhaps be that these high gifts lay somewhere in the original germ, out of which organic life had been developed; that they had been intentionally and consciously placed there by the Author of nature, whom religious instincts had been dimly able to discern. It might so turn out, but for the present the tendency of science was not in any such direction. The tendency of science was to Lucretian Atheism; to a belief that no 'intention' or intending mind was discoverable in the universe at all. If the life of man was no more than the life of an animal—if he had no relation, or none which he could discern, with any being higher than himself, God would become an unmeaning word to him. Carlyle often spoke of this, and with evident uneasiness. Earlier in his life, while he was young and confident, and the effects of his religious training were fresh in him, he could fling off the whispers of the scientific spirit with angry disdain; the existence, the omnipresence, the omnipotence of God, were then the strongest of his convictions. The faith remained unshaken in him to the end; he never himself doubted; yet he was perplexed by the indifference with which the Supreme Power was allowing its existence to be obscured. I once said to him, not long before his death, that I could only believe in a God which *did* something. With a cry of pain, which I shall never forget, he said, 'He does nothing.' For himself, however, his faith stood firm. He did not believe in historical Christianity.

He did not believe that the facts alleged in the Apostles' creed had ever really happened. The resurrection of Christ was to him only a symbol of a spiritual truth. As Christ rose from the dead, so were we to rise from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. Not that Christ had actually died and had risen again. He was only *believed* to have died and *believed* to have risen in an age when legend was history, when stories were accepted as true from their beauty or their significance. As long as it was supposed that the earth was the centre of the universe, that the sky moved round it, and that sun and moon and stars had been set there for man's convenience, when it was the creed of all nations that gods came down to the earth, and men were taken into heaven, and that between the two regions there was incessant intercourse, it could be believed easily that the Son of God had lived as a man among men, had descended like Hercules into Hades, and had returned again from it. Such a story then presented no internal difficulty at all. It was not so now. The soul of it was eternally true, but it had been bound up in a mortal body. The body of the belief was now perishing, and the soul of it being discredited by its connection with discovered error, was suspected not to be a soul at all; half mankind, betrayed and deserted, were rushing off into materialism. Nor was materialism the worst. Shivering at so blank a prospect, entangled in the institutions which remained standing when the life had gone out of them, the other half were 'reconciling faith with reason,' pretending to believe, or believing that they believed, becoming hypocrites, conscious or unconscious, the last the worst of the two, not daring to look the facts in the face, so that the very sense of truth was withered in them. It was to make love to delusion, to take falsehood deliberately into their hearts. For such souls there was no hope at all. Centuries of spiritual anarchy lay before the world before sin-

cere belief could again be generally possible among men of knowledge and insight. With the half-educated and ignorant it was otherwise. To them the existing religion might still represent some real truth. There alone was any open teaching of God's existence, and the divine sanction of morality. Each year, each day, as knowledge spread, the power of the established religion was growing less; but it was not yet entirely gone, and it was the only hold that was left on the most vital of all truths. Thus the rapid growth of materialism had in some degree modified the views which Carlyle had held in early and middle life. Then the 'Exodus from Houndsditch' had seemed as if it might lead immediately into a brighter region. He had come to see that it would be but an entry into a wilderness, the promised land lying still far away. His own opinions seemed to be taking no hold. He had cast his bread upon the waters and it was not returning to him, and the exodus appeared less entirely desirable. Sometimes the old fierce note revived. Sometimes, and more often as he grew older, he wished the old shelter to be left standing as long as a roof remained over it—as long as any of us could profess the old faith with complete sincerity. Sincerity, however, was indispensable. For men who said one thing and meant another, who entered the Church as a profession, and throve in the world by it, while they emasculated the creeds, and watered away the histories—for them Carlyle had no toleration. Religion, if not honest, was a horror to him. Those alone he thought had any right to teach Christianity who had no doubts about its truth. Those who were uncertain ought to choose some other profession, and if compelled to speak should show their colours faithfully. Thirlwall, who discharged his functions as a Macready, he never blamed to me; but he would have liked him better could he have seen him at some other employment. The Essayists and

Reviewers, the *Septem contra Christum*, were in people's mouths when my intimacy with Carlyle began. They did not please him. He considered that in continuing to be clergymen they were playing tricks with their consciences. The Dean of Westminster he liked personally, almost loved him indeed, yet he could have wished him anywhere but where he was.

'There goes Stanley,' he said one day as we passed the Dean in the park, 'boring holes in the bottom of the Church of England!' Colenso's book came out soon after. I knew Colenso; we met him in one of our walks. He joined us, and talked of what he had done with some slight elation. 'Poor fellow!' said Carlyle, as he went away; 'he mistakes it for fame. He does not see that it is only an extended pillory that he is standing on.' I thought and think this judgment a harsh one. No one had been once more anxious than Carlyle for the 'Exodus.' No one had done more to bring it about than Colenso, or more bravely faced the storm which he had raised, or, I may add, more nobly vindicated, in later life, his general courage and honesty when he stood out to defend the Zulus in South Africa. Stanley spoke more truly, or more to his own and Colenso's honour, when he told the infuriated Convocation to its face, that the Bishop of Natal was the only English prelate whose name would be remembered in the next century. Partly, I believe, at my instance, Mrs. Carlyle invited Colenso to one of her tea-parties, but it was evident that he suited her no better than her husband. I told her so, and had this note in reply:—

Oh, my dear Mr. Froude, I surely couldn't have looked so bored as that. I couldn't because I wasn't. I own to feeling rather antipathetic to that anomalous bishop. A man arrived at the years of discretion wearing an absurd little black silk apron, disturbs my artistic feelings to begin with. Then consider whom I am descended from, the woman who when King James offered to

make her husband a bishop if she would persuade him to return to his country and be a peaceable subject, held up her apron and answered, '*I would rather kepp his head in there.*' Add to all this that I strongly believe with a German friend of mine, that it is *the mixing up of things* which is *the Great Bad!* and that this particular bishop mixes up a black silk apron with arithmetical confutation of the Bible, and you will allow that I have better reason than a woman usually has for first impressions, why I should not *take to* Colenso. But I was really not bored that day. *You* came with him; *you* were there; and, without meaning to say anything pretty (which is far from my line), I am always so pleased to see you, that were you to come accompanied by the—the—*first gentleman in England*, I should rather than that you didn't come at all.

Literature was another subject on which Carlyle often talked with me. In his Craigenputtock Essays he had spoken of literature as the highest of human occupations, as the modern priesthood, &c., and so to the last he thought of it when it was the employment of men whom nature had furnished gloriously for that special task, like Goethe and Schiller. But for the writing function in the existing generation of Englishmen he had nothing but contempt. A 'man of letters,' a man who had taken to literature as a means of living, was generally some one who had gone into it because he was unfit for better work, because he was too vain or too self-willed to travel along the beaten highways, and his writings, unless he was one of a million, began and ended in nothing. Life was action, not talk. The speech, the book, the review or newspaper article was so much force expended—force lost to practical usefulness. When a man had *uttered* his thoughts, still more when he was always uttering them, he no longer even attempted to translate them into act. He said once to me that England had produced her greatest men before she began to have a literature at all. Those Barons who signed their charter by dipping the points of their steel gauntlets in the ink, had more *virtue*,

manhood, practical force and wisdom than any of their successors, and when the present disintegration had done its work, and healthy organic tissue began to form again, tongues would not clatter as they did now. Those only would speak who had call to speak. Even the Sunday sermons would cease to be necessary. A man was never made wiser or better by talking or being talked to. He was made better by being trained in habits of industry, by being enabled to *do* good useful work and earn an honest living by it. His excuse for his own life was that there had been no alternative. Sometimes he spoke of his writings as having a certain value; generally, however, as if they had little, and now and then as if they had none. 'If there be one thing,' he said, 'for which I have no special talent, it is literature. If I had been taught to *do* the simplest useful thing, I should have been a better and happier man. All that I can say for myself is, that I have done my best.' A strange judgment to come from a man who has exerted so vast an influence by writing alone. Yet in a sense it was true. If literature means the expression by thought or emotion, or the representation of facts in completely beautiful *form*, Carlyle *was* inadequately gifted for it. But his function was not to please, but to instruct. Of all human writings, those which perhaps have produced the deepest effect on the history of the world have been St. Paul's Epistles. What Carlyle had he had in common with St. Paul: extraordinary intellectual insight, extraordinary sincerity, extraordinary resolution to speak out the truth as he perceived it, as if driven on by some impelling internal necessity. He and St. Paul—I know not of whom else the same thing could be said—wrote as if they were pregnant with some world-important idea, of which they were labouring to be delivered, and the effect is the more striking from the abruptness and want of artifice in the utterance. Whether Carlyle would have been happier,

more useful, had he been otherwise occupied, I cannot say. He had a fine aptitude for all kinds of business. In any practical problem, whether of politics or private life, he had his finger always, as if by instinct, on the point upon which the issue would turn. Arbitrary as his temperament was, he could, if occasion rose, be prudent, forbearing, dexterous, adroit. He would have risen to greatness in any profession which he had chosen, but in such a world as ours he must have submitted, in rising, to the '*half-sincerities*,' which are the condition of success. We should have lost the Carlyle that we know. It is not certain that we should have gained an equivalent of him.

This is the sort of thing which I used daily to hear from Carlyle. His talk was not always, of course, on such grave matters. He was full of stories, anecdotes of his early life, or of people that he had known.

For more than four years after our walks began, he was still engaged with 'Frederick.' He spoke freely of what was uppermost in his mind, and many scenes in the history were rehearsed to me before they appeared, Voltaire, Maupertuis, Chatham, Wolfe being brought up as living figures. He never helped himself with gestures, but his voice was as flexible as if he had been trained for the stage. He was never tedious, but dropped out picture after picture in inimitable finished sentences. He was so quiet, so unexaggerative, so well-humoured in these private conversations, that I could scarcely believe he was the same person whom I used to hear declaim in the Pamphlet time. Now and then, if he met an acquaintance who might say a foolish thing, there would come an angry sputter or two; but he was generally so patient, so forbearing, that I thought age had softened him, and I said so one day to Mrs. Carlyle. She laughed and told him of it. 'I wish,' she said, 'Froude had seen you an hour or two after you seemed to him so lamblike.' But I was re-

lating what he was as I knew him, and as I always found him from first to last.

To go on with the story:—

Through the winter of 1862–3 Mrs. Carlyle seemed tolerably well. The weather was warm. She had no serious cold. She was very feeble, and lay chiefly on the sofa, but she contrived to prevent Carlyle from being anxious about her. He worked without respite, rode, except on walking days, chiefly late in the afternoon, in the dark in the winter months, about the environs of London; and the roaring of the suburban trains and the gleam of the green and crimson signal lamps were wildly impressive to him. On his return he would lie down in his dressing-gown by the drawing-room fire, smoking up the chimney, while she would amuse him with accounts of her daily visitors. She was a perfect artist, and could carve a literary vignette out of the commonest materials. These were his happiest hours, and his only mental refreshment. In November, 1862, Lord Ashburton fell ill at Paris, and there were fears for his life. 'His death,' Carlyle said, 'would be a heavy loss and sorrow to us, a black consummation of what there has already been.' But the alarm passed off for the time. 'We are both of us,' he reported at the end of December, 'what we call well; indeed, for my own part, I am really in full average case, as if I had got little or no permanent damage from this hideous pfluister of a book, which I can hope is now looking towards its finis. I have done the battle of Rossbach (Satan thank it!). Battle of Leuthen, siege of Olmütz lie in the rough (not very bad, I hope). After that there is only Hochkirch. Rigorous abridgment after that. One short book, I hope, will then end the Seven Years' War; and then there is one other. After that, home, like the stick of a rocket.'

Age so far was dealing kindly with him. There was

no falling off in bodily strength. His eyes were failing slightly, but they lasted out his life. His right hand had begun to shake a little, and this unfortunately was to develop till he was eventually disabled from writing; but as yet about himself there was nothing to give him serious uneasiness. A misfortune, however, was hanging over him of another kind, which threatened to upset the habits of his life. All his days he had been a fearless rider. He had a loose seat and a careless hand, but he had come to no misfortune, owing, he thought, to the good sense of his horse, which was much superior to that of most of his biped acquaintances. Fritz, even Fritz, was now to misbehave.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: February 13, 1863.

I have been very unlucky, or my excellent old horse was, twice over last week, Tuesday and Friday. Think as you read. I had let the old fellow rest on Monday. Tuesday I tumbled out, and finding rain, snatched my mackintosh cloak and got away. Fritz very lively; wind so loud that, being then in crisis of interior, I resolved to go at walk. Till the Marble Arch, Hyde Park, we did very well, but the wind being right ahead, and mackintosh given to rattle, the old scoundrel determined on a caper; my hat blew off me; hands under the mackintosh. A labourer picked up the hat, tried to wipe some of the mud off it, Fritz prancing all the while. I had no coppers in my pocket, drew out my purse to give sixpence to the man, crushed on the hat, and galloped home. At night I discovered that I had no purse. In the tempest of rattling and prancing and embarrassed hurrying, I had stuck it, not into my pocket again, but past my pocket, and it was gone, twelve or ten shillings in it. That was misadventure first, *Nichts zu bedeuten* in comparison. Till Friday I daily rode the old scoundrel. On Friday, without the least warning or cause, he came smash down, lying flat on the ground for one quarter of an instant, had done me no mischief at all, sprang up and trotted half a mile (greatly ashamed of himself, I suppose); when looking over his shoulder I saw the blood streaming over his hoof, drew bridle, dismounted, found the knees quite smashed, and except slowly home have ridden no more since. Jane will not hear of my ever

riding him again, nor in real truth is it proper. *Finis* therefore in that department. I have been extremely sorry for my poor old fourfooted friend. *Ganz treu* he constantly and wonderfully was; and now, what to do with myself! or how to dispose of poor Fritz. Of course I can sell him; have him knocked down at Tattersall's for a 10*l.* or an old song; and then (as he goes delirious under violent usage and is frightened for running swift in harness) get the poor creature scourged to death in a horrible way, after all the 20,000 faithful miles he has carried me, and the wild puddles and lonely dark times we have had together. I cannot bear to think of that. He is a strong healthy horse, loyal and peaceable and *wise* as horse ever was.

Fritz was sold for nine pounds. What became of him further I never heard. Lady Ashburton supplied his place with another, equally good and almost with Fritz's intellect. Life went on as before after this interruption, and leaves little to record. On April 29 he writes:—

I had to go yesterday to Dickens's Reading, 8 p.m., Hanover Rooms, to the complete upsetting of my evening habitudes and spiritual composure. Dickens does do it capitally, such as *it* is; acts better than any Macready in the world; a whole tragic, comic, heroic *theatre* visible, performing under one *hat*, and keeping us laughing—in a sorry way, some of us thought—the whole night. He is a good creature, too, and makes fifty or sixty pounds by each of these readings.'

From dinner parties he had almost wholly withdrawn, but in the same letter he mentions one to which he had been tempted by a new acquaintance, who grew afterwards into a dear and justly valued friend, Miss Davenport Bromley. He admired Miss Bromley from the first, for her light, airy ways, and compared her to a 'flight of larks.'

Summer came, and hot weather; he descended from his garret to the awning in the garden again. By August he was tired, 'Frederick' spinning out beyond expectation, and he and Mrs. Carlyle went for a fortnight to the Grange. Lord Ashburton seemed to have recovered, but

was very delicate. There was no party, only Venables, the guest of all others whom Carlyle best liked to meet. The visit was a happy one, a gleam of pure sunshine before the terrible calamity which was now impending.

One evening, after their return, Mrs. Carlyle had gone to call on a cousin at the post office in St. Martin's Lane. She had come away, and was trying to reach an omnibus, when she was thrown by a cab on the kerbstone. Her right arm being disabled by neuralgia, she was unable to break her fall. The sinews of one thigh were sprained and lacerated, and she was brought home in a fly in dreadful pain. She knew that Carlyle would be expecting her. Her chief anxiety, she told me, was to get into the house without his knowledge, to spare him agitation. For herself, she could not move. She stopped at the door of Mr. Larkin, who lived in the adjoining house in Cheyne Row, and asked him to help her. The sound of the wheels and the noise of voices reached Carlyle in the drawing-room. He rushed down, and he and Mr. Larkin together bore her up the stairs, and laid her on her bed. There she remained, in an agony which, experienced in pain as she was, exceeded the worst that she had known. Carlyle was not allowed to know how seriously she had been injured. The doctor and she both agreed to conceal it from him, and during those first days a small incident happened, which she herself described to me, showing the distracting want of perception which sometimes characterized him—a want of perception, not a want of feeling, for no one could have felt more tenderly. The nerves and muscles were completely disabled on the side on which she had fallen, and one effect was that the under jaw had dropped, and that she could not close it. Carlyle always disliked an open mouth; he thought it a sign of foolishness. One morning, when the pain was at its worst, he came into her room, and stood looking at her, leaning on the mantel-

piece. 'Jane,' he said presently, 'ye had better shut your mouth.' She tried to tell him that she could not. 'Jane,' he began again, 'ye'll find yourself in a more compact and pious frame of mind, if ye shut your mouth.' In old-fashioned and, in him, perfectly sincere phraseology he told her that she ought to be thankful that the accident was no worse. Mrs. Carlyle hated cant as heartily as he, and to her, in her sore state of mind and body, such words had a flavour of cant in them. True herself as steel, she would not bear it. 'Thankful!' she said to him; 'thankful for what? for having been thrown down in the street when I had gone on an errand of charity? for being disabled, crushed, made to suffer in this way? I am not thankful, and I will not say that I am.' He left her, saying he was sorry to see her so rebellious. We can hardly wonder after this that he had to report sadly to his brother: 'She speaks little to me, and does not accept me as a sick nurse, which, truly, I had never any talent to be.'

Of course he did not know at first her real condition. She had such indomitable courage that she persuaded him that she was actually better off since she had become helpless than 'when she had been struggling to go out daily and returned done up, with her joints like to fall in pieces.' For a month she could not move—at the end of it she was able to struggle to her feet and crawl occasionally into the adjoining room. Carlyle was blind. Seven weeks after the accident he could write: 'She actually sleeps better, eats better, and is cheerfuller than formerly. For perhaps three weeks past she has been hitching about with a stick. She can walk too, but slowly without stick. In short she is doing well enough—as indeed am I, and have need to be.'

He had need to be, for he had just discovered that he could not end with 'Frederick' like a rocket-stick, but that there must be a new volume; and for his sake, and

knowing how the truth, if he was aware of it, would agitate him, with splendid heroism she had forced herself prematurely to her feet again, the mental resolution conquering the weakness of the body. She even received visitors again, and in the middle of November, I and my own wife once more spent an evening there.[1] But it was the last exertion which she was able to make. The same night there came on neuralgic pain—rather torture than pain—of which the doctor could give no explanation. 'A mere cold,' he said, 'no cause for alarm;' but the weeks went on and there was no abatement, still pain in every muscle, misery in every nerve, no sleep, no rest from suffering night or day—save in faint misleading intervals—and Carlyle knew at last how it was with her, and had to go on with his work as he could.

'We are in great trouble,' he wrote on the 29th of December, in one of those intervals, 'trouble, anxiety, and confusion. Poor Jane's state is such as to fill us with the saddest thoughts. She does not gather strength—how can she! She is quieter in regard to pain. The neuralgia and other torments have sensibly abated, not ceased. She also eats daily a little—that is one clearly good symptom. But her state is one of weakness, utter restlessness, depression, and misery, such a scene as I never was in before. If she could only get a little sleep, but she cannot hitherto. To-night, by Barnes's advice and her own reluctant consent, she is to try morphine again. God of His mercy grant that it may prosper! There has been for ten days a complete cessation of all druggings and opiate abominations. They did her a great deal of mischief instead of any good. . . . I still try to hope and believe that my poor little woman *is* a little thought better, but it is miserable to see how low and wretched she is, and under what wearing pain she passes her sleepless nights and days. In health I am myself as well as usual, which surely is a blessing. I keep busy too in all available moments. Work *done* is the one consolation left me.'

Other remedies failing, the last chance was in change and sea air. Dr. Blakeston, an accomplished physician at

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 272.

St. Leonards, whose wife was an old friend of Mrs. Carlyle, offered to receive her as a guest. She was taken thither in a 'sick carriage,' in construction and appearance something like a hearse, in the beginning of March. Carlyle attended her down, left her, with her cousin Maggie Welsh, in the Blakestons' affectionate hands, and himself returned to his solitary home and task. There, in Hades as he called it, he sate toiling on, watching for the daily bulletins, now worse, now a little better, his own letters full of passionate grief and impatience with intruders, who came with the kindest purpose to enquire, but just then could better have been spared.

'I was left well alone last night,' he wrote on the 15th of March, 'and sate at least silent in my gloom. On Sunday came G. to enquire for Mrs. C. His enquiry an offence to me. I instantly walked him out, but had to go talking with him, mere *fire and brimstone* upon suet dumpling, progress of the species, &c. &c., all the way to Hyde Park. What does the foolish ball of tallow want with me?'

Sorrows did not come single. Ten days later came news that Lord Ashburton was dead, the dearest friend that had been left to him. As an evidence of regard Lord A. had left him 2,000*l*., or rather had not left it, but had desired that it should be given to him, that there might be no deduction for legacy duty. It was a small matter at such a moment that there appeared in the 'Saturday Review' 'an extremely contemptible notice, hostile if the dirty puppy dared,' on the last published volumes of 'Frederick.' This did not even vex him, 'was not worth a snuff of tobacco;' only he thought it was a pity that Venables just then should have allowed the book to fall into unworthy hands. He wrote to his wife daily—a few words to satisfy her that he was well. At length the absence from her became unbearable. He took a house at St. Leonards, to which she could be removed; and, leaving Cheyne Row to the care of Mr. Larkin, he went down,

with his work, to join her. Most things in this world have their sunny side—the planet itself first, and then the fortunes of its occupants. His grief and anxiety had convinced Mrs. Carlyle of her husband's real love for her, which she had long doubted. But that was all, for her sufferings were of a kind which few human frames could bear without sinking under them. Carlyle was patient and tender; all was done for her which care and love could provide; she had not wholly lost her strength or energy; but the pain and sleeplessness continued week after week without sign of abating. They remained at St. Leonards till the middle of July, when desperate, after twelve nights absolutely without sleep of any kind, she rallied her force, rose, and went off, under John Carlyle's charge, through London to Annandale, there to shake off the horrible enchantment or else to die.

It was on the eve of her birthday that she made her flight. No one was more absolutely free than she was from superstition, but times and seasons were associated with human feelings; she might either end her life altogether or receive a fresh lease of it. Carlyle remained at St. Leonards, to gather his books and papers together. She was to go first to his sister, Mrs. Austin, at the Gill. 'Oh what a birthday is this for thee!' he cried after her, 'flying from the tormentor, panting like the hunted doe with all the hounds of the pit in chase. Poor Mary will do her very best and sisterliest for you; a kinder soul is not on earth.' The violent revulsion, strange to say, for a time succeeded. The journey did not hurt her. She recovered sleep a little, strength a little. Slowly, very slowly and with many relapses, she rallied into a more natural state, first at the Gill and afterwards with the Russells in Nithsdale.[1] Carlyle could not follow except

[1] For the Russells and all they did for Mrs. Carlyle, see *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 300 *et seq.*

with his heart, but the thoughts which he could spare from his work were given to what he would do for her if she was ever restored to him alive.

There was to be no more hiring of carriages, no more omnibuses. She was henceforth to have a brougham of her own. Her room in Cheyne Row in which she had so suffered, was re-papered, re-arranged, with the kind help of Miss Bromley, that she might be surrounded with objects unassociated with the past.

Here are a series of extracts from the letters which he wrote to her:—

Chelsea: July 29, 1864.

People do not help me much. Oh darling, when will you come back and protect me? God above will have arranged that for both of us, and it will be His will not ours that can rule it. My thoughts are a prayer for my poor little life-partner who has fallen lame beside me after travelling so many steep and thorny ways. I will stop this, lest I fall to crying altogether.

August 1.

Worked too late yesterday. Walked out for exercise at 7 P.M. Wild, windy sky. Streets—thank God!—nearly empty; rain threatening. My walk was gloomy, *sad* as death, but not provoking, not so miserable as many. Gloom, sorrow; but instead of rage—suppressed rage as too often—pious grief, heavy but blessed rather. I read till midnight, then out again, solitary as a ghost, and to bed about one. I see nobody, wish to see nobody.

August 2.

I am out of sorts; no work hardly; and run about as miserable as my worst enemy could wish; and my poor little friend of friends, she has fallen wounded to the ground and I am alone—alone! My spirits are quite sunk; my hand is quite out. Postman Bullock wants me to get his son promoted. Can't I? Somebody else wants 50*l.* till he prove the Bible out of square. Another requests me to induct him into literature. Another to say how he can save mankind, which is much his wish, &c.

August 3.

Your poor nervous system ruined, not by those late months only, but by long years of more or less the like! Oh, you have had a hard life! I, too, not a soft one: but yours beside me! Alas!

alas! I am better than yesterday, still not quite up to par. The noises have considerably increased about me, but I care much less about them in general. Night always brings her coolness, her silence, which is an infinite solace to us, body and soul. Nothing of blockhead mankind's procedure seems madder and even more condemnable to me than this of their brutish bedlamitish creation of needless noises.

August 4.

What a blessed course of religious industry is that of Scotland, to guard against letters coming or going so many days every month. The seventh day, fourth part of a lunation; that is the real fact it all rests on; and such a hubbub made of it by the vile flunkey souls who call themselves special worshippers of the Most High. Mumbo Jumbo on the coast of Guinea almost seems a shade more respectable.

I was absent from London during the summer. I had heard that the Carlyles had left St. Leonards and that she was in Scotland, and I wrote to him under the impression that she must be recovering. He answered that I had been *far* too hopeful.

Chelsea: August 6.

The accounts have mostly been bad; but for two days past seem (to myself) to indicate something of real improvement. I am always very sanguine in the matter; but get the saddest rebukes, as you see. God only knows what is to become of it all. But I keep as busy as the Fates will allow, and in that find the summary of any consolation that remains to me. My progress is, as it has always been, frightfully slow; but, if I live a few months, I always think I shall get the accursed millstone honourably sawed from my neck, and once more revisit the daylight and the dry land, and see better what steps are to be taken. I have no company here but my horse. Indeed I have mainly consorted with my horse for eight years back—and he, the staff of my life otherwise, is better company than any I could get at present in these latitudes—an honest creature that is always candid with me and rationally useful in a small way, which so few are. Wish me well and return, the sooner the better. How well I remember the last night you and Mrs. Froude were here! It was the last sight I had of my poor little life-companion still afoot by my side, cheerily footing

the rough ways along with me, not overwhelmed in wild deluges of misery as now. *At spes infracta!* This is the Place of Hope.—Yours ever, T. C.

To her his letters continued constant, his spirits varying with her accounts of herself, but, as he had said to me, always trying to be sanguine.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Chelsea.: August 11.

Oh, what a deliverance to the loaded heart of me—one ought not to be so desperate, but I was too early awake again, and flesh is weak. Oh, I am so sad, sad, sad, but have often been more miserable far. The sorrow has *forgiveness* in it, reconciliation to all men and things, especially to all men, not secret rage and vain struggle, as too often. Oh, do but get better, my own Schatz. We shall have good days yet, please God.

August 18.

May I really think the vengeful Furies are abating, going gradually to *their* homes—and that my poor little Eurydice will come back again and make me rich. God of His mercy grant it to me and you. Amen! What a humiliated, broken-down, poor cheepy wretch I am! Condemned to dwell among the pots and live upon unclean blockheadism, and hug foul creatures to my bosom, coaxing them to tell me what they know, these long years past, till I feel *myself* to have become foul and blockheadish. On, on, to get it pitched away from me into the bottomless Pool!

August 25.

The girls are raging and scrubbing; the curtains all on the ropes in the garden. Cat, with miniature black likeness of herself, contemplatively wandering among the skirts of them. Not a mouse stirring! Oh dear! I wish my Goody was back, but I won't be impatient. Oh, no, no; as long as I hear of her getting inch by inch into her old self again. The heavens truly are merciful and gracious to me, though they load my back rather sore.

August 29–30.

The blessed silence of Sabbath. Nobody loves his Sabbath as I do. There is something quite divine to me in that cessation of barrel organs, pianos, tumults, and jumblings. I easily do a better day's work than on any other day of the seven; and, if left alone, have a solemn kind of sadness, a gloom of mind which, though

heavy to bear, is not unallied with sacredness and blessedness. . . . Poor little soul! You are the helm, intellect of the house. Nobody else has the least skill in steering. My poor scissors, for example, you would find them in perhaps five minutes. Nobody else I think will in five months. 'Nowhere to be found, sir.' 'Can't find them,' say they, as so many rabbits or blue-bottle flies might.

August 31.[1]

It is the waest and forlornest-looking thing, like to make me cry outright. Indeed, I often feel, if I could sit down and *greet* for a whole day it would be an infinite relief to me, but one's eyes grow dry. What a quantity of *greeting*, too, one used to do in the beginning of life. . . . I am but low-spirited, you see. Want of *potatoes*, I am ashamed to say, is the source of everything, and I will give up.

September 8-9.

Oh, how I wish I had you here again, ill or not ill. We will try to bear the yoke together, and the sight of your face will do my sick heart good. . . . Your account would have made me quite glad again, had not my spirits been otherwise below par. Want of potatoes, want of regular bodily health, nay—it must be admitted—I am myself too irregular with no Goody near me. If I were but regular! There will be nothing for it but that you come home and regulate.

September 20.

You are evidently suffering much. I cannot help you at all. The only thing I can do is to wish for you here again, such as you are; quiet at your own chimney-nook where it would be new life to me to see you sitting, never so lame if not quite too miserable and not in pain *un*endurable. Endurable or not, we two, and not any other body, are the natural bearers of it. . . . Of myself there is nothing to record, but a gallop of excellence yesterday, an evening to myself altogether, almost incapable, not quite, and a walk under the shining skies between twelve and one a.m. The weather is as beautiful as it can be. Silent strangely when the infernal cockneyisms sink away—so silent, brilliant, sad, that I was like to greet looking at it.

[1] Describing the re-arrangement of her bedroom.

September 22.

I had the pain of *excluding* poor Farie last night. I knew his rap and indeed was peremptory before that. 'Nobody!' But Farie really wishes well to both of us. In my loneliness here it often seems to me as if there was nothing but nasty organ-grinding, misguided, hostile, savage, or indifferent people round me from shore to shore; and Farie's withdrawing footstep had a kind of sadness.

September 27.

It is no wonder, as Jean says, that you are 'blackbased'[1] at such a journey lying ahead, but the real likelihood is it will pass without essential damage to you. You will get to me on Saturday morning, and find me at least, and what home we have on this vexed earth, true to one another while we stay here. The house is quite ready. I shall not be long with my book now. . . . On Sunday in Belgrave Square I met the Dean of Westminster; innocent heterodox soul, *blasé* on toast and water, coming on with his neat black-eyed little Scotch wife. Oh, what inquiries! Really very innocent people, and really interested in you.

September 29.

Oh, my suffering little Jeannie! Not a wink of real sleep again for you. I read (your letter) with that kind of heart you may suppose in the bright beautiful morning; even Margaretta Terrace looking wholesome and kind, while for poor us there is nothing but restless pain and chagrin. And yet, dearest, there is something in your note[2] which is welcomer to me than anything I have yet had—a sound of *piety*, of devout humiliation and gentle hope and submission to the Highest, which affects me much and has been a great comfort for me. Yes, poor darling! This was wanted. Proud stoicism you never failed in, nor do I want you to abate of it. But there is something beyond of which I believe you to have had too little. It softens the angry heart and is far from weakening it—nay, is the final strength of it, the fountain and nourishment of all real strength. Come home to your own poor nest again. That is a good change, and clearly the best of all. Gird your soul heroically together, and let me see you on Saturday by my side again, for weal or woe. We have had a great deal of hard travelling together, we will not break down yet, please God. How

[1] Abased.—It was a phrase of my mother's.—T. C.

[2] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 302.

to thank Dr. and Mrs. Russell for what they have done for you, much more how to repay them, beats all my ingenuity.

And so Mrs. Carlyle came back to Cheyne Row, from which she had been carried six months before as in a hearse, expecting to see it no more. She reappeared in her old circle, weak, shattered, her body worn to a shadow, but with her spirit bright as ever—brighter perhaps; for Carlyle's tenderness in her illness had convinced her that he really cared for her, and the sunset of her married life recovered something of the colours of its morning. He, too sanguine always, persuaded himself that her disorder was now worn out, and that she was on the way to a perfect restoration. She, I think, was under no such illusion. There was a gentle smile in her face, if one ever spoke of it, which showed her incredulity. But from London she took no hurt. She seemed rather to gain strength than to lose it. To her friends she was as risen from the dead, and it was a pleasure to her to see how dear she was to them and with what eagerness they pressed forward to be of use. No one could care *a little* for Mrs. Carlyle, and the singular nature of her illness added to the interest which was felt for her. She required new milk in the morning. A supply was sent in daily, fresh from the Rector's cow. The brougham was bought, and she had a childlike pride in it, as her husband's present. 'Strange and precious to look back upon,' he says, 'those last eighteen months as of a second youth—almost a second childhood, with the wisdom and graces of old age, which by Heaven's great mercy were conceded to her and me.'

'Frederick' was finished in January, the last of Carlyle's great works, the last and grandest of them. 'The dreary task, and the sorrows and obstructions attending it,' 'a magazine of despairs, impossibilities, and ghastly difficulties never known but to himself, and by himself never to be forgotten,' all was over, 'locked away and the key

turned on it.' 'It nearly killed me' [he says in his journal], 'it, and my poor Jane's dreadful illness, now happily over. No sympathy could be found on earth for those horrid struggles of twelve years, nor happily was any needed. On Sunday evening in the end of January (1865) I walked out, with the multiplex feeling—joy not very prominent in it, but a kind of solemn thankfulness traceable, that I had written the last sentence of that unutterable book, and, contrary to many forebodings in bad hours, had actually got done with it for ever.'

'Frederick' was translated instantly into German, and in Germany, where the conditions were better known in which Carlyle had found his materials, there was the warmest appreciation of what he had done. The sharpest scrutiny only served to show how accurate was the workmanship. Few people anywhere in Europe dreamt twenty years ago of the position which Germany, and Prussia at the head of it, were so soon to occupy. Yet Carlyle's book seemed to have been composed in conscious anticipation of what was coming. He had given a voice to the national feeling. He had brought up as it were from the dead the creator of the Prussian monarchy, and had replaced him among his people as a living and breathing man. He had cleared the air for the impending revolution, and Europe, when it came, could see how the seed had grown which had expanded into the German Empire.

In England it was at once admitted that a splendid addition had been made to the national literature. The book contained, if nothing else, a gallery of historical figures executed with a skill which placed Carlyle at the head of literary portrait painters. The English mind remains insular and is hard to interest supremely in any history but its own. The tone of 'Frederick' nowhere harmonized with popular sentiment among us, and every page contained something to offend. Yet even in England it was

better received on its first appearance than any of Carlyle's other works had been, and it gave solidity and massiveness to his already brilliant fame. No critic, after the completion of 'Frederick,' challenged Carlyle's right to a place beside the greatest of English authors, past or present.

He had sorely tried America; but America forgave his sarcasms—forgot the 'smoky chimney,' forgot the 'Iliad in a Nutshell,' and was cordially and enthusiastically admiring. Emerson sent out a paragraph, which went the round of the Union, that '"Frederick" was the wittiest book that was ever written; a book that one would think the English people would rise up in mass and thank the author for by cordial acclamation, and signify, by crowning him with oak leaves, their joy that such a head existed among them;' 'while sympathising and much-reading America would make a new treaty, or send a Minister Extraordinary to offer congratulations of honouring delight to England in acknowledgment of this donation.' A rather sanguine expectation on Emerson's part! England has ceased to stone or burn her prophets, but she does not yet make them the subject of international treaties. She crowns with oak leaves her actors and her prima-donnas, her politicians, who are to-day her idols, and to-morrow will find none so poor to do them reverence; to wise men she is contented to pay more moderate homage, and leaves the final decorating work to time and future generations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A.D. 1865–6. ÆT. 70–71.

'Frederick' completed—Summer in Annandale—Mrs. Carlyle in Nithsdale—Visit to Linlathen—Thomas Erskine—The Edinburgh Rectorship—Feelings in Cheyne Row about it—Ruskin's 'Ethics of the Dust.'

THE last proofs of 'Frederick' being corrected and dismissed, the Carlyles went down, in the spring of 1865, to stay with Lady Ashburton at a seaside cottage at Seaton, in Devonshire. They spent a few quiet weeks there, and then went home again—Carlyle, so he says, to 'sink and sink into ever new depths of stupefaction and dark misery of body and mind.' He was a restless spirit. When busy, he complained that his work was killing him; when he was idle, his mind preyed upon itself. Perhaps, as was generally the case, he exaggerated his own discomforts. Long before he had told his family, when he had terrified them with his accounts of himself, that they ought to know that when he cried Murder he was not always being killed. When his soul seemed all black, the darkness only broken by lightnings, he was aware that sometimes it was only a want of potatoes. Still, in the exhaustion which followed on long exertion he was always wildly humoured. About May he found that he wanted fresh change. Something was amiss with Mrs. Carlyle's right arm, so that she had lost the use of it for writing. She seemed well otherwise, however; she had no objection to being left alone, and he set off for Annandale, where he had not been for three

years. 'Poor old Scotland!' he said, 'it almost made me greet when I saw it again, and the first sound of a Scotch guard, and his broad accent, was strange and affecting to me.' His wife and he had grown but 'a feckless pair of bodies,' 'a pair of miserable creatures,' but they would not 'tine heart;' and at the house of his sister, Mrs. Austin, he found the most careful preparations for his comfort—'new pipes,' 'new towels,' 'new, excellent potatoes,' 'a new sofa to lie down upon after his rides,' everything that his heart could wish for.

Not a sound all night at the Gill, he wrote, after his arrival, except, at stated times, the grinding, brief clash of the railway, which, if I hear it at all, is a lash or loud crack of the *Mammon whip*, going on at present over all the earth, on the enslaved backs of men; I alone enfranchised from it, nothing to do but hear it savagely clashing, breaking God Almighty's silence in that fatal or tragic manner, saying—not to me—'Ye accursed slaves!'

Mrs. Carlyle made shift to write to him with the hand which was left to her; lively as ever, careful, for his sake, to take her misfortunes lightly. He, on his part, was admiringly grateful.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

The Gill, June 9.

Thanks for the struggle you have made to get me a word of authentic tidings sent. I can read perfectly your poor little left-hand lessons, and wonder at the progress you have made. Don't be impious, however. Your poor right hand will be restored to you, please God; and we may depend upon it, neither the coming nor the going in such cases goes by the rule of caprice. Alas! what a time we have all got into! I finished last night the dullest thick book, long-winded, though intelligent, of Lyell; and the tendency of it, very impotent, was, upon the whole, to prove that we are much the same as the apes; that Adam was probably no other than a fortunate ourang-outang who succeeded in rising in the world. May the Lord confound all such dreary insolences of loquacious blockheadism, entitling itself Science. Science, as the understanding of things worth knowing, was once a far different

matter from this melancholy maundering and idle looking into the unknowable, and apparently the *not* worth knowing.

He had his horse with him—Fritz's successor, Lady Ashburton's present, whom he called Noggs. On Noggs's back he wandered round the old neighbourhood, which he had first known as a schoolboy, and then as usher.

Poor old Annan! he wrote. There the old houses stood, a bleared evening sun shining as if in anger on them; but the disagreeable, mostly paltry living creatures who used to vex me in those days were all gone. The old Academy House! what a considerable stride to the New Academy I have been in for some time, and am thinking soon to quit. Good night, ye of the paltry type—ye of the lovely, too. Good, and good only, be with you all! Noggs and I, after these reflections, started at a mighty pace for Cummertrees, wind howling direct in our faces, and were there just as a luggage train was passing, amid tempests of muddy smoke, with a shrieking storm of discord, which Noggs could not but pause to watch the passage of, with a mixture of wonder and abhorrence. The waving of the woods about Kelhead, grandly soughing in the windy sunset, soon hushed the mind of both of us to a better tone, if not a much gladder.

Again:—

June–July, 1865.

My rides are very strange, in the mood so foreign as mine. Last night, 6 to 8 p.m., was a perfect whirlwind, as the day had been, though otherwise fresh and genial. I went for the first time by the Priest-side Sands. Noggs had some reluctance to put forth his speed in the new element: strong tempests on the right eye; on the left the far-off floods of Solway; Criffel and the mountains, with the foreground of flat sand, in parts white with salt, right ahead. But I made the dog go, and had really a very interesting gallop, as different from that of Rotten Row as could well be. 'Oh, rugged and all-supporting mother!' says Orestes, addressing the earth. One has now no other sermon in the world, not a mockery and a sham, but that of these telluric and celestial silences, broken by such winds as there may be.

So went Carlyle's summer at the Gill. She meanwhile, dispirited by her lamed hand, and doubtful of the future,

resolved that she, too, would see Scotland once more before she died. Not guessing how ill all was with her about the heart, he wished her to join him at his sister's.

I am doing myself good in respect of health, he said, though still in a tremulous state of nerves, and altogether sombre and sad and vacant. My hand is given to shake. Alas! what is shaking to other states we know of? I am solitary as I wished to be, and do not object to the gloom and dispiritment, going down to the utterly dark. If they like to rest there, let them. The world has become in many parts hideous to me. Its highest high no longer looks very high to me; only my poor heart, strange to say, is not very much blunted by all it has got. In the depths of silent sadness, I feel as if there were still as much love in me—all gone to potential tears—as there was in my earliest day.

Mrs. Carlyle was proud of her husband; she honoured his character, she gloried in his fame, and she was sure of his affection. But in her sick state she needed rest, and rest, when the dark spirit was on him, she could not find at his side. He had his sister with him; he had his brother James close at hand. To these kind kindred she might safely leave him; and she went on past Annan to the good Russells in Nithsdale, who had nursed her in the past year. Carlyle wished her only to do what would give her most pleasure. He went to see her at Thornhill, met her at Dumfries, was satisfied to know that she was in safe hands, and was blind to the rest.

There was in you [he wrote, after one of these meetings] such a geniality and light play of spirit, when you got into talk, as was quite surprising to me, and had a fine beauty in it, though very sorrowful. Courage! By-and-by we shall see the end of this long lane, as we have done of others, and all will be better than it now is.

His own life 'was the nearest approach to zero that any son of Adam could make.' He read 'his Boileau' lying on the grass, 'sauntered a minimum,' 'rode a maximum,' sometimes even began to think of work again, as if such

idleness were disgraceful. For her, evidently, he was in no alarm at all. After her birthday, he paid a visit to his old friend, Mr. Spedding, at Mirehouse, near Keswick. Spedding himself (elder brother of James, the editor of 'Bacon') he thought one of the best men he had ever known. There were three 'beautiful young ladies,' Mr. Spedding's daughters. Mirehouse was beautiful, and so were the ways of it; 'everything nice and neat, dairy, cookery, lodging rooms. *Simplex munditiis* the real title of it, not to speak of Skiddaw and the finest mountains of the earth.' He must have enjoyed himself indeed, when he could praise so heartily. 'My three days at Keswick,' he said when they were over, 'are as a small polished flagstone, which I am not sorry to have intercalated in the rough floor of boulders which my sojourn otherwise has been in these parts.'

To Mrs. Carlyle Nithsdale this time had been a failure. The sleeplessness came on again, and she fled back to Cheyne Row. 'Poor witch-hunted Goody,' he said; 'was there ever such a chase of the fiends?' Miss Bromley took charge of her at Folkestone, from which she was able to send a brighter account of herself. He, meanwhile, lingered on at his brother's at Scotsbrig.

I am the idlest and most contented of men, he said, would things but let me alone, and time stay still. The clearness of the air here, the old hill-tops and grassy silences—it is with a strange acquiescence that I fancy myself as bidding probably farewell to them for the last time. Annandale is gone out of me, lies all stark and dead, as I shall soon do, too. Why not?

The peaceable torpor did not last long. He was roused first into a burst of indignation by reading an 'insolent and vulgar' review upon Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies.' It was written by a man who professed attachment to Mrs. Carlyle. I need not name him; he is dead now, and cannot be hurt by reading Carlyle's description of him to her:

A dirtyish little pug, irredeemably imbedded in commonplace, and grown fat upon it, and prosperous to an unwholesome degree. Don't *you* return his love. Nasty creature! with no eye for the beautiful, and awefully interesting to himself.

In August Carlyle started on a round of visits—to Mr. Erskine at Linlathen, to Sir Willirm Stirling at Keir, to Edinburgh, to Lord and Lady Lothian at Newbattle, and then again to Scotsbrig. At Linlathen as wherever he went, he was a most welcome guest; but he was slightly out of humour there.

The good old St. Thomas, he wrote, seemed to me sometimes to have grown more secular in these his last years; eats better, drinks ditto, and is more at ease in the world: very wearisome, and inclined to feel distressed and to be disputatious on his new theories about God when Sinner Thomas will have nothing to do with them.

Erskine was not conscious of a fall in favour, either for himself or his theories, and his own allusion to Carlyle's visit shows that the differences had not been much accentuated. He had hoped that Mrs. Carlyle would have come with her husband. As she could not, he wrote her an affectionate letter, in which some of the offending theories will perhaps be found.

To Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Linlathen: August 18, 1865.

Beloved Mrs. Carlyle,—I suppose you *could not* have come here, and yet it is with some sorrow that I accept this arrangement, as I scarcely expect to have another sight of your dear face on this earth. One might ask what good would come of it if I had. I can only answer that ever since I have known that face it has been a cordial to me to see it. I am happy to think that you are getting better, and recovering a little strength after that long suffering.

I have a paternal feeling towards you, a tender feeling, as for a child, though you may think I have no right to have such a feeling; and yet your last letter, which was most sweet to my heart, seemed to say that you almost expected such a feeling.

The way in which I should like to express that feeling would be by telling you things which I have myself found to be helpful and supporting in trouble and darkness and confusion; but the difficulty of saying the thing in the right way always stops both mouth and pen. I hope God will speak it to you in his own right way. There is an expression in the 28th Psalm that often comes to me: 'Be not silent unto me, lest I become like those that go down into the pit.' If there be anything that I have a perfect assurance of, it is this, that God is indeed a Father, and that His unchangeable purpose towards me, and you, and all, is to make us *right;* to train us into the capacity of a full sympathy with Himself, and thus to unite us to each other in righteous love. I require such a confidence, and I cling to it, in spite of manifold contradictions.

I am glad to see Mr. Carlyle so well, after passing through such a process. He sits under the same rowan tree that he sate under when here before, in accordance with his conservative fidelity. I have a fellow-feeling with him in many things, and love his singleness of heart and purpose more than I can express.

Ever yours, with true affection,

T. ERSKINE.

Carlyle, for his part, was happy to find himself under his brother's roof again at Scotsbrig.

The truth is [he wrote to his wife], I have nowhere been so comfortably lodged as here just now. Silence, sleep procurable; and, indeed, a kind of feeling that I am a little better really since getting home. All this, added to the loveliest skies I ever saw, clear as diamonds this day, and an earth lying white to the harvest, with monitions in it against human gloom—all this is here; but, as usual, it can only last for a day. My Edinburgh, Keir, &c., fortnight was not without profit, perhaps, though the interest it could have to me was only small; not a single loved face there. Ah me! so few anywhere at this date. The physiognomies, all Scotch, looked curious to me, the changed streets and businesses. The horrors of the railway station called Waverley, where John often had me, are a thing to remember all one's life—perhaps the liveliest emblem of Tartarus this earth affords. Newbattle is fine of its kind, and finely Scotch. Nobody there but the two poor inmates [1] and a good-humoured painter, doing portrait of the lady.

[1] Lord Lothian had been already struck, in the midst of his brilliant promise, by the slow, creeping malady which eventually killed him.

The lady took me out to walk, talked like a sad, serious, enquiring, and intelligent soul; the saddest, thin, kindly, anxious face you could anywhere see. The Marquis did not appear till luncheon; a truly beautiful young man, body and mind, weaker than ever, hands now shaking, eyes beginning to fail, but heart as lively as ever. We had a great deal of innocent, cheerfully reasonable talk, and I daresay my advent might be a kind of relief, like a tree in the steppe, in the melancholy monotony of such a life. Had you and my lady been fairly acquainted, she would have liked you well.

The summer ended, as summers do and summers will, and autumn saw the Carlyles together once more in their Chelsea home, which one of them was not again to leave alive. The great outward event of Carlyle's own life, Scotland's public recognition of him, was now lying close ahead. This his wife was to live to witness as her final happiness in this world. She seemed stronger, slept tolerably, drove about daily in her brougham; occasionally even dined out. Once I remember meeting her and Carlyle this autumn at the Dean of Westminster's, and walking home with him. Once they dined with me to meet Mr. Spedding of Mirehouse, Ruskin, and Dean Milman. Ruskin, I recollect, that night was particularly brilliant, and with her was a special favourite. She was recovering slightly the use of her right hand; she could again write with it; and nothing visible on the surface indicated that danger was near.

I had been at Edinburgh, and had heard Gladstone make his great oration on Homer there, on retiring from office as Rector. It was a grand display. I never recognised before what oratory could do; the audience being kept for three hours in a state of electric tension, bursting every moment into applause. Nothing was said which seemed of moment when read deliberately afterwards; but the voice was like enchantment, and the street, when we left the building, was ringing with a prolongation of the cheers. Perhaps in all Britain there was not a man

whose views on all subjects, in heaven and earth, less resembled Gladstone's than those of the man whom this same applauding multitude elected to take his place. The students too, perhaps, were ignorant how wide the contradiction was; but if they had been aware of it they need not have acted differently. Carlyle had been one of themselves. He had risen from among them—not by birth or favour, not on the ladder of any established profession, but only by the internal force that was in him—to the highest place as a modern man of letters. In 'Frederick' he had given the finish to his reputation; he stood now at the summit of his fame; and the Edinburgh students desired to mark their admiration in some signal way. He had been mentioned before, but he had declined to be nominated, for a party only were then in his favour.

On this occasion the students were unanimous, or nearly so. His own consent was all that was wanting, and the question lay before him whether, hating as he did all public displays, he would accept a quasi-coronation from them.

On November 7, 1865, he wrote to his brother:—

> My Rectorate, it seems, is a thing settled, which by no means oversets my composure with joy! A young Edinburgh man came here two weeks ago to remind me that last time, in flatly refusing, I had partly promised for *this* if my work was done. I objected to the 'speech.' He declared it to be a thing they would dispense with. Well! if *so!* I concluded; but do not as yet see my way through that latter clause, which is the sore one. Indeed, I have yet heard *nothing* official upon it, and did not even see the newspaper paragraph till yesterday. *Hat gar wenig zu bedeuten*, one way or the other.

Hat wenig zu bedeuten. So Carlyle might say—but it was *bedeutend* to him nevertheless, and still more so to his wife. It seemed strange to me, so strange as to be almost incredible, that the Rectorship of a Scotch University could be supposed to add anything to the position which Carlyle had made for himself. But there were peculiar

circumstances which gave to this one special form of recognition an exceptional attractiveness. Carlyle's reputation was English, German, American—Scotch also—but Scotch only to a certain degree. There had always in Scotland been an opposition party; and if the prophet had some honour in his own country, it was less than in other places. At least some feeling of this kind existed in Cheyne Row, though it may have been partly fancy, and due to earlier associations. Carlyle's Edinburgh memories were almost all painful. His University days had been without distinction. They had been followed by dreary schoolmastering days at Kirkcaldy, and the scarcely less dreary years of private tutoring in Edinburgh again. When Miss Welsh, of Haddington, announced that she was to be married to him, the unheard of *mésalliance* had been the scoff of Edinburgh society and of her father's and mother's connections there. It had been hoped after the marriage that some situation might have been found for him, and they had settled in Comely Bank with a view to it. All efforts failed, however, and nothing could be done. At Craigenputtock he laid the foundation of his reputation—but his applications for employment in Scotland had been still refused invariably, and sometimes contumeliously. London treated him, in 1831, as a person of importance; when he spent the winter following in Edinburgh he was coldly received there—received with a dislike which was only not contempt because it was qualified with fear. This was all past and gone, but he had always a feeling that Edinburgh had not treated him well. The Rectorship would be a public acknowledgment that his countrymen had been mistaken about him, and he had an innocent satisfaction in the thought of it. She, too, had a similar feeling. Among old friends of his family, who knew little about literature, there was still an impression that 'Jeannie Welsh had thrown herself away.' They

would be forced to say now that 'Jeannie was right after all.' She laughed when she talked about it, and I could hardly believe that she was serious. But evidently both in him and her some consciousness of the kind was really working, and this perhaps more than anything else determined him to go through with a business which, in detail, was sure to be distressing to him.

Thus it was all settled. Carlyle was chosen Rector of Edinburgh University, and was to be installed in the ensuing spring. The congratulations which poured in all the winter—especially from Mrs. C.'s Scotch kinsfolk—'amused' them. Even a speech had been promised, and so long as it was at a distance seemed not inexecutable.

The Rectorial office, he wrote on December 21 to his brother John, is beginning to promise to be a highly pacific one; and has already shifted itself to a corner of the mind where I seldom remember it, and never almost with anything of anxiety or displeasure. When the time for speaking approaches I shall have to bethink me a little, and be bothered and tumbled about for a week or so; but that done I hope essentially all will be done.

During the winter I saw much of him. He was, for *him*, in good spirits, lighter-hearted than I had ever known him. He would even admit occasionally that he was moderately well in health. Even on the public side of things he fancied that there were symptoms of a possibility of a better day coming. In Ruskin he had ever-increasing hope and confidence.

I have been reading (he says on the same day) a strange little Christmas book of Ruskin's, called 'Ethics of the Dust.' It is all about crystallography, and seems to be, or is, geologically well-informed and correct; but it twists symbolically in the strangest way all its geology into morality, theology, Egyptian mythology, with fiery cuts at political economy; pretending not to know whether the forces and destinies and behaviour of crystals are not very like those of a man! Wonderful to behold. The book is full of admirable talent, with such a faculty of expression in it, or of pieturing out what is meant, as beats all living rivals.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A.D. 1866. ÆT. 71.

Preparations for the Rectorship—Journey to Edinburgh—Tyndall—The Installation—Carlyle's speech—Character of it—Effect upon the world—Cartoon in 'Punch'—Carlyle stays at Scotsbrig to recover—Intended tea-party in Cheyne Row—Sudden death of Mrs. Carlyle—John Forster—Funeral at Haddington—Letters from Erskine—Carlyle's answers.

The time approached for the installation and the delivery of the speech in Edinburgh. Through the winter Carlyle had dismissed it from his mind as the drop of bitter in his cup; but it had now to be seriously faced. To read would have been handiest to him, but he determined to speak. A speech was not an essay. A speech written and delivered, or even written and learnt by heart was to him an imposture, or, at best, an insincerity. He did not seem to be anxious, but anxious he was, and painfully so. He had never spoken in public since the lecture days. He had experienced then that he could do it, and could do it eminently well if he had practised the art—but he had not practised. In private talk he had no living equal; words flowed like Niagara. But a private room among friends, and a hall crowded with strangers where he was to stand up alone under two thousand pairs of eyes, were things entirely different; and Carlyle, with all his imperiousness and high scornful tones, was essentially shy—one of the shyest of men. He resolved, however, as his father used to say, to 'gar himself go through with the thing,' or

at least to try. If he broke down, as he thought that he probably would, he was old and weak, and it could signify little. Still, he says that he 'was very miserable,' 'angry with himself for getting into such a coil of vanity,' provoked that a performance which, to a vulgar orator would be a pride and delight, should to him appear so dreadful. Mrs. Carlyle kept up his spirits, made fun of his fears, bantered him, encouraged him, herself at heart as much alarmed as he was, but conscious, too, of the ridiculous side of it. She had thought of going with him, as she had gone with him to his lectures, but her courage misgave her. Among the freaks of her imagination she fancied that he might fall into a fit, or drop down dead in the excitement. She had herself been conscious lately of curious sensations and sharp twinges, which might mean worse than she knew. A sudden shock might make an end of her also, 'and then there would be a scene.' There would be plenty of friends about him. Huxley was going down, and Tyndall, who, wide as his occupations and line of thought lay from Carlyle's, yet esteemed, honoured, loved him as much as any man living did. Tyndall made himself responsible to Mrs. Carlyle that her husband should be duly attended to on the road and at the scene of action; and to Tyndall's care she was content to leave him. The journey was to be broken at Fryston, where he would be received by Milnes, now Lord Houghton. There he was to stay two nights, and then go on to Scotland.

Accordingly, on Thursday, the 29th of March, at nine a.m., Tyndall appeared with a cab in Cheyne Row, he himself radiant—confident—or if he felt misgivings (I believe he felt none), resolute not to show them. Carlyle submitted passively to his directions, and did not seem outwardly disturbed, 'in the saddest sickly mood, full of gloom and misery; but striving to hide it.' She, it was observed, looked pale and ill, but in those days she sel-

dom looked otherwise. She had been busy providing little comforts for his journey. Remembering the lecture days she gave him her own small travelling flask, with a single glass of brandy in it, that he might mix and drink it in the Hall, and think of her and be inspired.

'The last I saw of her (he says) was as she stood with her back to the parlour door to bid me good-bye. She kissed me twice, she me once, I her a second time.' The cab drove away. They were never to meet again in this world. 'Tyndall,' he says in his journal, 'was kind, cheery, inventive, helpful. The loyallest son could not have more faithfully striven to support his father under every difficulty that rose, and they were many.' In a letter he says, 'Tyndall's conduct to me has been loyalty's own self: no adoring son could have more faithfully watched a decrepit father.' Fryston was reached without misadventure. 'Lord and Lady Houghton's kindness was unbounded.' Tyndall wrote to Mrs. Carlyle daily reporting everything on its brightest side, though the omens did not open propitiously. 'My first night,' he wrote himself, 'owing to railway and other noises, not to speak of excitations, talkings, dinnerings, was totally sleepless; a night of wandering, starting to vain tobacco and utter misery, thought of flying off next morning to Auchtertool for quiet.' Morning light and reflection restored some degree of composure. He was allowed to breakfast alone—Tyndall took him out for a long, brisk ride. He dined again alone, threw himself on a sofa, 'and by Heaven's blessing, had an hour and a half of real sleep.' In his bed he slept again for seven or eight hours, and on the Saturday on which he was to proceed found himself 'a new man.'

Huxley had joined the party at Fryston. Lord Houghton went with them as far as York. The travelling was disagreeable. Carlyle reached Edinburgh in the evening,

'the forlornest of all physical wretches.' There too the first night was 'hideous,' with 'dreadful feelings that speaking would be impossible,' 'that he would utterly break down;' to which he in his mind said, 'well then,' 'and was preparing to treat it with the best contempt he could.' On Sunday, however, he found himself surrounded with friendly faces. Mr. Erskine had come from Linlathen. His two brothers were there from Scotsbrig; all Edinburgh was combining to do him honour, and was hearty and warm and enthusiastic. His dispiritment was not proof against a goodwill which could not but be agreeable. He collected himself, slept well the Sunday night (as felons sleep, he would himself probably have said, the night before execution), and on the Monday was ready for action.

The installation of a Rector is a ceremonious affair. Ponderous robes have to be laid on, and there is a marching in procession of officials and dignitaries in crimson and ermine through the centre of the crowded Hall. The Rector is led to a conspicuous chair; an oath is administered to him, and the business begins.

When Carlyle rose in his seat he was received with an enthusiasm at least as loud as had been shown for Mr. Gladstone—and perhaps the feeling of the students, as he had been one of themselves—was more completely genuine. I believe—for I was not present—that he threw off the heavy academical gown. He had not been accustomed to robes of honour. He had been only a man all his life; he chose to be a man still; about to address a younger generation who had come together to hear something that might be of use to them. He says of himself, 'My speech was delivered as in a mood of defiant despair, and under the pressure of nightmare. Some feeling that I was not speaking lies alone sustained me. The applause, &c., I took for empty noise, which it really was not altogether.'

This is merely his own way of expressing that he was doing what he did not like; that, having undertaken it, he became interested in what he was about, grew possessed with his subject, and fell into the automatic state in which alone either speaking or any other valuable work can be done as it ought to be. His voice was weak. There were no more volleys of the old Annandale grape-shot; otherwise he was easy, fluent, and like himself in his calmest mood.

He began with a pretty allusion to the time when he had first come up (fifty-six years before) to Edinburgh to attend the University classes. Two entire generations had passed away since that time. A third, in choosing him as Rector, was expressing its opinion of the use which he had made of his life, and was declaring that 'he had not been an unworthy labourer in the vineyard.' At his age, and residing as he did, far away in London, he could be of little service to the University, but he might say a few words to the students which might perhaps be of some value to them. In soft, earnest language, with the plainest common sense, made picturesque by the form in which it was expressed, he proceeded to impress on them the elementary duties of diligence, fidelity, and honest exertion, in their present work, as a preparation for their coming life. Their line of study was, in the main, marked out for them. So far as they could choose (after a half-reverent, half-humorous allusion to theology, exactly in the right tone for a modern audience) he advised them to read history—especially Greek and Roman history—and to observe especially how, among these nations, piety and awe of the gods lay at the bottom of their greatness; that without such qualities no man or nation ever came to good. Thence he passed to British history, to Oliver Cromwell, to their own Knox (one of the select of the earth), to the Covenanters, to the resolute and noble effort

of the Scotch people to make Christ's Gospel the rule of their daily lives. Religion was the thing essential. Theology was not so essential. He was giving in brief a popular epitome of his own opinions and the growth of them.

In early life he had himself been a Radical. He was a Radical still in substance, though no longer after the popular type. He was addressing students who were as ardent in that matter as he had himself once been, and he was going on dangerous ground as he advanced. But he chose to speak as he felt. He touched upon democracy. He showed how democracies, from the nature of things, never had been, and never could be of long continuance; how essential it was, in such a world as ours, that the noblest and wisest should lead and that the rest should obey and follow. It was thus that England and Scotland had grown to be what they were. It was thus only that they could keep the place which they had won. We were apt to think that through the spread of reading and knowledge the conditions of human nature were changed, and that inequalities no longer existed. He thought slightly of the spread of knowledge as it was called, 'maid-servants getting instructed in the 'ologies,' and 'knowing less of brewing, and boiling, and baking, of obedience, modesty, humility, and moral conduct.' Knowledge, wisdom, true superiority was as hard to come at now as ever, and there were just as few that arrived at it. He then touched on another branch of the same subject, one on which he was often thinking, the belief in oratory and orators which was now so widely prevailing. Demosthenes might be the greatest of orators, but Phocion proved right in the facts. And then after a word from Goethe on education, he came to speak of this present age, in which our own lot was cast. He spoke of it then as he always did—as an era of anarchy and disintegration, in which all things, not made of asbestos, were on the way to being consumed.

He did not complain of this. He only bade his hearers observe it and make the best of it. He told them to be true and faithful in their own lives; to endeavour to do right, not caring whether they succeeded, as it was called, in life; to play their own parts as quietly and simply as they could, and to leave the rest to Providence. 'Don't suppose,' he said, 'that people are hostile to you, or bear you ill-will in the world. You may often feel as if the whole world was obstructing you, setting itself against you; but you will find that to mean that the world is travelling in a different way, and, rushing on its own paths, heedlessly treads on you. That is mostly all. To you there is no specific ill-will.' He bade them walk straight forward; not expecting that life would be strewed with roses; and knowing that they must meet their share of evil as well as good. But he told them, too, that they would find friends if they deserved them, and in fact would meet the degree of success which they had on the whole deserved. He wound up with Goethe's hymn, which he had called, to Sterling, 'The marching music of the Teutonic nations;' and he finished with the words which to the end were so often upon his own lips:

'*Wir heissen euch hoffen.*' (We bid you to hope.)

He was long puzzled at the effect upon the world's estimate of him which this speech produced. There was not a word in it which he had not already said, and said far more forcibly a hundred times. But suddenly and thenceforward, till his death set them off again, hostile tongues ceased to speak against him, and hostile pens to write. The speech was printed in full in half the newspapers in the island. It was received with universal acclamation. A low price edition of his works became in demand, and they flew into a strange temporary popularity with the reading multitude. Sartor, 'poor beast,' had struggled into life with difficulty, and its readers

since had been few, if select. 20,000 copies of the shilling edition of it were now sold instantly on its publication. It was now admitted universally that Carlyle was a 'great man.' Yet he saw no inclination, not the slightest, to attend to his teaching. He himself could not make it out, but the explanation is not far to seek. The Edinburgh address contained his doctrines with the fire which had provoked the animosity taken out of them. They were reduced to the level of church sermons; thrown into general propositions which it is pretty and right and becoming to confess with our lips, while no one is supposed to act on them. We admire and praise the beautiful language, and we reward the performance with a bishopric, if the speaker be a clergyman. Carlyle, people felt with a sense of relief, meant only what the preachers meant, and was a fine fellow after all.

The address had been listened to with delight by the students, and had ended amidst rounds of applause. Tyndall telegraphed to Mrs. Carlyle his[1] brief but sufficient message, 'A perfect triumph.' The maids in Cheyne Row clapped their hands when it arrived. Maggie Welsh danced for delight. Mrs. Carlyle drove off to Forster's, where she was to dine. Dickens and Wilkie Collins were there, and they drank Carlyle's health, and it was, as she said, 'a good joy.' He meanwhile had escaped at his best speed from the scene of his exploit; making for his brother's lodgings in George Street, where he could smoke a pipe and collect himself. Hundreds of lads followed him, crowding and hurrahing.

I waved my hand prohibitively at the door (he wrote), perhaps lifted my hat, and they gave but one cheer more—something in the tone of *it* which did for the first time go into my heart. Poor young men, so well affected to the poor old brother or grandfather here, and in such a black whirlpool of a world, all of us.

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 382.

He dispatched a few words home.

All is finished, and rather well, infinitely better than I often expected. You never saw such a tempest of enthusiastic excitation as that among the student people. Never in the world was I in such a scene. I took your drop of brandy with me—mixed it in a tumbler for cooling of the tongue. I had privately a kind of *threap* that the brandy should be yours.

The note sent off, he had a quiet walk in the twilight with Erskine and his brother James.

Some fragments of ornamental work had still to be gone through; invitations to this and that, and congratulations to reply to; 'Spedding's letter welcomer than any other.' He slept tolerably in spite of excitement, but was 'like a man killed with kindness, all the world coming tumbling on him. Do me this, see me that! above all, dine, dine!' He stayed four days in the middle of all this. On the Thursday he was worn out. 'Oh!' he cried, 'there never was such an element—comparable to that of the three children in the fire before Nebuchadnezzar. . . .' His original plan had been to go straight home, but he was tempted by the thought of a few peaceful days in Annandale, before plunging into London again. On the Friday he made for quiet Scotsbrig, there, with no company but his brother and his sister Mary, to 'cool down and recover his wits.' The newspapers, meanwhile, were sounding his praises. 'Punch,' always affectionate, even in the Pamphlet times, had a cartoon in which Carlyle was seen speaking on one side, like a gently wise old patriarch, and Bright on the other, with due contrast of face and sentiment. At the end of a week he was in his old condition again. 'Seldom,' he said, 'have I been better in the last six months, so blessed is the country stillness to me, the purity of sky and earth, and the absence of all babble and annoyance.' He would then have hastened back, but he met with an accident, a slight sprain on one of his

ankles, sent, he supposed, 'to keep him in the level of common humanity, and take any undue conceit out of him.' Thus he lingered on, not sorry, perhaps, for the excuse. 'Punch' came to Scotsbrig, and 'gave everybody hearty entertainment.' 'The thing,' he said, 'is really capital, and has been done by some thoroughly well-wishing man. The portrait, too, is not bad, though comical a little, and the slap directed on Bright is perfectly suitable.' Mill wrote as warmly as he could about an address which must have been wholly unpalatable, Mrs. Carlyle sending the letter down to him, and expecting he 'would scream at such a frosty nothingness.' He did not scream, he answered, because he had ceased to care what Mill might do or forbear to do. 'Mill essentially was made of sawdust, he and his "great thinking of the Age," and was to be left lying, with good-bye and peace to him for evermore.'

The ankle was long in mending, and the return was still delayed. On the 19th of April he wrote—

Nothing from Goody to-day—well, you have been handsomely diligent of late, and have given me at least one sunny blink among the great dreary mass I get on awaking to a new day. I am very well in health here, sleep better than for a month past, in spite of the confusion and imperfect arrangements. The rides do me good. Yesterday it was as if pumping on me, and Dirty Swift (the Scotsbrig pony) and I, under the mackintosh, were equal or superior to the Trafalgar fountains in dramatic effect. But the silence, the clearness of the air and world, the poor old solitary scene too—all do me good; and if I had an Oberon to attend me, to pick a furnished tent from his waistcoat pocket, and blow it out to perfection, I should be tempted to linger a good while perhaps. But nothing of that is the arrangement in *esse* here, and I still think of Monday, the 23d, as the day of return. At any rate mark that Jean and I are to go for Dumfries to-morrow; so for Saturday morning do you aim towards Dumfries, and hit me like a good bairn.

No more, except my blessing and adieu.

One more letter he was to write to her, which he was to find on his table in London, with the seal unbroken, and which stands endorsed by him, 'never read. Alas! alas!' The presentiment of evil which it contains may have been natural, for the post had again brought him nothing from her; but it deserves to be noticed.

Scotsbrig: April 20.

I had said, it is nothing, this silence of hers; but about 1 a.m., soon after going to bed, my first operation was a kind of dream; an actual introduction to the sight of you in bitterly bad circumstances, and I started broad awake with the thought, 'This was her silence, then, poor soul!' Send better news, and don't reduce me to dream. Adieu, dearest. Send better news, clearer any way. What a party is that of Saturday evening—unexampled in modern society, or nearly so. My regards to Froude.

Your ever affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

This was the last letter he ever wrote to her, and the last word in it was my own name. The 'party' spoken of will be explained immediately.

Anxiety about the speech and its concomitants had, as Mrs. Carlyle expressed it, 'tattered her to fiddlestrings.' The sudden relief, when it was over, was scarcely less trying. She had visitors to see, who came with their congratulations. She had endless letters to receive and answer. To escape from part of this she had gone to Windsor, to spend two days with her friend Mrs. Oliphant, and had greatly enjoyed her visit. On coming back she had dined with Lady William Russell, in Audley Square, and had there a smart passage of words with Mr. Hayward, on the Jamaica disturbances, the news of which, and of Governor Eyre's action, had just arrived. The chief subject of conversation everywhere was her husband's address, and of this there was nothing said but good. Tyndall came back. She saw him, heard all particulars from him, and was made perfectly happy about it. Carlyle himself would

be home in a day or two. For Saturday the 21st, purposely that it might be got over before his arrival, she had invited a small party to tea.

Principal Tulloch and his wife were in London; they wished to meet me or else I to meet them. I forget which it was. I hope the desire was mutual. I, the Tullochs, Mr. and Mrs. Spottiswoode, and Mrs. Oliphant were to be Mrs. Carlyle's guests in Cheyne Row that evening. Geraldine Jewsbury, who was then living in Markham Square, was to assist in entertaining us. That morning Mrs. Carlyle wrote her daily letter to Carlyle, and took it herself to the post. In the afternoon she went out in her brougham for the usual drive round Hyde Park, taking her little dog with her. Nero lay under a stone in the garden at Cheyne Row, but she loved all kinds of animals, dogs especially, and had found another to succeed him. Near Victoria Gate she had put the dog out to run. A passing carriage went over its foot, and, more frightened than hurt, it lay on the road on its back crying. She sprang out, caught the dog in her arms, took it with her into the brougham, and was never more seen alive. The coachman went twice round the drive, by Marble Arch down to Stanhope Gate, along the Serpentine and round again. Coming a second time near to the Achilles statue, and surprised to receive no directions, he turned round, saw indistinctly that something was wrong, and asked a gentleman near to look into the carriage. The gentleman told him briefly to take the lady to St. George's Hospital, which was not 200 yards distant. She was sitting with her hands folded on her lap *dead.*

I had stayed at home that day, busy with something, before going out in the evening. A servant came to the door, sent by the housekeeper at Cheyne Row, to say that something had happened to Mrs. Carlyle, and to beg me to go at once to St. George's. Instinct told me what it

must be. I went on the way to Geraldine; she was getting ready for the party, and supposed that I had called to take her there. I told her the message which I had received. She flung a cloak about her, and we drove to the hospital together. There, on a bed in a small room, we found Mrs. Carlyle, beautifully dressed, dressed as she always was, in quietly perfect taste. Nothing had been touched. Her bonnet had not been taken off. It was as if she had sate upon the bed after leaving the brougham, and had fallen back upon it asleep. But there was an expression on her face which was not sleep, and which, long as I had known her, resembled nothing which I had ever seen there. The forehead, which had been contracted in life by continued pain, had spread out to its natural breadth, and I saw for the first time how magnificent it was. The brilliant mockery, the sad softness with which the mockery alternated, both were alike gone. The features lay composed in a stern majestic calm. I have seen many faces beautiful in death, but never any so grand as hers. I can write no more of it. I did not then know all her history. I knew only how she had suffered, and how heroically she had borne it. Geraldine knew everything. Mrs. Carlyle, in her own journal, calls Geraldine her *Consuelo*, her chosen comforter. She could not speak. I took her home. I hurried down to Cheyne Row, where I found Forster half-distracted, yet, with his vigorous sense, alive to what must immediately be done. Mr. Blunt, the Rector of Chelsea, was also there; he, too, dreadfully shaken, but collected and considerate. Two points had immediately to be considered: how to communicate the news to Carlyle; and how to prevent an inquest and an examination of the body, which Forster said would kill him. Forster undertook the last. He was a lunacy commissioner, and had weight with official persons. Dr. Quain had attended Mrs. Carlyle in her illness, and

from him I believe Forster obtained a certificate of the probable cause of the death, which was received as sufficient. As to Carlyle, we did not know precisely where he was, whether at Dumfries or Scotsbrig. In the uncertainty a telegram was sent to John Carlyle at Edinburgh, another to Dr. John Brown, should John Carlyle be absent. By them the news was forwarded the same night to Dumfries, to his brother-in-law, Mr. Aitken, with whom he was staying, to be communicated according to Mr. Aitken's discretion.

And now I go on with Carlyle's own narrative written a fortnight after.

Saturday night, about 9 p.m., I was sitting in sister Jean's at Dumfries, thinking of my railway journey to Chelsea on Monday, and perhaps of a sprained ankle I had got at Scotsbrig two weeks or so before, when the fatal telegrams, two of them in succession, came. It had a kind of *stunning* effect upon me. Not for above two days could I estimate the immeasurable depths of it, or the infinite sorrow which had peeled my life all bare, and in a moment shattered my poor world to universal ruin. They took me out next day to wander, as was medically needful, in the green sunny sabbath fields, and ever and anon there rose from my sick heart the ejaculation, 'My poor little woman!' but no full gust of tears came to my relief, nor has yet come. Will it ever? A stony Woe's me, woe's me! sometimes with infinite tenderness and pity, not for myself, is my habitual mood hitherto. I had been hitching lamely about, my company the green solitudes and fresh spring breezes, quietly but far from happily, about the hour she died.

Sixteen hours after the telegram, Sunday, about 2 p.m., there came to me a *letter* from her, written on Saturday, before going out, the cheeriest and merriest of all her several prior ones. A note for her, written at Scotsbrig Friday morning, and which should have been a pleasure to her at breakfast that morning, was not put in till after 6 a.m. at Ecclefechan, negligence excusable but unforgetable; had not left Ecclefechan till 10 p.m., nor arrived till 2 p.m., and lay *un*opened.

Monday morning, John set off with me for London. Never, for 1,000 years, should I forget that arrival here of ours, my first *un-*

welcomed by her. She lay in her coffin, lovely in death. Pale death, and things not mine or ours, had possession of our poor darling. Very kind, very helpful to *me*, if to no other, everybody was; for I learnt ultimately, had it not been for John Forster and Dr. Quain, and everybody's mercy to me, there must have been, by rule, a coroner's inquest held, which would have been a blotch upon my memory, intolerable then, and discordantly ugly for all time coming. It is to Forster's unwearied and invincible efforts that I am indebted for escape from this sad defilement of my feelings. Indeed, his kindness then and all through, in every particular and detail, was *un*exampled, of a cordiality and assiduity almost painful to me. Thanks to him, and perpetual recollection. Next day wander over the fatal localities in Hyde Park, Forster and brother John settling, apart from me, everything for the morrow. Morrow, Wednesday morning, we were under way with our sacred burden. John and F. kindly did not speak to me. Good Twistleton was in the train without consulting me. I looked out upon the spring fields, the everlasting skies in silence, and had for most part a more endurable day till Haddington, where friends were waiting with hospitalities, which almost drove me openly wild. I went out to walk in the moonlit silent streets, *not* suffered to go alone. I looked up at the windows of the old room, where I had first seen her, on a summer evening after sunset, six and forty years ago. Edward Irving had brought me out walking to Haddington, *she* the first thing I had to see then; the beautifullest young creature I had ever beheld, sparkling with grace and talent, though sunk in sorrow[1] and speaking little. I noticed her once looking at me. Oh heavens, to think of that now!

The Dodds,[2] excellent people, in their honest, homely way, had great pity for me, patience with me. I retired to my room, slept none all night, little sleep to me since that telegram night, but lay silent in the great silence. Thursday, April 26, wandered out into the churchyard, &c., at 1 p.m. came the funeral, silent, small, only twelve old friends and two volunteers besides us there. Very beautiful and noble to me, and I laid her in the grave of her father, according to covenant of 40 years back, and all was ended. In the nave of the old Abbey Kirk, long a ruin, now being saved from further decay, with the skies looking down on her, there

[1] She had lately lost her father.

[2] Old friends of the Welshes, at whose house he was received at Haddington.

sleeps my little Jeannie, and the light of her face will never shine on me more.

We withdrew that afternoon; posted up by Edinburgh, with its many confusions, towards London all night; and about 10 or 11 a.m. were shovelled out here, where I am hitching and wandering about; best off in strict solitude—were it only possible—my own solace and employment that of doing all which I could imagine *she* would have liked me to do. . . . The first awakening in the morning, the reality of all, stripped so *bare* before me, is the ghastliest half-hour of the day. A kind of leaden weight of sorrow has come over all my universe, with sharp poignancy of memory every now and then. I cannot weep; no relief yet, or almost none—of tears. God enable me to live out my poor remnant of days in a manner she would have applauded. Hers—as known to me only—were all very noble, a life of hidden beauty, all given to me as part of my own. How had I deserved it? I, unworthy! Beautiful, exceedingly! Oh, how mournfully beautiful now! I called her and thought her my Schätzen; but my word was shallow as compared to the fact, and I never thought of losing her. Vaguely, always, I reckoned that I as the elder should be the first, such a vivacity and brightness of life I noticed in her, in spite of her perpetual burden of infirmities and sufferings day by day. Twice, perhaps thrice, during her horrible illness of 1864, the thought rose in me, ghastly and terrible, that I was about to lose her; but always my hope soon revived into a strange kind of *confidence;* and very rarely was my work interrupted, but went on steadily up in the garret, as the one thing salvatory to both of us. And oh, her looks as she sate in the balcony at St. Leonards! Never, never shall I forget that tenderness of love, and that depth as of misery and despair.

In these days, with mournful pleasure, Carlyle composed the beautiful epitaph which is printed in the 'Letters and Memorials,'[1] 'a word,' he said, 'true at least, and coming from his heart, which felt a momentary solace from it.' A few letters, too, he wrote on the subject, two especially to Mr. Erskine, one while the wound was freshly bleeding, another a few months after, which I give together:—

[1] Vol. ii. p. 392.

To Thomas Erskine, Esq.

Chelsea: May 1, 1866.

Dear Mr. Erskine,—Your little word of sympathy went to my heart, as few of the many others could do. Thanks for it. Thanks also, and many of them, for your visit to poor Betty,[1] to whom I have yet written nothing, though well aware that of all living hearts but one, hers is the saddest on this occasion. Pray go out to her again after a time, and say that so long as I live in the world, I wish and propose to keep sight of her, and in any distress that may fall on her, to ask myself what I can do to be of help to that good soul.

Hitherto I write to nobody, see nobody but my brother and Maggie Welsh, of Auchtertool. Indeed, I find it is best when I do not even speak to anybody. The stroke that has fallen on me is immeasurable, and has shattered in pieces my whole existence, which now suddenly lies all in ruins round me. In her name, whom I have lost, I must try to repair it, rebuild it into something of order for the few years or days that may remain to me, try not to waste them further, but to do something useful with them, under the stern monition I have had. If I but can, that should be my way of honouring her, whose history on earth now lies before me, all bathed in sorrow, but beautiful exceedingly, nay, of a kind of epic grandeur and heroic nobleness, known only to one heart now. God bless you, dear Mr. Erskine. You will not forget me, Mrs. Stirling and you; nor will I either of you.

Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: October 27, 1866.

Dear Mr. Erskine,—Your word of remembrance was very welcome to me, and has gone ringing through my solitude here with a gentle, pleasant, and friendly sound ever since. I have had many thoughts since I last saw you, silent nearly all, and mostly beyond the domain of words. A calamity which was most sudden, which was infinite to me, and for which there is no remedy conceivable, my poor little home in this world, as if struck by lightning, when I least expected it, and shattered all into ruin!—I have had enough to think of, to mourn over, and earnestly consider; taking counsel of the Eternities mainly, and of such still voices as dwell *there*. I have been and am very sad, sad as death I may well say;

[1] Mrs. Carlyle's old Haddington nurse, often mentioned in her letters.

but not miserable either; nothing of the mean wretchedness which has defaced other long portions of my life. This is all noble, tender, solemn to me. I might define it as a time of divine *worship* rather, perhaps the only period of real *worship* I have known for a great while past. I have tried considerably to be busy, too, and am still trying. Much has to be set in order, and rest is not permitted till I follow whither she has gone before me. May my death, which stands calmly consolatory in my sight at all moments, be beautiful as hers, and God's will be done now and forever.

For several weeks there was absolutely no speech or company. Now there is occasionally an hour of rational discourse, which is worth something. Vain, idle talk, which is always rife enough, I find much sadder than any form of silence. My bodily health is not worse, perhaps even a shade better than what you last saw of it. My arrangements for the winter are not yet fixed; but I try to keep myself in what I fondly call work, of a weak kind, fitted to my weakness. That is my anchor, if it will hold. Adieu, dear Mr. Erskine! Here has F. come in upon me, who is my nearest neighbor and a good man. I must say farewell.

Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A.D. 1866. ÆT. 71.

Message of sympathy from the Queen—John Carlyle—Retrospects—A future life—Attempts at occupation—Miss Davenport Bromley—The Eyre Committee—Memories—Mentone—Stay there with Lady Ashburton—Entries in Journal.

THE installation at Edinburgh had drawn the world's eyes on Carlyle. His address had been in everyone's hands, had been admired by the wise, and had been the fashion of the moment with the multitude. The death of his wife following immediately, in so sudden and startling a manner, had given him the genuine sympathy of the entire nation. His enemies, if enemies remained, had been respectfully silent. The Queen represented her whole subjects and the whole English-speaking race when she conveyed to Cheyne Row, through Lady Augusta Stanley, a message delicate, graceful, and even affectionate. John Carlyle had remained there after the return from Haddington to London. To him Lady Augusta wrote, at her Majesty's desire, and I will not injure the effect of her words by compressing them.

To Dr. Carlyle.

Osborne: April 30, 1866.

Dear Dr. Carlyle,—I was here when the news of the terrible calamity with which your brother has been visited reached Her Majesty, and was received by her with feelings of sympathy and regret, all the more keen from the lively interest with which the Queen had so recently followed the proceedings in Edinburgh

Her Majesty expressed a wish that, as soon as I could do so, I should convey to Mr. Carlyle the expression of these feelings, and the assurance of her sorrowful understanding of a grief which she herself, alas! knows too well.

It was with heartfelt interest that the Queen heard yesterday that Mr. Carlyle had been able to make the effort to return to his desolate home, and that you are with him.

Personally Carlyle was unknown to the Queen. He had never been presented, had never sought admission within the charmed circle which surrounds the constitutional crown. Perhaps, in reading Lady Augusta's words, he thought more of the sympathy of the 'bereaved widow' than of the notice of his sovereign. He replied:—

Chelsea: May 1, 1866.

Dear Lady Augusta,—The gracious mark of Her Majesty's sympathy touches me with many feelings, sad and yet beautiful and high. Will you in the proper manner, with my humblest respects, express to Her Majesty my profound sense of her great goodness to me, in this the day of my calamity. I can write to nobody. It is best for me at present when I do not even speak to anybody.

Believe me yours, with many grateful regards,

T. CARLYLE.

What he was to do next, how he was to live for the future, who was to live with him and take care of him, were questions which his friends were anxiously asking among themselves. Circumstances, nature, everything seemed to point to his brother John as the fittest companion for him. From early years John had been the nearest to his heart of all his brothers. John was the correspondent to whom he wrote with the most absolute undisguise; from whom alone—and this was the highest proof of affection which he could give—he had once been prepared to accept help in money, if extremity had overtaken him. After a good many years of experience as a family physician, after some fitful independent practice,

John Carlyle had retired from his profession with an ample forture. He had married, but had been left a childless widower, and was using his means in adding to the comforts of his sisters' families. He had a sound intellect, which he had diligently cultivated. He was a fine Italian scholar. His translation of Dante was of admitted excellence. In face, in voice, in mind, he was like his brother. Though with less fire and capacity, he was his equal in singleness of character, essentially true, genuine, and good—with occasional roughness of manner, occasional heedlessness of other people's feelings—but with an honest affectionateness, with an admiration and even adoration of his brother's grander qualities. He, of all others, was the one who was best qualified to relieve, by residing there, 'the gaunt solitude of Cheyne Row.'

Some thoughts of the kind, as will be seen, had been in the minds of both of them. Meanwhile, somewhere about in the first week in May, Carlyle, who had hitherto desired to be left alone, sent me a message that he would like to see me. He came down to me into the library in his dressing gown, haggard and as if turned to stone. He had scarcely slept, he said, since the funeral. He could not 'cry.' He was stunned and stupefied. He had never realised the possibility of losing her. He had settled that he would die first, and now she was gone. From this time and onwards, as long as he was in town, I saw him almost daily. He was looking through her papers, her notebooks and journals; and old scenes came mercilessly back to him in vistas of mournful memory. In his long sleepless nights, he recognised too late what she had felt and suffered under his childish irritabilities. His faults rose up in remorseless judgment, and as he had thought too little of them before, so now he exaggerated them to himself in his helpless repentance. For such faults an atonement was due, and to her no atonement could now

be made. He remembered, however, Johnson's penance at Uttoxeter; not once, but many times, he told me that something like that was required from him, if he could see his way to it. 'Oh!' he cried, again and again, 'if I could but see her once more, were it but for five minutes, to let her know that I always loved her through all that. She never did know it, never.' 'If he could but see her again!' His heart seemed breaking as he said it, and through these weeks and months he was often mournfully reverting to the subject, and speculating whether such future meeting might be looked for or not. He would not let himself be deluded by emotion. His intellect was vigorous as ever, as much as ever on its guard against superstition. The truth about the matter was, he admitted, absolutely hidden from us; we could not know, we were not meant to know. It would be as God willed. 'In my Father's house are many mansions!' 'Yes,' he said, 'if you are God, you may have a right to say so; if you are man, what do you know more than I or any of us?' Yet then and afterwards when he grew calm, and was in full possession of himself, he spoke always of a life to come, and the meeting of friends in it as a thing not impossible. In spite of science he had a clear conviction that everything in this universe, to the smallest detail, was ordered with a conscious purpose. Nothing happened to any man which was not ordained to happen. No accident, no bullet on battle-field, or sickness at home, could kill a man till the work for which he was appointed was done, and if this was so, we were free to hope that there was a purpose in our individual existence which was not exhausted in our earthly condition. The spirit, the soul of man, was not an accident or mere result of the organisation of protoplasm. Intellect and moral sense were not put into man by a being which had none of its own. At no time of Carlyle's life had such a conclusion as this been credible

to him. Again it was unlike nature so to waste its energies as to spend seventy years in training and disciplining a character, and to fling it away when complete, as a child flings away a plaything. It is possible that his present and anguished longing lent more weight to these arguments than he would otherwise have been able to allow them. At any rate it was round this hope and round his own recollections and remorse that our conversations chiefly turned when we took up our walks again; the walks themselves tending usually to the spot where Mrs. Carlyle was last seen alive; where, in rain or sunshine, he reverently bared his head.

By degrees he roused himself, as he said in his letters to Erskine, to think of trying some work again. He could still do something. Politics, philosophy, literature, were rushing on faster than ever in the direction which he most disliked. He sketched a scheme for a journal in which there was to be a running fire of opposition to all that. I and Ruskin were to contribute, and it might have come to something if all three of us had been willing, which it appears we were not. In a note of the 2nd of August, this year, he says to me:—

> Has Ruskin yet written to you on that periodical we, or at least I, were talking of? I did not find him bite very ardently on my first or on this second mention of the project; nor do I know what you can well answer him; nor am I to be much or perhaps at all considered in it. I! alas! alas! but the thing will have to be done one day, I am well of opinion; though by whom or how, which of us can say?

John Carlyle stayed on in Cheyne Row, with no fixed arrangement, but as an experiment to see how it would answer. We all hoped it might continue; but struck down as Carlyle had been he was still himself, and his self-knowledge made him amusingly cautious. John, good-natured though he might be, had his own ways and

humours, and his own plainness of speech; and to live easily with Carlyle required that one must be prepared to take stormy weather when it came in silence. He would be penitent afterwards; he knew his brother's merits and his own faults. 'Your readiness,' he said, 'and eagerness at all times to be of help to me, you may depend upon it is a thing I am always well aware of, at the bottom of all my impatiences and discontents.' But the impatiences and discontents were there, and had to be calculated upon. John was willing to go on, and Carlyle did not absolutely refuse, but both, after some months' trial, doubted if the plan would answer.

I felt (Carlyle wrote to him, during a short separation) that in the practical substance of the thing you are probably right. Noises are not the rock it need split on. Everything might be peaceably deafened, if that were all; but it is certain you and I have given one another considerable annoyance, and have never yet been able to do *together*. That is the nature of the two beasts. They cannot change that, and ought to consider it well in their eagerness to be near one another, and get the benefit of mutual affection, now that each of them, one of them above all, needs it more and more. I must see, I must see; and you too, if you are still upon this project, you will consider all things, weigh them with the utmost clearness you have, and gradually come to some decision which the facts will correspond to. The facts will be very rigid when we try them.

The wish to live together was evidently more on John's part than on Carlyle's. Carlyle was perhaps right. The 'two beasts' were both too old to change their natures, and they would agree best if they did not see each other too often. John went back to Scotland; Carlyle was left alone: and other friends now claimed the privilege of being of use to him, especially Miss Davenport Bromley, the 'flight of sky larks,' and Lady Ashburton. They had been both *her* friends also, and were, therefore, in his present mood, especially dear to him. Miss Bromley was

then living at Ripple Court, near Walmer. She invited Carlyle to stay with her. He went in the middle of August, and relates his visit in his journal.

Journal.

Ripple Court, August 15, 1866.—Arrived here the day before yesterday—beautiful sunny day in the midst of wet and windy ones. Solitude and green country, spotted with autumn colours and labours, mournfully welcome to me after the dreary sadness and unwelcome interruptions to my poor labours at Chelsea which, alas! were nothing more than the sorting, labelling, and tying up in bundles *all* that is now left me of her that is gone. Was in this country once, now 42 years ago, and remember a Sunday of wandering between Dover and here with Edward Irving and Mr. Strachey. What a flight of *time!* My project here was 14 days of solitude and sea-bathing. Hitherto, except a very long sleep, not of the healthiest, last night, almost all has gone rather awry with me.

August 16.—Had a beautiful ride yesterday, a tolerable bathe, plenty of walking, driving, &c., and imagined I was considerably improving myself; but, alas! in the evening came the G.'s, and a dinner amounting to total wreck of sleep to me. Got up at 3 a.m., sate reading till 6, and except a ride, good enough in it itself, but far from 'pleasant' in my state of nerves and heart, have had a day of desolate misery, the harder to bear as it is *useless* too, and results from a visit which I could have avoided had I been skilful. Oh, my lost one! oh, my lost one! irrecoverable to my lonely heart for ever.

'Miss Bromley's hospitality and genuine beautifully simple politeness and kindness were beyond all praise,' he said when his visit was over. But the time at Ripple Court had been spent, 'as in Hades,' the general complexion of his thoughts, and he was glad to get back to his 'gloomy dwelling.' The Hades, in fact, was in himself, and was therefore everywhere. The hopgardens and woods had given him a faint pleasure on his way up through Kent on the railway. 'After Sydenham it became unspeakable, abominable, a place fitter for demons and

enchanted swine than for human creatures of an ordinary type.' On reaching home he wrote a grateful letter to his hostess, 'whose goodness to him he would never forget.' 'My home,' he said, 'is very gaunt and lonesome; but such is my allotment henceforth in this world. I have taken loyally to my vacant circumstances, and will try to do my best with them.'

Another invitation was awaiting him. Lady Ashburton had taken a house at Mentone, and pressed him to spend the winter months with her there. She asked Miss Welsh to accompany him, 'to screen him, and pad everything into softness in the new scene.' She was so warm, so eager in her offers, showed so clearly that his consent would be rather for her pleasure than his own, that he resisted his natural impulse to refuse on the spot. He let his decision wait till he had disposed of a matter which had become immediately pressing.

The affair of Governor Eyre had blown into white heat. In submission to general clamour Eyre had been recalled in disgrace. He had applied for other employment and had been refused. He had several children, and was irretrievably ruined. It was, Carlyle said to me, as if a ship had been on fire; the captain, by immediate and bold exertion, had put the fire out, and had been called to account for having flung a bucket or two of water into the hold beyond what was necessary. He had damaged some of the cargo, perhaps, but he had saved the ship. The action of the Government, in Carlyle's opinion, was base and ungenerous, and when the recall was not sufficient, but Eyre was threatened with prosecution, beaten as he himself was to the ground, he took weapon in hand again, and stood forward, with such feeble support as he could find for an unpopular cause, in defence of a grossly injured man.

To Miss Davenport Bromley.

Chelsea: August 30, 1866.

Yesterday, in spite of the rain, I got up to the Eyre Committee, and even let myself be voted into the chair, such being the post of danger on the occasion, and truly something of a forlorn hope, and place for *enfans perdus*. We seemed, so far as I can measure, to be a most feeble committee; a military captain, a naval ditto, a young city merchant, Henry Kingsley, Charles still hanging back afraid, old S. C. Hall of the Art Union, a well-meaning man; only these, with a secretary who had bright swift eyes, but showed little knowledge of his element. . . . In short, contrary to all hope, I had to set my own shoulders to the wheel, and if it made any progress at all, which I hope it did, especially in that of trying for an infinitely *better* committee, the probable chief cause was that my old coat is not afraid of a little mud on the sleeve of it, as superfiner ones might be. Poor Eyre! I am heartily sorry for him, and for the English nation, which makes such a dismal fool of itself. Eyre, it seems, has fallen suddenly from 6,000*l.* a year into almost zero, and has a large family and needy kindred dependent on him. Such his reward for saving the West Indies, and hanging one incendiary mulatto, well worth the gallows, if I can judge.

I was myself one of the cowards. I pleaded that I did not understand the matter, that I was editor of 'Fraser,' and should disturb the proprietors; mere paltry excuses to escape doing what I knew to be right. Ruskin was braver far, and spoke out like a man. Carlyle sent Miss Bromley a copy of what he had said.

The Eyre Committee, he wrote on September 15, is going on better, indeed is now getting fairly on its feet. Ruskin's speech—now don't frown upon it, but read it again till you understand it—is a right gallant thrust I can assure you. While all the world stands tremulous, shilly-shallying from the gutter, impetuous Ruskin plunges his rapier up to the very hilt in the abominable belly of the vast blockheadism, and leaves it staring very considerably.

The monster, alas! was an enchanted monster, and 'as the air invulnerable.' Its hour had not come, and has not

yet, in spite of Ruskin's rapier. Carlyle gave his money and his name, but he was in no condition for rough struggling with the 'blatant beast.' He soon saw that he could make no impression upon the Government, and that Eyre was in no personal danger from the prosecution. He wrote a few words to one of the newspapers, expressing briefly his own feeling about the matter, and so left it.

Journal.

September 26, 1866.—Eyre Defence Committee—small letter of mine—has been raging through all the newspapers of the empire, I am told; for I have carefully avoided everything *pro* or *contra* that the foolish populace of scribblers in any form put forth upon it or me. *Indifferent* in very deed. What is or can be the value to any rational man of what these empty insincere fools say or think on the subject of Eyre's Jamaica measures, or of me that approve them. Weather very wet. Wettest harvest I have seen since 1816. Country very base and mad, so far as I survey its proceedings. Bright, Beales, Gladstone, Mill, and Co., bring on the suffrage question, kindling up the slow *canaille* what they can. This, and 'Oh, make the niggers happy!' seem to be the two things needful with these sad people. Sometime I think the tug of revolution struggle may be even *near* for poor England, much nearer than I once judged—very questionable to me whether England won't go quite to *smash* under it (perhaps better that it do, having reached such a pitch of spiritual *beggary*), and whether there is much good likelihood that England can ever get out of such *Medea's Caldron* again, "made new," and not rather be boiled to slushy rags and ended? My pleasure or hope in looking at the things round me, or talking of them to almost any person, is not great.

The world was going *its* way, and not Carlyle's. He was finding a more congenial occupation for himself, in reviving the history of his own young days, of the life at Ecclefechan and Mainhill, with the old scenes and the old companions. He had begun 'languidly,' as he said, to write the 'Reminiscences of Edward Irving,' which were more

about himself than his friend; and to recall and write down fragments of his mother's talk.[1]

While thus employed, he did not encourage visitors.

Strange [he said] how little good *any*, even the best of them can do *me*. Best, sad best, is that I be left to myself and *my* sorrows. My state is then much more supportable and dignified. My thoughts, all sad as death, but also calm and high, and silent as Eternity, presided over by *her*, and my grief for her, in which there is something of devout and inexpressibly tender—really my most appropriate mood in the condition I am got to. Remedy must be had against such intrusions of the impertinent and kind; but how?

A note in the 'Journal' says that my visits and Ruskin's were *not* regarded as impertinent. He allowed me to see as much of him as I liked. He did not tell me what he was doing, but talked much on the subject of it.

[1] One of these fragments, as it had special reference to himself, besides being curious in itself, I preserve in a note.

Journal.

'*September* 26.—Ghyouw—a name my mother had for any big ill-shaped awkward object—would sometimes call me, not in ill-humour, half in good, "Thou Ghyouw." Some months ago I found, with great interest, that in old Icelandic the same word—sound the same, spelling slightly different—was, and perhaps is, their term for the huge volcanic crack or chasm that borders their old Parliament-place or Thing valla, still well known. My mother, bred not in a country of chasms, never used it except for solid bodies; but with her, too, it completely meant a thing shapeless, rude, awkwardly huge; the huger the fitter for its name. I never heard the word from any other mouth. Probably now there is no other Scotchman alive that knows the existence of it in his mother tongue—proof positive, nevertheless, and indisputable, that the Lowland Scots spoke an Icelandic or old Norse language a thousand or thousands of years ago. My mother's natal place was the Water of Ae (little farm of Whitestanes, or Hazelly Bray afterwards), pleasant pastoral green hill region at the N.W. nook of Annandale, just before Annandale, reaching the summit of the watershed, closes, and the ground drops rapidly down to Closeburn, Kil Osbern, and is Nithsdale, which you can still see, then and long afterwards, was a part of Galloway, most of the names in it still Celtic; and the accent of the wild Scots of Galloway rapidly, almost instantly, exchanging itself for that of the Teutonic Annandalers. Perhaps this of *Ghaou* or *Ghyouw* is written down somewhere else (nowhere that I know of.—J. A. F.). I did not wish it forgotten, being now sole depositary of it—pretty little fact—clear and dear to me.—T. C.'

He often said—the wish no doubt suggesting the expectation—that he thought his own end was near. He was endeavouring to preserve the most precious parts of his recollections, before they and he should pass away together. The Irving memories were dear to him, but there was something else that was still dearer. Putting these aside for the time, he set himself to write a memoir of the beautiful existence which had gone at the side of his own, a record of what his wife had been to him, and a testimony of his own appreciation. At their first acquaintance, it was she who was to make a name in literature, and he was to have supported and stood by her. It was a consolation to him to describe the nature and the capabilities which had been sacrificed to himself, that the portrait of her might still survive. He was not writing it for the world. He finished it just before he went abroad, when he was expecting that in all probability he would never see England again. He left it sealed up, with directions to those into whose hands it might fall, that it was not to be published, no one being capable of properly editing it after he should be gone.

He had decided that he would try Mentone. Lady Ashburton had entreated. His friends believed that change would be good for him. He himself, languid, indifferent, but having nothing of special consequence to retain him in England, had agreed to go. Miss Welsh could not accompany him. He was not equal to the journey alone. The same friend who had taken charge of him to Edinburgh undertook to place him safely under Lady Ashburton's roof, an act of respectful attention which Carlyle never forgot, 'So chivalrous it was.' For Tyndall was not an idle gentleman, with time on his hands. He had his own hard work to attend to in London, and would be obliged to return on the instant. But he was accustomed to travelling. He was as good a courier as Neuberg, and

to sacrifice a few days to Carlyle was an honour and a pleasure.

They started on the 22nd of December, and in two days were transported from the London fogs to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean.

Journal.

Mentone, January 20, 1867.—Am actually here; came the day before Christmas, Professor Tyndall triumphantly bringing me. The heroic Tyndall would hear no whisper of my paying his expenses, though hither and thither they must have exceeded 20*l.*, and he came purely on my account. Christmas Day, a strange contrast to English experience, being hot and bright, the gracious lady took us all on asses by the rugged cliffs and sierras to a village and peak called St. Agnes, strangest village in the world, with a strange old castle, perched on the very point of the cliff, where we lunched in sight of the population. In the evening we dined with Lady Marion Alford, not known to me before, but elegant, gifted, and blandly high in her way, who, with her two sons, Lord Brownlow and Mr. Cust, are the only interesting people I have met here. Tyndall set off homeward the second day after.

Thus was Carlyle left in a new environment; nothing save the face of his hostess not utterly strange to him, among olive groves and palms and oranges, the mountains rising behind into the eternal snow, and the sea before his windows—Homer's *violet* sea at last under his eyes. Here he got his papers about him. Lady Ashburton left him to himself. He went on with his Reminiscences, and in the intervals wandered as he pleased. Everyone feels well on first reaching the Riviera. Carlyle slept soundly, discovered 'real improvement' in himself, and was almost sorry to discover it.

My poor life [the 'Journal' continues] seems as good as over. I have no heart or strength of hope or of interest for further work. Since my sad loss I feel lonesome in the earth (Oh, how lonesome!) and solitary among my fellow-creatures. The loss of her comes daily home to me as the irreparable, as the loss of all; and the heart as before knows its own sorrow, if no other ought to do so.

What can any other help, even if he wished it? . . . I have finished Edward Irving's Reminiscences, and yesterday a short paper of Jeffrey's ditto. It was her connection with them that chiefly impelled me. Both are superficially, ill, and poorly done, especially the latter. But there is something of value for oneself in re-awakening the sleep of the past, and bringing old years carefully to survey by one's new eyes. A certain solemn tenderness too, in these two cases, dwells in it for me; and, in fine, doing anything not wicked is better than doing nothing.

Distinguished visitors called in passing on their way to or from Italy; among others, Mr. Gladstone, 'on returning from Rome and the Man of Sin,' 'intending for Paris, and an interview with M. Fould.'

Journal.

January 23.—Gladstone, *en route* homewards, called on Monday, and sate a long time talking, principally waiting for Madame Bunsen, his old friend, whom it was his one chance of seeing, as he had to leave for Paris the next day. Talk copious, ingenious, but of no worth or sincerity—pictures, literature, finance, prosperities, greatness of outlook for Italy, &c.—a man ponderous, copious, of evident faculty, but all gone irrecoverably into House of Commons shape—man once of some wisdom or possibility of it, but now possessed by the Prince, or many Princes, of the Power of the Air. Tragic to me rather, and far from enviable; from whom one felt oneself divided by abysmal chasms and immeasurabilities. He went next morning; but it seems, by the journals, will find his M. Fould, &c., suddenly thrown out by some jerk of their inscrutable Copper Captain, and unable to do the honours of Paris in the way they wished.

His chief pleasure at Mentone was in long walks about the neighbourhood. He was the best of literary landscape painters, and his journal, with his letters to myself and others, are full of exquisite little sketches, like the pictures of the old masters, where you have not merely a natural scene before you, but the soul of the man who looks upon it.

Journal.

Mentone, January 21.—I went out yesterday, walked two or three miles up the silent valley; trifling wet of mist, which hung in shifting scarfs and caps all about among the peaks of the ravine; beautiful green of orange woods and olive woods; here and there a silent olive mill, far down in some nook at the bottom, nothing but its idle mill-race and the voice of the torrent audible; here and there a melancholy ill-kept little chapel, locked, I suppose, but its two windows open with iron stanchions, inviting the faithful to take view of the bits of idols inside, and try if prayer was possible. Oh ye bewildered and bewildering sons of men! There was a twitch of strange pity and misery that shot through me at the thought of man's lot on earth, and the comparison of our dumb Eternities and Immensities with this poor joss-house and bambino. I might have had reflection enough, for there reigned everywhere the most perfect Sabbath stillness; and Nature and her facts lay round me, silently going their long road. But my heart was heavy, my bodily case all warped awry; and except my general canopy of sadness and regret, very vain except for the love that is in it, regret for the inevitable and inexorable, there was nothing of *thought* present to me.

To Miss Davenport Bromley.

Mentone: January 23.

You heard of my safe arrival in these parts, that the promises they made me seemed to be good. I am lucky to add that the promise has been kept so far that, outwardly and that in respect of sleep, &c., I feel as if rather better than in Chelsea; certainly not worse. Sometimes for moments it almost seems as if I might perhaps recognise some actual vestige of better health in these favoured latitudes, and be again a little more alive than of late. But that is only for moments. In what is called 'spirits' I don't seem to improve much, or, if improvement means increase of buoyancy or levity, to improve at all. How should I? In these wild silent ravines one's thoughts gravitate towards death and eternity with more proclivity than ever, and in the absence of serious human discourse, go back to the vanished past as the one profitable or dignified company. There has been no glimpses of what one would call bad weather; for the most part brilliant sunshine, mixed with a tingling briskness of air.

In beauty of situation, of aspect and prospect by sea and land,

nothing can exceed us in the world. Mentone, old town and new, latter perhaps a hundred years old, former several *thousands*, is built principally as a single street by the sea-shore, along the diameter of two beautiful semicircular little hollows, or half-amphitheatres, formed by the mountains which are the airiest wings of rocky peaks and cliffs, all terraced and olive-clad, with sometimes an old castle and village. Castle visible like a bird-cage from the shore here, six miles off. I never saw so strangely beautiful a ring of peaks, especially this western one, which is still new to me every morning on stepping out. Western ring and eastern form in the middle, especially form at each *end*, their bits of capes and promontories and projections into the sea, so that we sit in the hollow of an alcove, and no wind from the north can reach us at all; maritime Alps intercepting all frost and snow. Mentone proper, as diameter or street along the sea, is perhaps three-quarters of a mile long; a fair street of solid high houses, but part of it paved all through with big smooth whinstones, on which at evening all the population seem to gather; many asses, &c., passing home with their burdens from the mountains, and many women, young and old with them, and thriftier, quieter, more cheerfully serious and innocent-looking set of poor people you never saw.

Old Mentone, thousands of years old (for there are caves of the troglodytes still extant near by), sprawls up like a huge *herring-bone* of lanes, steep against the cliff—by way of defence against the Saracens, it is thought; at some distance from the sea, and only hangs by New Mentone as a shoulder or fin would. Most of the poor people live there. There also in her fine church, the *Deipara misericordiarum Mater*, so called. And finally the ruins of an old castle, now mostly made into a churchyard.

English travellers went and came, all eager to have a talk with Carlyle. Lady Marian Alford and her family were a real acquisition to him; shaded over, however, unfortunately, by the death of Lord Brownlow, which occurred while he was at Mentone. Carlyle often spoke to me of this young nobleman, and of the fine promise which he had observed in him. His own spirits varied; declining slightly as the novelty of the scene wore off. To Miss Jewsbury he gave a tolerable account of himself.

I seem to be doing rather well here [he wrote], seem to have escaped a most hideous winter for one thing, if other griefs were but as easy to leave behind. The weather, ever since I awoke at Marseilles, has been *superb;* not only bright, sunny, and not wintry, but to my feeling more agreeable than any summer, so elastic, dry, and brisk is the air, an atmosphere in which you *can* take exercise, so pure and beautiful are all the elements: Sun, moon, sky and stars have not yet ceased to surprise me by their incredible brilliancy, about ten times as numerous, these stars, as yours. The sceneries all around, too, these wild and terrible Alpine peaks, all gathered to rear of us like a Sanhedrim of witches of Endor, and looking blasted, naked rock to the waist, then all in greenish and ample petticoats of terraced olive woods, orange groves, lemon groves; very strange to me.

Shadows of the great sorrow, however, clung to him. Even the beauty was weird and ominous, and his Journal gives the picture of what was passing in him.

Journal.

Mentone, February 13, 1867.—My thoughts brood gloomily, sometimes with unspeakable tenderness, too, over the past, and what it gave me and took from me. I am best off when I get into the brown olive woods, and wander along by the rugged paths, thinking of the one, or of the many who are now *there*, safe from all sorrow, and as if beckoning to me: 'Hither friend, hither! thou art still dear to us if we have still an existence. We bid thee *hope.*' The company of nearly all my fellow-creatures, here, and indeed elsewhere, is apt to be rather a burden and desecration to me. Their miserable jargoning about Ephemera and insignificances, their Reform Bills, American Nigger questions, unexampled prosperities, admired great men, &c., are unspeakably wearisome to me, and if I am bound to make any remark in answer, I feel that I was too impatient and partly unreasonable, and that the remark had better not have been made. All of this that is possible I sedulously avoid, but too much of it comes in spite of me, though fairly less here than in Chelsea. Let me be just and thankful. Surely the kindness everybody shows me deserves gratitude, too. Especially the perfect hospitality and honestly-affectionate good treatment I experience in this house, and from the wildly-generous mistress of it, is worthy of the heroic ages.

That I do not quite forget, let us hope, nor shall. Oh, there have been noble exceptions among the vulgar, dim-eyed, greedy millions of this age; and I may say I have been well loved by my contemporaries—taken as a body corporate—thank God! And these exceptions I do perceive and admit to have been the very flower of their generation, to be silently proud of and loyal to while I live.

March 8, 1867.—Health very bad, cough, et cetera, but principally indigestion—can have no real improvement till I see Chelsea again. Courage! get through the journey *taliter qualiter*, and don't travel any more. I am very sad and weak, but not discontented or indignant as sometimes. I live mostly alone with vanished shadows of the Past. Many of them rise for a moment inexpressibly tender. One is never long absent from me. Gone, gone, but very beautiful and dear. Eternity, which cannot be far off, is my one strong city. I look into it fixedly now and then. All terrors about it seem to me superfluous; all knowledge about it, any the least glimmer of certain knowledge, impossible to living mortal. The universe is full of love, but also of inexorable sternness and severity, and it remains for ever true that God reigns. Patience! Silence! Hope!

CHAPTER XXX.

A.D. 1867. ÆT. 72.

Return to England—Intruders in Cheyne Row—Want of employment—Settlement of the Craigenputtock estate—Charities—Public affairs—Tory Reform Bill—'Shooting Niagara'—A new horse—Visits in country houses—Meditation in Journal—A beautiful recollection.

The party at Mentone broke up in the second week in March. Lady Ashburton went to Rome and Naples, having tried in vain to induce Carlyle to accompany her. He prepared for home again, and, shrinking from the solitude waiting him in Cheyne Row, he wrote, before leaving, to ask his brother to meet him there, with some consciousness that he had not received, as graciously as he might have done, his brother's attempts to live with him.

I am often truly grieved [he said] to think how unreasonable and unmanageable I was with you last time. Surely your sympathy was all I could have expected; and your readiness to help me was and continues far beyond what I could have expected. But perhaps with a definite period, 'one calendar month,' and each doing his wisest, we shall be able to do much better. I intend to make an effort at regulating my Chelsea affairs a little; especially sweeping my premises clean of the intolerable intrusions that torment me there. I fancy, too, I should not try again the gaunt, entirely solitary life I led latterly; but am not certain as to getting back Maggie Welsh, or whom I should get. On these points I do not know that you could give me much advice. I only feel that it would be a kind of light amid the gloom of my arrival if, on stepping out, I found your face instead of a dead blank.

Tyndall's escort was not needed a second time. He found his way back to Chelsea without misadventure. John Carlyle was waiting as he desired, and he settled in with more composure than he had felt since his bereavement. The 'intrusions' had to be dealt with, but were not easily disposed of. Mrs. Carlyle once said she had the faculty of attracting all miserable people that wanted consolation. Carlyle seemed to attract everyone who wanted help for body or soul, or advice on the conduct of life. The number of people who worried him on such matters, most of them without a form of introduction, is hardly to be believed. Each post brought its pile of letters. One admirer wanted a situation under Government, another sent a manuscript to be read and recommended to a publisher, another complained that Nature had given him a hideous face; he had cursed his life, and cursed his mother for bearing him; what was he to do? All asked for interviews. Let them but see him, and they would convince him of their deserts. He was marvellously patient. He answered most of the letters, he saw most of the applicants. He gave advice. He gave money, infinitely too much. Sometimes, when it was beyond endurance, he would order the servant to admit no strange face at all. In such cases men would watch in the street, and pounce upon him when he came out for his walk. I have been with him on such occasions, and have been astonished at the efforts which he would make to be kind. Once I recollect a girl, an entire stranger, wrote to him to say that in order to get books she had pawned some plate of her grandmother's. She was in danger of discovery and ruin. Would Carlyle help her to redeem it? He consulted me. A relation of mine, who lived in the neighbourhood, made inquiry, saw the girl, and found that the story was true. He replied to her letter as the kindest of fathers might have done, paid the money, and saved

her from shame. Sometimes the homage was more disinterested. I had just left his door one day, when a bright eager lass of seventeen or eighteen stopped me in the Row, and asked me if Thomas Carlyle lived there. I showed her the house, and her large eyes glowed as if she was looking upon a saint's shrine. This pleased him when I mentioned it. The feeling was good and honest and deserved recognition. But altogether he was terribly worried. Intruders worried him. Public affairs worried him. Disraeli was bringing in his scandalous Reform Bill 'to dish the Whigs.' Worse than all, there was no work cut out for him, and he could make none for himself.

Journal.

Chelsea, April 4, 1867.—Idle! Idle! My employments mere trifles of business, and that of dwelling on the days that culminated on the 21st of last year. How sudden was that bereavement to me! how pathetic, touchingly and grandly fateful; in extent of importance to me how infinite! Perhaps my health is slightly mending; don't certainly know, but my spirits don't mend apparently at all. Interest, properly, I have in no living person, in no present thing. Their 'Reform Bill,' their &c., &c. *Ach Gott!* I am disgusted if by chance I look into my newspaper, or catch a tone of the insane jargon which seems to be occupying everybody.

April 20.—What a day to look back upon! . . . To-morrow by the day of the month, this day by the day of the week, about 3 p.m. How shall I ever learn to deal with that immense fact? I am incompetent hitherto. It overwhelms me still. I feel oftenest crushed down into contemptibility as well as sorrow. All of sunshine that remained in my life went out in that sudden moment. All of strength too often seems to have gone. Except some soft breathings of affection, of childlike grief, and once—only once that I remember, of *pious*, childlike hope in the eternity before us—my last fortnight has been the saddest, dreariest, sordidly idle, without dignity, satisfaction, or worth. I have tried, too, twice over, for something of work, but all in vain. Will it be for ever in vain then? Better be silent than continue thus. . . . Were it permitted, I could pray—but to whom? I can well understand the

Invocation of Saints. One's prayer now has to be voiceless, done with the heart still, but also with the hands still more.

April 21.—Abundantly downcast, dreary, sorrowful; nothing in me but sad thoughts and recollections; ennobled in part by a tenderness, a love, a pity, steeped as if in tears. Regrets also rise in me; bits of remorse which are very pungent. How *death* the inexorable, unalterable, stern *separator*, alters everything! . . . But words are of no value, and, alas! of acts I have none, or as good as none. The question, Why *am* I left behind thee? as yet nearly altogether *un*answered. Can I ever answer it? God help me to answer it. That is earnestly my prayer, and I will try and again try. Be that the annual *sacrifice* or act of *Temple worship*, on this the holiest of my now days of the year.

April 24.—Idle, sick, companionless; my heart is very heavy, as if *full* and no outlet appointed. Trial for employment continues, and shall continue; but as yet in vain. Writing is the one thing I can do; and at present what to write of to such a set of 'readers' full of Reform Bills, Paris Exhibition, Question of Luxemburg, &c.? Sometimes poor old moorland Craigenputtock shines out on me; and our poor life there has traits of beauty in it, almost like a romance. I wish I could rise with something into the limitless Ideal, and disburden myself in rounded harmony and what poets call *song*—a fond wish indeed! But this crabbed Earth with its thunder rods and *dog grottoes*, is become homeless to me, and too mean and contradictory.

May 26.—

> To die is landing on some silent shore,
> Where billows never break nor tempests roar;
> Ere well you feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

Such a life as I now lead is painful and even disgraceful; the life of a vanquished slave, who at best, and that not always, is *silent* under his penalties and sores.

In this tragic state Carlyle found one little thing to do which gave him a certain consolation. By his wife's death he had become the absolute owner of the old estate of the Welshes at Craigenputtock. An unrelenting fatality had carried off one by one all her relations on the father's side, and there was not a single person left of the old line to whom it could be bequeathed. He thought that it ought not

to lapse to his own family; and he determined to leave it to his country, not in his own name, but as far as possible in hers. With this intention he had a deed drawn, by which Craigenputtock, after his death, was to become the property of the University of Edinburgh, the rents of it to be laid out in supporting poor and meritorious students there, under the title of 'the John Welsh Bursaries.' Her name he could not give, because she had taken his own. Therefore he gave her father's.

Journal.

June 22, 1867.—Finished off on Thursday last, at three p.m., 20th of June, my poor *bequest* of Craigenputtock to Edinburgh University for bursaries. All quite ready there, Forster and Froude as witnesses; the good Professor Masson, who had taken endless pains, alike friendly and wise, being at the very last objected to in the character of 'witness,' as 'a party interested,' said the Edinburgh lawyer. I a little regretted this circumstance; so I think did Masson secretly. He read us the deed with sonorous emphasis, bringing every word and note of it home to us. Then I signed; then they two—Masson witnessing only with his eyes and mind. I was deeply moved, as I well might be, but held my peace and shed no tears. *Tears* I think I have done with; never, except for moments together, have I wept for that catastrophe of April 21, to which whole days of weeping would have been in other times a blessed relief. . . . This is my poor 'Sweetheart Abbey,' 'Cor Dulce,' or New Abbey, a sacred casket and *tomb* for the sweetest 'heart' which, in this bad, bitter world, was all my own. Darling, darling! and in a little while we shall *both* be at rest, and the Great God will have done with us what was His will.

This is very beautiful, and so is an entry which follows:—

July 14.—Her birthday. She not here—I *cannot* keep it for her now—send a poor gift to poor old Betty, who, next to myself, remembers her in lifelong love and sacred sorrow. This is all I can do. To a poor old beggar here of no value otherwise, or even of less, to whom she used to give a shilling if they met, I have smuggled a small anonymous dole—most poor, most ineffectual, sorrowful, are all our resources against the gate that is for ever shut.

This is another instance of Carlyle's charities. He remembered his wife's pensioners: but he had as long or a longer list of his own. No donation of his ever appeared in printed lists; what he gave he gave in secret, anonymously as here, or else with his own hand as one human being to another; and of him it may be truly said that the left hand did not know what the right was doing. The undeserving were seldom wholly refused. The deserving were never forgotten. I recollect an old man, past eighty, in Chelsea, who had refused parish help, and as long as he could move earned his living by wheeling cheap crockery about the streets. Carlyle had a genuine respect for him, and never missed a chance of showing it. Money was plentiful enough *now*, as he would mournfully observe. Edition followed edition of the completed works. He had more thousands now than he had hundreds when he published 'Cromwell'—but he never altered his thrifty habits, never, even in extreme age, allowed himself any fresh indulgence. His one expensive luxury was charity.

The sad note continues to sound through the Journal. The shadow of his lost wife seemed to rise between him and every other object on which he tried to fix his thoughts. If anything like duty called to him, however, he could still respond—and the political state of England did at this time demand a few words from him. Throughout his life he had been studying the social and political problems of modern Europe. For all disorders modern Europe had but one remedy, to abolish the subordination of man to man, to set every individual free, and give him a voice in the government, that he might look after his own interests. This once secured, with free room and no favour, all would compete on equal terms, and might be expected to fall into the places which naturally belonged to them. None at any rate could then complain of injustice; and peace, prosperity, and universal content would

follow. Such was and is the theory; and if the human race, or the English race, were all wise and all good, and had unbounded territorial room over which to spread, something might be said for it. As the European world actually was, in the actual moral and material condition of European mankind, with no spiritual convictions, no sincere care for anything save money and what money could buy, this notion of universal liberty in Carlyle's opinion could end in nothing save universal wreck. If the English nation had needed governing when they had a real religious belief, now, when their belief had become conventional, they needed it, he thought, infinitely more. They could bear the degree of freedom which they had already, only in virtue of ancient habits, contracted under wiser arrangements. They would need the very best men they had among them if they were to escape the cataracts of which he heard the approaching thunder. Yet it was quite certain to him that, with each extension of the franchise, those whom they would elect as their rulers would not be fitter men, but steadily inferior and more unfit. Under any conceivable franchise the persons chosen would represent the level of character and intelligence in those who chose them, neither more nor less, and therefore the lower the general average the worse the government would be. It had long been evident to him how things were going; but every descent has a bottom, and he had hoped up to this time that the lowest point had been reached. He knew how many fine qualities the English still possessed. He did not believe that the majority were bent of themselves on these destructive courses. If the wisest and ablest would come forward with a clear and honorable profession of their true convictions, he had considered it at least possible that the best part of the nation would respond before it was too late. The Tories had just come into office. He had small con-

fidence in them, but they at least repudiated the new creed, and represented the old national traditions. They had an opportunity, if they would use it, of insisting that the poor should no longer be robbed by false weights and measures and adulterated goods, that the eternal war should cease between employers and employed, and the profits of labour should be apportioned by some rule of equity; that the splendid colonial inheritance which their forefathers had won should be opened to the millions who were suffocating in the fœtid alleys of our towns; that these poor people should be enabled to go where they could lead human lives again. Here, and not by ballot-boxes and anarchic liberty, lay the road to salvation. Statesmen who dared to try it would have Nature and her laws fighting for them. They might be thrown out, but they would come back again—come in stronger and stronger, for the good sense of England would be on their side.

With a languid contempt, for he half-felt that he had been indulging in a dream, Carlyle in this year found the Tories preparing to outbid their rivals, in their own arts or their own folly, courting the votes of the mob by the longest plunge yet ventured into the democratic whirlpool; and in the midst of his own grief he was sorry for his country.

There is no spirit in me to write [he notes in his Journal], though I try it sometimes; no topic and no audience that is in the least dear or great to me. Reform Bill going its fated road, i.e. England getting into the *Niagara rapids* far sooner than I expected; even this no longer much irritates me, much affects me. I say rather, Well! why not? Is not national death, with new birth or without, perhaps preferable to such utter rottenness of national life, so called, as there has long hopelessly been. Let it come when it likes, since there are Dizzies, Gladstones, Russells, &c., triumphantly prepared to bring it in. Providence truly is skilful to prepare its instrumental men. Indeed, all England,

heavily though languidly *averse* to this embarking on the Niagara rapids, is strangely indifferent to whatever may follow it. 'Niagara, or what you like, we will at least have a villa on the Mediterranean (such an improvement of climate to this), when Church and State have gone,' said a certain shining countess to me, yesterday. Newspaper editors, in private, I am told, and discerning people of every rank, as is partly apparent to myself, talk of approaching 'revolution,' 'Common wealth,' '*Common illth*,' or whatever it may be, with a singular composure.

Disraeli had given the word, and his party had submitted to be educated. Political emancipation was to be the road for them—not practical administration and war against lies and roguery. Carlyle saw that we were in the rapids, and could not any more get out of them; but he wished to relieve his own soul, and he put together the pamphlet which he called 'Shooting Niagara, and After?' When Frederick Maurice published his heresies about Tartarus, intimating that it was not a place, but a condition, and that the wicked are in Tartarus already, James Spedding observed to me that 'one was relieved to know that it was no worse.' Carlyle's Niagara, now that we are in the middle of it, seems to us for the present nothing very dreadful, and we are preparing with much equanimity, at this moment, to go down the second cataract. The broken water, so far, lies on the other side of St. George's Channel. The first and immediate effect of the Reform Bill of 1867 was the overthrow of Protestant ascendency in Ireland. After five centuries of failure in that country, the English Protestants succeeded in planting an adequate number of loyal colonists in the midst of an incurably hostile population, and thus did contrive to exercise some peaceful influence there, and make constitutional government in that island not wholly impossible. The English Democracy, as soon as they were in possession of power, destroyed that influence. The result we have partly seen, and we shall see more fully hereafter.

Carlyle, however, did not anticipate, as the consequence of the Niagara shooting, any immediate catastrophe; not even this in Ireland. He meant by it merely the complete development of the present tendency to regard money-making as the business of life, and the more rapid degradation of the popular moral character—at the end of which perhaps, but still a long way off, would be found some 'scandalous Copper Captaincy.' The believers in progress on these lines, therefore, may breathe freely, and, like Spedding, be 'glad that it is no worse.' The curious feature in the pamphlet is that Carlyle visibly underrated the disturbance to be looked for in our actual arrangements. He thought that, after the complete triumph of democracy, the aristocracy would be left in possession of their estates, and be still able to do as they pleased with them; to hunt and shoot their grouse; or, if the moors and coverts failed them, at least to subside into rat-catching. In his Journal, September 17, 1867, there is a quotation from the 'Memoirs of St. Palaye':—'Louis XI aima la chasse jusqu'à sa mort, qui arriva en 1483. Durant sa maladie à Plessis-lès-Tours, comme il ne pouvait plus prendre ce divertisement, on attrapait les plus gros rats qu'on pouvait, et on les faisait chasser par les chats dans ses appartements, pour l'amuser. 'Had a transient thought,' he says, 'of putting that as emblematic Finis to the hunting epoch of our vulgar noble lords.' He even considered that, if the stuff was in them, they might find a more honourable occupation. Supposing them to retain the necessary power over their properties, they might form their own domains into circles of order and cosmos, banishing *the refractory*, and thus, by drill and discipline and wise administration, introduce new elements into the general chaos. 'A devout imagination' on Carlyle's part; but an imagination merely. If it were conceivable, as it is not, that the aristocracy would prefer such an occupation

to rat-catching, their success would depend on that very power of 'banishing the refractory,' of which it is certain that they would be deprived if they showed a disposition to create, in using it, an influence antagonistic to a ruling democracy. The Irish experiment does not indicate that the rights of landowners would be treated with much forbearance when the exercise of those rights was threatening a danger to 'liberty.'

'Shooting Niagara' appeared first in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for August, 1867. It was corrected and republished as a pamphlet in September, and was Carlyle's last public utterance on English politics. He thought but little of it, and was aware how useless it would prove. In his Journal, August 3, he says:—

> An article for Masson and 'Macmillan's Magazine' took up a good deal of time. It came out mostly from accident, little by volition, and is very fierce, exaggerative, ragged, unkempt, and defective. Nevertheless I am secretly rather glad than otherwise that it is out, that the howling doggeries (dead ditto and other) should have my last word on their affairs and them, since it was to be had.

A stereotyped edition of the 'Collected Works' was now to be issued, and, conscientious as ever, Carlyle set himself to revise and correct the whole series. He took to riding again. Miss Bromley provided him with a horse called *Comet*, between whom and himself there was soon established a personal attachment, and on Comet's back, as before, he sauntered about the London environs. He described himself to Miss Bromley as very solitary, the most silent man not locked into the solitary system, to be found in all her Majesty's dominions. 'Incipient authors, beggars, blockheads, and *canaille* of various kinds,' continued their daily worries. 'Every day there was a certain loss of time in brushing off such provoking botherations;' on the whole, however, the trouble was not much.

I find that solitude [he said] and one's own sad and serious thoughts (though sometimes in bad days it is all too gloomy) is almost as good as anything I get. The most social of mankind I could define myself, but grown old, sorrowful, and terribly difficult to please in regard to his society. I rode out on Comet to Addiscombe, stayed two hours for dinner, and rode home again by moonlight and lamplight. There are now three railways on that poor road since I was last there, and apparently 3,000 new diggings, lumber heaps and new villas *rising*, dirty shops *risen*, and costermongers' carts, &c.—a road, once the prettiest I knew for riding, and now more like Tophet and the City of Dis than any I have tried lately. Tophet now reaches strictly to the boundary lodge of Lady A., and has much spoiled Addiscome Farm for a tenant of my humour. 'Niagara,' I heard yesterday, is in its fourth thousand, stirring up many a dull head one hopes, and 'sweeping off the froth from the Progress Pot,' as one correspondent phrased it.

He worked hard on the 'revising' business, but felt no enthusiasm about the interest which 'his works' were exciting; 'nothing but languor, contempt, and indifference for said works—or at least for their readers *and* them.' 'The works had indeed cost him his life, and were in some measure from the heart, and all he could do. But the *readers* of them were and had been—what should he say?' and in fact 'no man's work in this world could demand for itself the smallest doit of wages, or were intrinsically better than zero. That was the fact, when one had arrived where he had arrived.' The *money* which was now coming in was actually painful.

Vanished, vanished, they that should have taken pleasure from it. Ah me! ah me! The more I look back on that thirteen years of work [over 'Frederick'], the more appalling, huge, unexampled it appears to me. Sad pieties arise to think that it did *not kill* me, that in spite of the world I got it done, and that my noble uncomplaining Darling lived to see it done. As to the English world's stupidity upon it, that is a small matter to me—or none at all for the last year and a half. That I believe is partly silence and preoccupancy; and were it *wholly* stupidity, didn't I already know

how 'stupid' the poor English now are. Book is not quite zero I perceive, but will be good for something by-and-by. . . . My state of health is very miserable, though I still sometimes think it fundamentally improving. Such a total wreck had that 'Frederick' reduced me to, followed by what had lain next in store for me. Oh, complain not of Heaven! now does my poor sinful heart almost even fall into that bad stupid sin. Oceans of unspoken thoughts—or things not yet thought or thinkable—sombre, solemn, cloudy-moonlit, infinitely sad, but full of tenderness withal, and of a love that *can* now be noble,—this, thank God, is the element I dwell in.

Journal.

Chelsea, September 30, 1867.—Nothing to mark here that is not sad and mean. Trouble with extraneous fools from all quarters; penny post a huge inlet to that class who, by hypothesis, have no respect of persons, but think themselves entitled to intrude with any or without any cause, upon the busiest, saddest, sacredest, or most important of their fellow-mortals. Fire mostly delivers us from the common run of these. . . . There is nothing of joyful in my life, nor ever likely to be; no truly *loved* or *loving* soul—or practically as good as none—left to me in the earth any more. The one object that is wholly beautiful and noble, and in any sort helpful to my poor heart, is she whom I do not name. The thought of her is drowned in sorrow to me, but also in tenderness, in love inexpressible, and veritably acts as a kind of high and sacred consolation to me amidst the intrusive basenesses and empty botherations that otherwise each day brings. I feel now and then, but repress the impatient wish, 'Let me rejoin her there in the Land of Silence, whatever it be.' Truly, if my work is *done* why should not I plainly *wish* to be there? This is very ungrateful to some of my friends I still have, some of whom are *boundlessly* kind to me; and indeed all the world, known and unknown, seems abundantly eager to do for me whatever it can, for which I have a kind of thankfulness transiently good, and ought to have more. But, alas! I *cannot* be *helped*—that is the melancholy fact.

Chelsea, October 1.—Inconceivable are the mean miseries I am in just now, about getting new clothes—almost a surgical question with me latterly—about fitting this, contriving that; about paltry botherations with which I am unacquainted, which were once all kept aloof from me by a bright one now hidden from my eyes.

. . . In fact my skin is naturally far too thin, for this 'age of progress' especially.

Chelsea, October 8.—Solitary since Thursday last altogether. Maggie went away that day, and no human voice, not even a light giggling one, sounds in this vacant house of mine. No matter that in general; but as yet I am unused to it. Sad enough I silently am. Infirmities of age crowd upon me. I am grown and growing very weak, as is natural at these years. Natural, but not joyful—life without the power of living—what a misery!

Chelsea, October 30.—Am of a sadness, and occasionally of a tenderness which surprises even myself in these late weeks—seems as if the spirit of my loved one were, in a poor metaphorical sense, always near me; all other friends gone, and solitude with her alone left me henceforth. Utterly weak health I suppose has much to do with it. Strength quite a stranger to me; digestion, &c., totally ruined, though nothing specific to complain of as dangerous or the like—and probably am too old ever to recover. Life is verily a weariness on these terms. Oftenest I feel willing to go, were my time come. Sweet to rejoin, were it only in Eternal Sleep, those that are away. That, even that, is now and then the whisper of my worn-out heart, and a kind of solace to me. 'But why annihilation or eternal sleep?' I ask too. They and I are alike in the will of the Highest. Amen.

'Niagara,' seventh thousand printed, Forster told me—well, well! Though what good is in it either?

Chelsea, November 15.—Went to Belton[1] Saturday, gone a week. Returned Saturday last, and have been slowly recovering myself ever since from that 'week of country air' and other salubrity. Nothing could excel the kindness of my reception, the nobleness of my treatment throughout. People were amiable too, and clever, some of them almost interesting, but it would not do. I, in brief, could not sleep, and oftenest was in secret supremely sad and miserable among the bright things going. Conclude I am not fit any longer for visiting in great houses. The futile valetting—intrusive and hindersome, nine-tenths of it, rather than helpful—the dressing, stripping and again dressing, the 'witty talk'—*Ach Gott!*—especially as crown and summary of all, the dining at 8–9 p.m., all this is fairly unmanageable by me. *Disce justitiam, monite.* Don't go back if you be wise, except it be fairly unavoidable. . . . Oh, the thoughts I had in those silent, solitary days, and how, in

[1] Lady Marian Alford's, near Grantham.

the wakeful French bed there, the image of another bed far away in the Abbey Kirk of Haddington, in the still infinitude of Eternity, came shooting like a javelin through my heart. Don't, don't again! All day my thoughts were of her, and there was far less of religion in them than while here.

A more interesting expedition than this to Belton was with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to see Woolsthorpe, the birthplace of Sir Isaac Newton.

Newton (he says), who was once my grandest of mortals, has sunk to a small bulk and character with me now; how sunk and dwindled since in 1815, fifty years ago, when I sate nightly at Annan, invincibly tearing my way through that old *Principia*, often up till three a.m., without outlook or wish almost, except to master *it*, the loneliest and among the most triumphant of all young men. Newton is quite dead to me since that; and I recognise hundreds and thousands of 'greater men.' Nevertheless, he remains great in his kind, and has always *this* of supremely notable that he made the grandest discovery in science which mankind ever has achieved or can again achieve. Wherefore even I could not grudge the little pilgrimage to him.

The loneliness in Cheyne Row was not entirely unbroken this autumn. He had a visit from his brother James, 'whose honest, affectionate face enlivened the gloomy solitude for him.' James Carlyle had been rarely in London, and had 'the sights' to see, had he cared about them. It seemed that he cared nothing for any of them, but very much for his forlorn and solitary brother, showing signs of true affection and sympathy, which were very welcome. Carlyle spoke of him as 'an excellent old Annandale specimen; my father's pupil, formed by my father's fashions, as none of the rest of us were.'

A certain attention, though growing yearly fainter, was given to the world and its affairs. The Reform Bill was producing its fruits, changes of ministry, Clerkenwell explosions, &c. &c., which brought the Irish question 'within the range of practical politics.' Carlyle observed

it all with his old contempt, no longer at white heat, but warming occasionally into red.

No Fenian has yet blown us up (he wrote to Miss Bromley). I sit in speechless admiration of our English treatment of these Fenians first and last. It is as if the rats of a house had decided to expel and exterminate the human inhabitants, which latter seemed to have neither rat-catchers, traps, nor arsenic, and are trying to prevail by the 'method of love.' Better speed to them a great deal! If Walpole were to weep to the head-centres a little, perhaps it might help.

He had an old interest in Ireland. He had studied it once, with a view to writing on the subject, and was roused into disgust and scorn with this new fruit of Liberalism. But he was haunted by ghosts, and neither Ireland nor English politics could drive his sorrow out of his mind.

Journal.

November 30, 1867.—Have been remembering vividly all morning, with inexpressible emotion, how my loved one at Craigenputtock, six or seven-and-thirty years ago, on summer mornings after breakfast used very often to come up to the little dressing-room where I was shaving and seat herself on a chair behind me, for the privilege of a little further talk while this went on. Instantly on finishing I took to my work, and probably we did not meet much again till dinner. How loving this of her, the dear one! I never saw fully till now what a trust, a kindness, love, and perfect unity of heart this indicated in her. The figure of her bright, cheery, beautiful face mirrored in the glass beside my own rugged, soapy one answering curtly to keep up her cheerful, pretty talk, is lively before me as if I saw it with eyes. Ah! and where is it now? Forever hidden from me. Forever? The answer is with God alone, and one's poor hopes seem fond and too blessed to be true. Ah me! ah me! Not quite till this morning did I ever see what a perfect love, and under such conditions too, this little bit of simple spontaneity betokened on my dear Jeannie's part. Never till her death did I see how much she loved me. . . . Nor, I fear, did she ever know (could she have seen across the stormy clouds and eclipsing miseries) what a love I bore *her*, and shall always, how vainly now, in my inmost heart. These things are

beautiful, but they are unutterably sad, and have in them something considerable of remorse as well as sorrow. Alas! why does one first see fully what worth the soul's jewel had when it is gone without return? Most weak creatures are we; weak, perverse, wayward, especially weak. . . . Sometimes I call myself weak, morbid, wrong, in regard to all this. Sometimes again I feel it sordid, base, ungrateful, when all this gets smothered up in vulgar interruption, and I see it as if frozen away from me in dull thick vapour for days together. So it alternates. I pretend to no regulation of it; honestly endeavour to let it follow its own law. That is my rule in the matter. Of late, in my total lameness and impotency for work (which is a chief evil for me), I have sometimes thought, 'One thing you could do—write some record of her—make some selection of her letters which you think justly among the cleverest ever written, and which none but yourself can quite understand. But no! but no! How speak of her to such an audience? What can it do for her or for me?

This is the first sign of the intention which Carlyle afterwards executed. How it ripened will be seen presently. Meanwhile the Journal continues:—

December 6.—I am in my seventy-third year.[1] . . . Length of days under such conditions as mine are is not a thing to be coveted, but to be humbly deprecated rather. . . . My outlook continually is all to the great change now inevitably near. The sure hope to be at rest and to be where my loved ones are (the Almighty God alone knows where or how that is, but I take it always to be a place of rest) is the only prospect of being fairly better than I have been. My work being all done, as I more and more fear it is, why should I wish to linger here? My lost bright one, all my bright ones are away—away. Society, of which I might still have plenty, does me no good whatever; frets, disgusts, and provokes me; leaves the poor disturbed heart dark and void; an unfathomable lake of sorrow lying silent under that poor foam of what is called talk, and in perhaps three cases out of four is fairly worse than solitude. 'There is no serious talk, sir,' said old Samuel; 'nobody now talks seriously'—a frightful saying, but a truer now than ever. . . . In general the talk of people suggests to me what a paltry dog-kennel of a world—now rushing fast to total anarchy and self-government by the basest—this must

[1] His birthday was December 4.

be; and that I am a poor old man, liable to be bored, provoked, and distressed, rather than helped any way, by his fellow-creatures. In every condition under God's sky is there not a right way of behaving under it? And is there any other item important except simply that one? Courage, hope, love to the death, and be silent in defect of speech that were good.

December 22.—'Youth,' says somebody, 'is a garland of roses.' I did not find it such. 'Age is a crown of thorns.'. Neither is this altogether true for me. If sadness and sorrow tend to loosen us from life, they make the place of rest desirable. If incurable grief be *love* all steeped in tears, and lead us to pious thoughts and longings, is not grief an earnest blessing to us? Alas! that one is not pious always: that it is anger, bitterness, impatience, and discontent that occupies one's poor weak heart so much oftener. Some mornings ago I said to myself, 'Is there no book of piety you could still write? Forget the basenesses, miseries, and abominations of this fast-sinking world—its punishment come or at hand; and dwell among the poor straggling elements of pity, of love, of awe and worship you can still discern in it! Better so. Right, surely, far better. I wish, I wish I could. Was my great grief sent to me perhaps for that end? In rare better moments I sometimes strive to entertain an imagination of that kind; but as to doing anything in consequence, alas! alas!'

'All England has taken to stealing,' says a certain newspaper for the last two weeks. Very serious, means railway swindling, official jobbery, &c. Remedy, he thinks, will be that we shall all grow as poor as Hindoos, and then be as fiercely vigilant. Would it not be *reasonabler* to find *now* your small remainder of honest people, and arm them with authority over your multitudinous knaves! Here and there we are beginning to see into the meaning of self-government by the hungry rabble.

The last stage of life's journey is necessarily dark, sad, and carried on under steadily increasing difficulties. We are alone; all our loved ones and cheering fellow-pilgrims gone. Our strength is failing, wasting more and more; day is sinking on us; night coming, not metaphorically only. The road, to our growing weakness, dimness, injurability of every kind, becomes more and more obstructed, intricate, difficult to feet and eyes; a road among brakes and brambles, swamps and stumbling places; no welcome *shine* of a *human* cottage with its hospitable candle now alight for us in these waste solitudes. Our eyes, if we have any light, rest

only on the eternal stars. Thus we stagger on, impediments increasing, force diminishing, till at length there is equality between the terms, and we do all infallibly ARRIVE. So it has been from the beginning; so it will be to the end—forever a mystery and miracle before which human intellect falls *dumb*. Do we reach those *stars* then? Do we sink in those swamps amid the dance of dying dreams? Is the threshold we step over but the *brink* in that instance, and our *home* thenceforth an infinite Inane? God, our Eternal Maker, alone knows, and it shall be as He wills, not as we would. His mercy be upon us! What a natural human aspiration!

December 30.—Ah me! Am I good for nothing then? Has my right hand—head rather—altogether lost its cunning? It is my heart that has fallen heavy, wrapt in endless sadness and a mist of stagnant musings upon death and the grave. Nothing now, no person now is beautiful to me. Nobleness in this world is as a thing of the past. I have given up England to the deaf stupidities, and to the fatalities that follow, likewise *deaf*. Her struggles, I perceive, under these nightmares, will reach through long sordid centuries. Her actual administerings, sufferings, performings, and attemptings fill me unpleasantly with abhorrence and contempt, both at once, for which reason I avoid thinking of them. 'Fenianism,' 'Abyssinian wars,' 'trades-unions,' 'philanthropic movement'—let the dead bury their dead.

One evening, I think in the spring of 1866, we two had come up from dinner and were sitting in this room, very weak and weary creatures, perhaps even I the wearier, though she far the weaker; I at least far the more inclined to sleep, which directly after dinner was not good for me. 'Lie on the sofa there,' said she—the ever kind and graceful, herself refusing to do so—'there, but don't sleep,' and I, after some superficial objecting, did. In old years I used to lie that way, and she would play the piano to me: a long series of Scotch tunes which set my mind finely wandering through the realms of memory and romance, and effectually prevented sleep. That evening I had lain but a few minutes when she turned round to her piano, got out the Thomson Burns book, and, to my surprise and joy, broke out again into her bright little stream of harmony and poesy, silent for at least ten years before, and gave me, in soft tinkling beauty, pathos, and melody, all my old favourites: 'Banks and Braes,' 'Flowers of the Forest,' 'Gil-

deroy,' not forgetting 'Duncan Gray,' 'Cauld Kail,' 'Irish Coolen,' or any of my favourites tragic or comic; all which she did with a modest neatness and completeness—I might say with an honest geniality and unobtrusively beautiful perfection of heart and hand—which I have never seen equalled by the most brilliant players, among which sort she was always humbly far from ranking herself; for except to me, or some quiet friend and me, she would never play at any time.

I was greatly pleased and thankful for this unexpected breaking of the silence again, and got really a fine and almost blessed kind of pleasure out of it, a soothing and assuagement such as for long I had not known. Indeed I think it is yet the actually best little hour I can recollect since, very likely the pleasantest I shall ever have. Foolish soul! I fancied this was to be the new beginning of old days, that her health was now so much improved, and her spirits especially, that she would often do me this favour, and part of my thanks and glad speech to her went in that sense, to which I remember she merely finished shutting her piano and answered nothing. That piano has never again sounded, nor in my time will or shall. In late months it has grown clearer to me than ever that she had said to herself that night, 'I will play him his tunes all yet once,' and had thought it would be but once. . . . This is now a thing infinitely touching to me. So like her; so like her. Alas, alas! I was very blind, and might have known better how near its setting my bright sun was.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A.D. 1868. ÆT. 73.

The Eyre Committee—Disestablishment of the Irish Church—A lecture by Tyndall—Visit to Stratton—S. G. O.—Last sight of the Grange—'Letters and Memorials of Mrs. Carlyle'—Meditations in Journal—Modern Atheism—Democracy and popular orators—Scotland—Interview with the Queen—Portraits—Modern Atheism—Strange applications—Loss of use of the right hand—Uses of anarchy.

THE persecution of General Eyre had been protracted with singular virulence. He had been recalled from Jamaica. His pension was withheld, and he was financially a ruined man. The Eyre Committee continued, doing what it could for him. Carlyle was anxious as ever. I never knew him more anxious about anything. It had been resolved to present a petition in Eyre's behalf to the Government. Carlyle drew a sketch of one 'tolerably to his own mind,' and sent it to the Committee. It appeared, however, not to be to *their* minds. They thanked him, found what he said 'fine and true;' but, in short, they did not like it, and he acquiesced. His interest was not altered.

I have done my bit of duty or seeming duty (he said), and there will be no further noise from it. Eyre's self down here, visibly a brave, gentle, chivalrous, and clear man, whom I would make dictator of Jamaica for the next twenty-five years were I now king of it—has withal something of the Grandison in him, mildly perceptible. That is his limiting condition.

Occasionally and at longish intervals he allowed himself to be tempted into London society. He made acquaintance with Lord and Lady Salisbury (the father of the present lord, who died soon after), both of whom he much liked. He went one evening to the Dean of Westminster's.

Lion entertainment to Princess Helena and her Prince Christian. Innocent little Princess, has a kind of beauty, &c. One little flash of pretty pride, only one, when she rose to go out from dinner, shook her bit of *train* right, raised her pretty head (fillet of diamonds sole ornament round her hair), and sailed out. 'A princess born, you know!' looked really well, the exotic little soul. Dinner, evening generally, was miserable, futile, and cost me silent insomnia the whole night through. Deserved it, did I? It was not of my choosing—not quite.

The Irish Church fell soon after, as the first branch of the famous upas tree the hewing down of which has proved so beneficent. Carlyle had long known that the Irish Church was an anomaly, but he did not rejoice in its overthrow, each step which weakened English authority in Ireland bringing nearer the inevitable fresh conflict for the sovereignty of the island.

Irish Church Resolution passed by a great majority. *Non flocci facio.* In my life I have seen few more anarchic, factious, unpatriotic achievements than this of Gladstone and his Parliament in regard to such an Ireland as now is. Poor Gladstone! Poor old decayed Church and ditto State! But once more, *non flocci facio*, him or it. If they could abolish Parliamentary eloquence it would be worth a hundred abolitions of the Irish Church, poor old creature!

Time hung heavily at Chelsea, and the evenings were dreary. Tyndall was to lecture at the Royal Institution on Faraday. Carlyle was not enthusiastic about science and the blessings to be expected from it; yet he was gratefully attached to Tyndall, and was persuaded to attend.

Journal.

January 27, 1868.—Attended Tyndall's lecture (on Faraday, his genius and merits), which Tyndall treated as quite heroic. A full and somewhat distinguished audience, respectful, noiseless, attentive, but not fully sympathetic, I should say; such, at least, was my own case, feeling rather that the eulogy was perhaps overdone. As to myself, 'the grandeur of Faraday's discoveries,' &c., excited in me no real enthusiasm, nor was either his faculty or his history a matter I could reckon heroic in that high degree. In sad fact, I cared but little for these discoveries—reckoned them uncertain—to my dark mind, and not by any means the kind of 'discoveries' I wanted to be made at present. 'Can you really turn a ray of light on its axis by magnetism? and if you could, what should I care?' This is my feeling towards most of the scientific triumphs and unheard of progresses and miracles so trumpeted abroad in these days, and I sadly keep it secret, a sorrowful private possession of my own. Saw a good many people there, ancient friends of mine, to whom I wished right well, but found it painful to speak beyond mere salutations. Bishop Thirlwall, Sir Henry Holland, Dean Stanley and his wife. Lecture done, I hurried away, joined by Conway, American nigger friend, innocent and patient.

February 6.—Nothing yet done, as usual. Nothing. Oh, *me miserum!* Day, and days past, unusually fine. Health in spite of sleeplessness, by no means very bad. Stand to thyself, wretched, mourning, heavy-laden creature. For others there is no want of work cut out for me. Yesterday, by our beautiful six posts, I had the following demands made upon me: To write about Sir William Hamilton; item about Stirling, candidate for Edinburgh Professorship; item to write about poor Clough. Have as good as nothing to say either about Clough or Hamilton, though I love them both. Just before bedtime, news from a young man, son of a Mr. C——, who used to call on me, and thought well of me, that he is fallen utterly ruined into very famine, and requests that I should lend him ten pounds. Nine-tenths of the letters I get are of that tenour, not to speak of requests for autographs, exhortations to convert myself or else be ——; which latter sort, especially which last, I burn after reading the first line. So profitable have my epistolary fellow-creatures grown to me in these years, so that when the postman leaves nothing it may be well felt as an escape. I will now send young C—— 5*l.* from a 50*l.* I am steward to.

In April Lord Northbrook wrote to invite Carlyle to spend a few days with him at Stratton. He had known Lord Northbrook in the old Grange time. Stratton was not far from the Grange, and there was a sort of pleasure in the thought of seeing it again, though now in new hands. He was unwell, suffering from sorrow 'at once poignant and impotent.' In agreeing to go he forgot the approaching anniversary, the fatal April 21.

It strikes me now, with a shadow of remorse (he wrote), that Tuesday will be the 21st, and that I shall be far away from the place in Hyde Park to which I would have walked that day. I did not recollect in consenting, or perhaps I should have refused—certainly should have paused first. But alas! that is very weak too. The place, which no stranger knows of, is already quite changed: drink fountains, &c. I was there yesterday, but —— was in company. I could only linger one little instant. Ah me! how weak we are! Yesternight I read in the newspapers of an old man who had died of grief in two or three months for the loss of his wife. They had been wedded fifty-five years. And of another in Pimlico somewhere, who, on like ground, had stabbed himself dead, finding life now unendurable.

He went to Stratton, and, except that as usual he slept badly, he enjoyed himself and 'had cause to be grateful to the kind people round him and the kind scenes he was among.' The anniversary came and went. 'All passes;' 'time and the hour wear out the gloomiest day.'

Journal.

April 27, 1868.—I was at the Grange twice over; all vacant, silent, strange like a dream; like reality become a dream. I sate in the church (Northington) with my two companions, Lords Northbrook and Sidney G. Osborne, our horses waiting the while. Church is all decorated, new-paved in encaustic, painted, glazed in coloured figures, inscribed, &c.; most clean, bright, ornate; on every pew a sprig of rosemary, &c., wholly as a Temple of the Dead. Such the piety and munificent affection of the now Dowager Lady Ashburton. I sat in silence, looking and remembering. The ride thither and back was peacefully soothing to me. An-

other day the two boys (Northbrook's sons) and I rode that way again; pretty galloping for most part, thither and from, by the woods, over the down, &c. Strange, strange to ride as through a dream that once was so real; pensive, serious, sombre, not painfully sorrowful to me. It is again something as if solemnly soothing to have seen all this for probably the last time.

My principal or almost sole fellow-guest at Stratton was 'the strange Rev. Lord Sidney,' named above, the famous S. G. O. of the newspapers, and one of the strangest brother mortals I ever met; a most lean, tall, and perpendicular man, face palpably aristocrat, but full of plebeian mobilities, free and easy rapidities, nice laughing little dark grey eyes, careless, honest, full of native ingenuity, sincerity, innocent vanity, incessant talk, anecdotic, personal, distractedly speculative, oftenest purposely distracted, never altogether boring. To me his talk had one great property, it saved all task of talking on my part. He was very intrinsically polite too, and we did very well together.[1]

Proof-sheets of the new edition of his works were waiting for him on his return home. He 'found himself willing to read those books and follow the printer through them as almost the one thing he was good for in his down-pressed and desolate years.' The demand for them 'was mainly indifferent' to him. What were his bits of works? What was anybody's work? 'Those whom he wished to please were sunk into the grave. The works and their praises and successes had become more and more "reminiscences" merely.' On the other hand, 'the thought of a selection from *her* letters had not yet quitted him, nor should. Could he but execute it well, and leave it legible behind him, to be printed after twenty years.'[2]

The selection and the copying was taken in hand. His

[1] A letter to Miss Bromley contains a second description of the great S.G O. 'One of the cheeriest, airiest, and talkingest lean old gentlemen I ever met with in my life; tall as a steeple, lean as a bundle of flails, full of wild ingenuity, of good humour and good purpose; a perfectly honest, human, headlong, and yet strictly aristocratic man. We smoked a great deal of tobacco together.'

[2] In his will of 1873 Carlyle says ten or seven years, and finally leaves the time of publication to me. Vide infra, p. 351.

passing meditations continued meanwhile to be entered in his Journal, and are increasingly interesting.

Chelsea: June 8, 1868.—One was bragging to me the other day that surely, for an item of progress, there was a visibly growing contempt for titles, aristocratic and other.[1] I answered him yes, indeed; and a visible decay of respect or reverence for whatever is above one's own paltry self, up and up to the top of the universe even, up to Almighty God Himself even, if you will look well, which is a more frightful kind of 'progress' for you.

Seriously the *speed* with which matters are going on in this supreme province of our affairs is something notable, and sadly undeniable in late years. The name—old *Numen* withal—has become as if obsolete to the most devout of us; and it is, to the huge idly impious million of writing, preaching, and talking people as if the *fact* too had quite ceased to be certain. 'The Eternities,' 'the Silences,' &c. I myself have tried various shifts to avoid mentioning the 'Name' to such an audience—audience which merely sneers in return—and is more convinced of its delusion than ever. 'No more humbug!' 'Let us go ahead!' 'All descended from gorillas, seemingly.' 'Sun made by collision of huge masses of planets, asteroids, &c., in the infinite of space.' Very possibly say I! 'Then where is the place for a Creator?' The *fool* hath said in his heart there is no God. From the beginning it has been so, is now, and to the end will be so. The *fool* hath said it—he and nobody else; and with dismal results in our days—as in all days; which often makes me sad to think of, coming nearer myself and the end of my own life than I ever expected they would do.[2] That of the sun, and his possibly being made in that manner, seemed to me a real triumph of science, indefinitely widening the horizon of our *theological* ideas withal, and awakened a good many thoughts in me when I first heard of it, and gradually perceived that there was actual scientific basis for it—I suppose the finest stroke that 'Science,' poor creature, has or may have succeeded in making during my time—welcome to me if it be a truth—honourably welcome! But what has it to do with the

[1] The Parliamentary Whips on both sides are, perhaps, of a different opinion as to this supposed contempt.

[2] Carlyle did not deny his own responsibilities in the matter. In his desire to extricate the kernel from the shell in which it was rotting, he had shaken existing beliefs as much as any man, and, he admitted to me, 'had give a considerable shove to all that.'

existence of the Eternal Unnameable? Fools! fools! It widens the horizon of my imagination, fills me with deeper and deeper wonder and devout awe.

No prayer, I find, can be more appropriate still to express one's feelings, ideas, and wishes in the highest direction than that universal one of Pope:—

> Father of all in every age
> In every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.
>
> Thou great First Cause, least *understood*,
> Who all my sense confined,
> To know but this, that Thou art good,
> And that myself am blind.

Not a word of that requires change for me at this time if words are to be used at all. The first devout or nobly thinking soul that found himself in this unfathomable universe—I still fancy with a strange sympathy the first insight his awe-struck meditation gave him in this matter. 'The Author of all this is not omnipotent only, but infinite in wisdom, in rectitude, in all noble qualities. The name of him is God (the good).' How else is the matter construable to this hour? All that is good, generous, wise, *right*—whatever I deliberately and for ever love in others and myself, who or what could by any possibility have given it to me but One who first *had* it to give! This is not logic. This is axiom. Logic to-and-fro beats against this, like idle wind on an adamantine rock. The antique first-thinker naturally gave a human personality and type to this supreme object, yet admitted too that in the deepest depths of his anthropomorphism, it remained 'inconceivable,' 'past finding out.' Let us cease to *attempt* shaping it, but at no moment forget that it veritably *is*—in this day as in the first of the days.

It was as a ray of everlasting light and insight this, that had shot itself *zenithward* from the soul of a man, first of all truly 'thinking' men, struggling to interpret for himself the mystery of his as yet utterly dark and unfathomable world; the *beginning* of all true interpretation, a piece of insight that could never die out of the world thenceforth. Strange, high, and true to me as I consider it and figure it to myself in those strange newest days—first real aperture made through the utter darkness, revealing far aloft strange skies and infinitudes. 'Inspired by the Almighty,' men might well think. What else is it in all times that 'giveth men un-

derstanding'! This '*aperture zenithward*,' as I like to express it, has gone on slowly widening itself, with troublings and confusings of itself sad to witness, at intervals in the process all along—very witnessable even now. But it has steadily gone on, and is essentially, under conditions ever widening, our *faith*, capable of being believed by oneself alone against the whole world, this day and to the end of days.

Poor 'Comtism,' ghastliest of algebraic spectralities—origin of evil, &c.—these are things which, much as I have struggled with the mysteries surrounding me, never broke a moment of my rest. Mysterious! be it so if you will. But is not the fact clear and certain! Is it a 'mystery' you have the least chance of ever getting to the bottom of! Canst *thou* by searching find out God? I am not surprised thou canst *not*, vain fool.

These things are getting to be very rife again in these late years. 'Why am *I*, the miraculously meritorious "*I*," not perfectly happy then? It would have been so easy: and see.' That I perceive is the key-note of all these vehement screechings and unmelodious, impious, scrannel pipings of poor men, verging towards *apehood* by the Dead Sea if they don't stop short.

June 29.—The other morning a pamphlet came to me from some orthodox cultivated scholar and gentleman—strictly anonymous. Pamphlet even is not published, only printed. The many excerpts, for I read little of the rest, have struck me much. An immense development of *Atheism* is clearly proceeding, and at a rapid rate, and in joyful exultant humour, both here and in France. Some book or pamphlet called 'The Pilgrim and the Shrine' was copiously quoted from. Pilgrim getting delivered out of his Hebrew old clothes seemingly into a Hottentot costume of *putrid tripes* hugely to his satisfaction, as appeared. French medical prize essay of young gentleman, in similar costume or worse, declaring 'we come from monkeys.' Virtue, vice are a *product*, like vitriol, like vinegar; this, and in general that human nature is rotten, and all our high beliefs and aspirations *mud!* See it, believe it, ye fools, and proceed to make yourselves happy upon it! I had no idea there was so much of this going on! The *Logic of Death* (English pamphlet) had already sold to 50,000 copies. Another English thing was a parody on the Lord's Prayer:—'Instead of praying to the Lord for daily bread, ask your fellow-workmen why wages are so low,' &c., &c.

This is a very serious omen, and might give rise to endless

meditation. If they do abolish 'God' from their own poor bewildered hearts, all or most of them, there will be seen for some length of time (perhaps for several generations) such a world as few are dreaming of. But I never dread their 'abolition' of what is the Eternal *Fact* of *Facts*, and can prophesy that mankind generally will either *return* to that with new clearness and sacred purity of zeal, or else perish utterly in unimaginable depths of anarchic misery and baseness, *i.e.* sink to hell and death eternal, as our fathers said. For the rest I can rather welcome one symptom clearly traceable in the phenomenon, viz., that all people have *awoke* and are determined to have done with cants and idolatries, and have decided to die rather than live longer under that hatefullest and brutallest of sleepy Upas trees. *Euge! euge!* to begin with. And there is another thing I notice, that the chosen few who do continue to believe in the 'eternal nature of duty,' and are in all times and all places the God-appointed *rulers* of this world, will know at once who the *slave* kind are; who, if good is ever to begin, must be *excluded* totally from ruling, and in fact, be trusted only with some kind of collars round their necks. Courage! courage always! But how deep are we to go? Through how many centuries, how many abject generations will it probably last?

September 8.—I wish Stirling[1] would turn the whole strength of his faculty upon that sad question, 'What is the origin of morals?' Saddest of all questions to the people who have *started* it again, and are evidently going to all lengths with it, to the foot of the very *gallows*, I believe, if not stopt sooner. Had I a little better health, I could almost think of writing something on it myself. Stirling probably never will, nor in fact can *metaphysics* ever settle it, though one would like to hear, as times go, what of clearest and truest poor Metaphysics had to say on it, for the multitude that put their trust in Metaphysics. If people are only driven upon virtuous conduct, duty, &c., by association of ideas, and there is no 'Infinite Nature of Duty,' the world, I should say, had better 'count its spoons' to begin with, and look out for hurricanes and earthquakes to end with. This of morality by 'association of ideas' seems to me the grand question of this dismal epoch for all thinking souls left. That of stump oratory—'oh, what a glorious speech!' &c., and the *inference* to be at *last* and now drawn from

[1] Edinburgh Stirling, author of the 'Secret of Hegel.'

this: the *ὑπόκρισις—actio* of Demosthenes[1]—*ter optimum*—is the second question intimately connected with the former, and it seems to me there are no two questions so pressing upon us here and now as these two. I wish sometimes I had a little strength of body left—for the other strength is perhaps still there, as the wish, for certain, occasionally is. Wish indeed! Wishing is very cheap, and at bottom neither of these two questions is what I am most like trying at present.

This matter of the power of 'oratory' was much in Carlyle's mind at this time; for since 'Niagara' his chief anxiety centred there. As democracy grows intensified, the eloquent speaker who can best please the ears of the multitude on provincial platforms will more and more be the man whom they will most admire and will choose to represent them. The most eloquent will inevitably, for some time to come, be the most powerful minister in this country. It becomes of supreme importance therefore to understand what oratory is, and how far the presence of those other faculties of intellect and character which can be trusted with the administration of the Empire may be inferred from the possession of it. It was the sad conviction of Carlyle that at no time in the world's history had famous orators deserved the name of statesmen. Facts had never borne them out. They had been always on the losing side.

Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

Nor had they been themselves true men, but men who had lived in the show and outsides of things, not in the heart and essence of things. The art of speech lies in bringing the emotions to influence the judgment—to influence it by 'assuming a feeling if you have it not,' by personation, by *ὑπόκρισις*, the art of the stage-player. I do not

[1] Demosthenes, when asked what was the first qualification of orators, is said by Cicero to have answered *Actio*. What the second? *Actio*. What the third? *Actio*. It is usually translated action, gesture. But it means all the functions of an *actor*, gesture included. Cicero, *De Oratore*, *passim*.

suppose that Carlyle had ever read either Plato's 'Gorgias' or Aristotle's 'Politics.' But, on his own grounds, he had come to the same conclusion. Plato, Aristotle, had seen in the Greek republics the same ascendency of popular orators with which England was now menaced. It was only rarely and by accident that the power in purely democratic communities fell into the hands of men fit to hold it. The mobs of the cities chose almost invariably men of two kinds, and neither a good one; either knaves who played upon them and led them by the nose for personal or party objects, or men who were themselves the victims of the passions to which they appealed, who lived intoxicated with their own verbosity, who had no judgment, and no criterion of truth, save that it must be something which they could persuade others to believe, and had therefore no power of recognising truth when it was put before them. From this cause more than from any other the Greek constitutions went to ruin, as the Roman did after them. The ascendency of the 'orator' was the unerring sign of the approaching catastrophe. Plato compared oratory to the art of the fashionable cook who flavoured his poisonous messes to tempt the palate. Aristotle says that all forms of government have their special parasites, which are bred by them, and destroy them. Kings and emperors are misled by favourites who flatter them. The orator is the parasite of the mob; he thrives on its favour, and therefore never speaks unpleasant truths to it. A king may be wise and may choose prudent councillors. A democracy from its nature never can. This was the opinion of the great Greeks, and Cicero, though he fought against the conviction, felt the truth of it.

The orator was like a soldier trained in the use of arms, and able to use them, either for good purposes or for bad. Antonius, the first master of the art in Rome, discusses the qualifications for success in Cicero's 'Dialogue' with

delicate humour. He supposes a case where he has to persuade an audience of something which he knows to be false. Fire, he says, can only be kindled by fire. The skilfullest acting cannot equal the fire of real conviction. But so happily, Antonius says, is the orator's nature constituted that when he has taken up a cause with eagerness he cannot help believing in it. He surrounds himself with an atmosphere of moral sentiments and commonplaces, and, being possessed with these sublime emotions, he pours them out in the triumphant confidence of a conviction, for the moment sincere.[1] Such a man, or such a species of man, is certain to be found, and certain to be in front place, omnipotent for mischief under all democratic constitutions. He leads the majority along with him, and rules by superior numbers; while to men of understanding, who are not blinded by his glowing periods, he appears, as he really is, a transparent charlatan. Demosthenes himself admitted that if he was speaking only to Plato his tongue would fail him; and it is a bad augury for any country when matters of weight and consequence are determined by arguments to which only the unintelligent can listen. The ominous ascendency of this quality, illustrated as it was in the persons of the two rival chiefs of the political parties in England, was a common topic of Carlyle's talk in his late years, and appears again and again in his diary.

Meantime his life fell back into something like its old routine. While his strength lasted he went annually to Scotland; never so happy as among his own kindred. Yet even among them he was less happy than sadly peaceful.

[1] 'Magna vis est earum sententiarum atque eorum locorum, quos agas tractesque dicendo, nihil ut opus sit simulatione et fallaciis. Ipsa enim natura orationis ejus, quæ suscipitur ad aliorum animos permovendos, oratorem ipsum magis etiam, quam quemquam eorum qui audiunt, permovet.' *De Oratore*, lib. ii. cap. 46.

'Pity me,' he writes to Miss Bromley, September 8, 1868, from Dumfries:—

Nay, I don't see how you are quite to avoid despising me as well. I was never so idle in my life before; but the region here is very beautiful, in the beautiful weather we again have; and to me it is not beautiful only, but almost supernatural, like the Valley of Mirza with its river and bridge. The charm of sauntering about here like a disembodied ghost, peacefully mournful, peacefully meditative, is considerable in comparison, and I repugn against quitting it.

On getting back to London he worked in earnest in sorting and annotating his wife's letters. His feeling and purpose about them, as it stood then, is thus expressed in his journal:—

To be kept unprinted for ten or twenty years after my death, if, indeed, *printed* at all, should there be any babbling of memory still afloat about me or her. That is at present my notion. At any rate, *they shall be left legible* to such as they do concern, and shall be if I live. To her, alas! it is no service, absolutely none, though my poor imagination represents it as one, and I go on with it as something pious and indubitably *right;* that some memory and image of one so beautiful and noble should not fail to survive by *my* blame, unworthy as I was of her, yet loving her far more than I could ever show, or even than I myself knew till it was too late—*too late.*

Occasional rides on Miss Bromley's Comet formed his chief afternoon occupation; but age was telling on his seat and hand, and Comet and Carlyle's riding were both near their end.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: October 9, 1868.

Riding is now fairly over. Above a week ago I had the once gallant little Comet brought down to me here; delighted to see me the poor creature seemed. But alas! idleness, darkness, and abundant oats had undermined and hebetated and, in fact, ruined the once glorious Comet; so that in about half-an-hour, roads good, riding gentlest and carefullest, the glorious Comet splashed

utterly down—cut eye, brow, and both knees—horse and rider fairly tracing out their united profile on the soil of Middlesex in the Holland House region. Silent, elegant new street, hardly anyone seeing the phenomenon. As I stuck by the horse through his sprawlings, I had come down quite gradually, right stirrup rather advanced; so that I got no injury whatever, scarcely even a little dirt. I silently perceived this must be my last ride on Comet.

The marvel was that he had been able to continue riding to so advanced an age, and had not met long before with a more serious accident. He rode loosely always. His mind was always abstracted. He had been fortunate in his different horses. They had been 'very clever creatures.' This was his only explanation.

Another incident befell him in the beginning of 1869, of a more pleasing kind. He received an intimation from Dean Stanley that her Majesty would like to become personally acquainted with a man of whom she had heard so much, and in whose late sorrows she had been so interested. He was not a courtier; no one could suspect him of seeking the favour of the great of this world, royal or noble. But for the Queen throughout his life he had entertained always a loyal respect and pity, wishing only that she could be less enslaved by 'the talking apparatus' at Westminster. He had felt for her in her bereavement, as she had remembered him in his own.

The meeting was at the Westminster Deanery:—

The Queen [he says of it] was really very gracious and pretty in her demeanour throughout; rose greatly in my esteem by everything that happened; did not fall in any point. The interview was quietly very mournful to me; the one point of real interest, a sombre thought: 'Alas! how would it have cheered her, bright soul, for my sake, had she been there!'

A less flattering distinction was Watts's portrait of him, lately finished for John Forster, and the engraving of it, which was now being proceeded with. Of the picture itself his opinion, as conveyed to his brother, was not flat-

tering. The failure may have been due to the subject, for no painter, not even Millais, ever succeeded with Carlyle. This particular performance he calls

> Decidedly the most insufferable picture that has yet been made of me,[1] a delirious-looking mountebank full of violence, awkwardness, atrocity, and stupidity, without recognisable likeness to anything I have ever known in any feature of me. *Fuit in fatis.* What care I, after all? Forster is much content. The fault of Watts is a passionate pursuit of strength. Never mind, never mind!

In the spring he was troubled by want of sleep again; the restlessness being no doubt aggravated by the 'Letters,' and by the recollections which they called up. Public opinion, politics, the tone of the press, of literature generally, the cant of progress, daily growing louder, all tended too to irritate him. Some scientific article, I think in the 'Fortnightly,' was 'disgusting and painful' to him; 'tells me nothing new either,' he noted, 'however logical and clear, that I did not know before, viz. that to the eye of clay spirit is for ever invisible. Pah! nasty! needless too. "A little lower than the angels," said Psalmist David; "A little higher than the tadpoles," says Evangelist ——."' 'These people,' he said to me, 'bring you what appears the whitest beautifullest flour to bake your bread with, but when you examine it you find it is *powdered glass*, and deadly poison.'

The 'Letters,' however, and his own occupation with them, were the absorbing interest, although to me at this time he never mentioned the subject.

Journal.

> *April* 29, 1869.—Perhaps this mournful, but pious, and ever interesting task, escorted by such miseries, night after night, and month after month—perhaps all this may be wholesome punishment, purification, and monition, and again *a blessing in disguise.*

[1] Not excepting the flayed horse!

I have had many such in my life. Some strange belief in an actual particular Providence rises always in me at intervals, faint but indestructible belief in spite of logic and arithmetic, which does me good. If it be true and a fact, as Kant and the clearest scientific people keep asserting, that there is no Time and no Space, I say to myself sometimes all minor 'Logic' and counting by the fingers becomes in such provinces an incompetent thing. Believe what thou must, that is a rule that needs no enforcing.

July 24, 1869.—In spite of impediments we are now getting done with that sacred *task*. In a month more, if permitted still, I can hope to see the whole of those dear *letters* lying legible to good eyes, with the needful commentaries, for which ought not I to be thankful as for a chosen mercy. . . . My impediments, however, have been almost desperate; ignorance, unpunctuality, sluggish torpor on the part of assistants, all hanging about my weak neck, depending on me to push it through or to leave it sticking. In fact, this has been to me a heavy-laden miserable time, *impeded* to me as none ever was by myself and *others*—others ever since October last. But I will speak of it no more. Thank God if this thing be got done.

Addiscombe seems to have been again offered to him, as an escape this summer from London, if he cared to go thither.

September 28, 1869.—The old story. Addiscombe and Chelsea alternating, without any result at all but idle misery and want of sleep, risen lately to almost the intolerable pitch. Dreary boring beings in the *lady's* time used to infest the place and scare me home again. Place *empty*, lady gone to the Highlands, and, still bountifully pressing, we tried it lately by removing bodily thither.[1] Try it for three weeks, said we, and did. Nothing but *insomnia* there, alas! Yesterday morning gone a week, we struck flag again and removed all home. Enterprise to me a total failure. . . . The *task* in a sort done, Mary finishing my notes of 1866 this very day; I shrinking for weeks past from any revisal or interference here as a thing evidently hurtful, evidently antisomnial even, in my present state of nerves. Essentially, however, her 'Letters and Memorials' are saved, thank God! and I hope to settle the details calmly, too.

[1] '*We*' means himself, his brother, and his niece, Miss Mary Aitken, who was now with him.

This is the last mention of these 'Letters,' &c., in the Journal. I, as I said, had heard nothing about them; and though I was aware that he was engaged in some way with his autobiography, I had no conjecture as to what it was. Finished in a sort the collection was, but it needed close revision, and there was an introductory narrative still to be written. Carlyle, however, could then touch it no further, nor did a time ever come when he felt himself equal to taking it up again. It was tied together and laid aside for the present, and no resolution was then formed as to what was to be done with it.

This subject being off his mind, he was able to think more calmly of ordinary things. Ruskin was becoming more and more interesting to him. Ruskin seemed to be catching the fiery cross from his hand, as his own strength was failing. Writing this autumn to myself, he said, 'One day, by express desire on both sides, I had Ruskin for some hours, really interesting and entertaining. He is full of projects, of generous prospective activities, some of which I opined to him would prove chimerical. There is, in singular environment, a ray of real Heaven in R. Passages of that last book "Queen of the Air" went into my heart like arrows.'

The Journal during the same month becomes soft and melodious, as if the sense of a duty heroically performed had composed and consoled him.

October 6.—For a week past I am sleeping better, which is a special mercy of Heaven. I dare not yet believe that sleep is regularly coming back to me; but only tremulously hope so now and then. If it does, I might still *write* something. My poor intellect seems all here, only crushed down under a general avalanche of things *foreign* to it. Men have at one time felt that they had an immortal soul, have they not? Physical obstruction, torture of nerves, &c., carried to a certain pitch is insuperable. All the rest I could take some charge of, but this fairly beats me; and the utmost I can do—could I always achieve even that,

which I can't almost ever—is to be silent, to be inert and patient under it. The soul's sorrow that I have, too, is notable, perhaps singular. At no moment can I forget my loss, nor wish to do it if I could. Singular how the death of *one* has smitten all the Universe dead to me. Morbid? I sometimes ask, and possibly it is. But in that sadness for my loved one—to whom now sometimes join themselves my mother, father, &c.—there is a piety and silent, patient tenderness which does hold of the divine. How dumb are all these things grown in the now beaverish and merely gluttonous life of man! A very sordid world, my masters! Yes. But what hast thou to do with it? Nothing. Pass on. Still save thy poor self from it if possible. . . . Am reading Verstigan's 'Decayed Intelligence' night after night, with wonder at the curious bits of correct etymology and real sense and insight, floating about among masses of mere darkness and quasi-imbecility. It is certain we have in these two centuries greatly improved in our geologies, in our notions of the early history of man. Have got rid of MOSES, in fact, which surely was no very sublime achievement either. I often think, however, it is pretty much *all* that science in this age has done, or is doing.

October 14.—Three nights ago, stepping out after midnight, with my *final* pipe, and looking up into the stars, which were clear and numerous, it struck me with a strange new kind of feeling. Hah! in a little while I shall have seen you also for the last time. God Almighty's own Theatre of Immensity, the Infinite made palpable and visible to me, that also will be closed, flung to in my face, and I shall never behold that either any more. And I knew so little of it, real as was my effort and desire to know. The thought of this eternal deprivation—even of this, though this is such a nothing in comparison—was sad and painful to me. And then a second feeling rose on me, 'What if Omnipotence, which has developed in me these pieties, these reverences and infinite affections, should actually have said, Yes, poor mortals.' Such of you as have gone so far shall be permitted to go farther. Hope. Despair not! I have not had such a feeling for many years back as at that moment, and so mark it here.

With his thoughts thus travelling into the far Infinities, Carlyle could scarcely care long, if he could care at all, for the details of the progress of English political disintegration. Yet he did observe with contemptuous indignation

the development of the Irish policy by the Prime Minister, and speculated on the construction of a mind which could persuade itself and others that such a policy was right. It was the fatal oratorical faculty.

Journal.

November 11*th*, 1869.—If *ὑπόκρισις*, 'hypocrisy'[1] be the first, second, and third thing in eloquence, as I think it is, then why have *it* at all? Why not insist, as a first and inexorable condition, that all speech be a reality; that every speaker be verily what he pretends or play-acts to be? I can see no outlet from this. Grant the Demosthenic *dictum*, this inference, this, were there nothing else urging it, inexorably follows as the very next. Experience, too—e.g., Oliver Cromwell's speeches. So soon as by long scanning you can read them clearly, nowhere in the world did I find such persuasion, such powers of compelling belief, there and then, if you did really hear with open ear and heart. Duke of Wellington! I heard him just once for a quarter of an hour. The whole House of Lords had spoken in Melibœan strains for two or three hours; might have spoken so for two or three centuries without the least result to me. *ὑπόκρισις* not good enough. Wellington hawking, haing, humming—the worst speaker I had ever heard—etched and scratched me out gradually a recognisable *portrait of the fact*, and was the only noble lord who had *spoken* at all.[2] These are accurate facts familiar to my thoughts for many years back, and might be pointed out far more vividly than here in the actual features they have. Can so many doctors, solemn pedants, and professors for some 2,000 years past—can Longinus, Demosthenes, Cicero, and all the universities, parliaments, stump oratories, and spouting places in this lower world be unanimously wearing, instead of aureoles round their heads, long ears on each side of it? Unanimously sinning against Nature's fact, and stultifying and confiscating themselves and their sublime classical labours. I privately have not the least doubt of it, but possess no means of saying so with advantage. Time, I believe, will say so in the course of certain centuries or decades emphatically enough.

November 13*th*.—A second thing I will mark.

[1] *ὑποκριτής* is the Greek word for 'actor.'

[2] This is precisely what Plato means. Truth, however plainly spoken, convinces the *intelligent*. The orator speaks *ἐν τοῖς οὐκ εἰδόσι* among the *not* intelligent, and requires someting else than truth.

The quantities of potential and even consciously increasing Atheism, sprouting out everywhere in these days, is enormous. In every scientific or quasi-scientific periodical one meets it. By the last American mail I had two eloquent, determined, and calmly zealous declarations of it. In fact, there is clear prophecy to me that in another fifty years it will be the new religion to the whole tribe of hard-hearted and hard-headed men in this world, who, for their time, bear practical rule in the world's affairs. Not only all Christian churches but all Christian religion are nodding towards speedy downfall in this Europe that now is. Figure the residuum: man made chemically out of *Urschleim*, or a certain blubber called *protoplasm*. Man descended from the apes, or the shell-fish. Virtue, duty, or utility an association of ideas, and the corollaries from all that. France is amazingly advanced in that career. England, America, are making still more passionate speed to come up with her, to pass her, and be the vanguard of progress. What I had to note is this only: that nobody need *argue* with these people, or can with the least effect. Logic never will decide the matter, or will decide it—seem to decide it—their way. He who traces nothing of God in his own soul, will never find God in the world of matter—mere circlings of *force* there, of iron regulation, of universal death and merciless indifferency. Nothing but a dead steam-engine there. It is in the soul of man, when reverence, love, intelligence, magnanimity have been developed there, that the *Highest* can disclose itself face to face in sun-splendour, independent of all cavils and jargonings. There, of a surety, and nowhere else. And is not that the real court for such a cause? Matter itself—the outer world of matter—is either Nothing or else a product due to man's *mind*. To Mind, all questions, especially this question, come for ultimate decision, as in the universal highest and final Court of Appeal. I wish all this could be developed, universally set forth, and put on its true basis. Alas! I myself can do nothing with it, but perhaps others will.

December 4th, 1869.—This is my seventy-fourth birthday. For seventy-four years have I now lived in this world. That is a fact awakening cause enough for reflection in the dullest man. . . . If this be my last birthday, as is often not improbable to me, may the Eternal Father grant that I be ready for it, frail worm that I am. Nightly I look at a certain photograph—at a certain *tomb* [1]—

[1] Photograph of the interior of Haddington Church and Mrs. Carlyle's resting-place there.

the last thing I do. Most times it is with a mere feeling of dull woe, of endless love, as if choked under the inexorable. In late weeks I occasionally feel able to wish with my whole softened heart—it is my only form of prayer—'Great Father, oh, if Thou canst, have pity on her and on me, and on all such.' In this at least there is no harm. The fast-increasing flood of *Atheism* on me takes no hold—does not even wet the soles of my feet. I totally disbelieve it; despise as well as abhor it; nor dread that it ever can prevail as a doom of the sons of men. Nay, are there not perhaps temporary *necessities* for it, inestimable future uses in it? Patience! patience! and hope! The new diabolic school of the French is really curious to me. Beaudelaire for example. Ode of his in 'Fraser' the other night. Was there ever anything so bright infernal? *Fleurs du Mal* indeed!

January 21*st*, 1870.—It is notable how Atheism spreads among us in these days. ——'s protoplasm (unpleasant doctrine that we are all, soul and body, made of a kind of blubber, found in nettles among other organisms) appears to be delightful to many; and is raising a great crop of atheistic *speech* on the shallower side of English spiritualism at present. One ——, an army surgeon, has continued writing to me on these subjects from all quarters of the world a set of letters, of which, after the first two or three, which indicated an insane vanity, as of a stupid cracked man, and a dull impiety as of a brute, I have never read beyond the opening word or two, and then the signature, as prologue to immediate fire; everyone of which nevertheless gives me a moment of pain, of ghastly disgust, and loathing pity, if it be not anger, too, at this poor —— and his life. Yesterday there came a pamphlet, published at Lewes, by some moral philosopher, there called Julian, which, on looking into it, I find to be a hallelujah on the advent and discovery of atheism; and in particular, a crowning —with cabbage or I know not what—of this very ——. The real joy of Julian was what surprised me—sincere joy you would have said—like the shout of a hyæna on finding that the whole universe was actually carrion. In about seven minutes my great Julian was torn in two and lying in the place fit for him.

The 'Diabolic' sometimes visited Carlyle in actual form. One day in November this year, an apparently well-conditioned gentleman waited upon him with a request for help in some local Chelsea charity. A sovereign was at

once forthcoming. The man went, and ten minutes after he discovered that the plausible stranger was a ticket-of-leave man, and that he himself had been a 'nose of wax.' Too late he remembered an air of 'varnished devilry' in the fellow. 'Well! well!' he reflected, 'you must just take your just wages whatever mortification there is.' The handsome scandalous face came back to him at night in a half-waking dream. 'Hah!' he thought, 'I had a personal visit of the DEVIL too, as poor St. Culm had many; and slept off with something of real pity for this miserable Devil of mine.' The fraud was itself a tribute to his known good-nature. But he had better evidences of the light in which the world now looked on him. 'The marks of respect,' he said, 'of loving regard and praise in all forms of it, that come to me here, are a surprise, an almost daily astonishment and even an embarrassment to me, though I answer uniformly nothing; so undeserved they seem, so excessive, so wildly overdone.' One letter I insert here from a person who sought him as a ghostly father under singular circumstances; an endorsement shows that he *did* answer it, though *what* he said can only be conjectured.

To Thomas Carlyle.

1869.

Sir,—As I learned from the note that Mrs. —— received from you that you were not unwilling to pay some attention to what I might have to say, I have ventured to trouble you with the following account of my wretched state. It is not without horrible misgivings that I do it. But you must know the nature of my complaint to enable you to prescribe a remedy, if remedy there be for it. Know then the secret of all my sorrows and my hardships. I am ugly—I had almost said hideous—to behold. Oh what a devilish misfortune to be sent into the world ugly. How often do I curse the day of my birth. How often do I curse the mother that brought me into this world out of nothingness into hellish misery—aye, and often do more than curse her.

I have no friends or companions; all shun and despise me. As I cannot share the pleasures and enjoyments of those around

me, I have sought to beguile away my time with books. My mental capacities are near zero, so I read them to little purpose; yet they have aroused in me dim ideas of something I cannot express—something that almost makes me glad I am in the world. I do not like to go and seek work (necessity compels me sometimes), for I cannot bear the taunts and jibes of those I work with, so I am always poor.

Oh what a devilish life is mine! You call this a God's world; if it is, I must say I am a God-forgotten mortal. You talk of big coming Eternities; you call man a Son of Earth and Heaven. I often ponder over such phrases as these, thinking to find some meaning in them that would bid me look into brighter prospects in the dark future. I, who have such a wretched life here, often try to make myself believe that there is a better life awaiting me elsewhere.

I am about twenty-five years of age. I am heartily sick of life, and I live here only because I have not the courage to die. I flatter myself that I shall yet get courage. I have become misanthropical. I hate all things. How I wish that this solid globe was shattered into fragments, and I left alone to gaze upon the ruins. Now if you could show me that I have anything to live for, that there is anything better waiting me in the 'big coming eternities,' anything that would make me bear 'the whips and scorns of time,' I will ever remember your kindness with gratitude.

I know no such hopes can be aught to me. It would have been much better that I had never been born. It is hard for me to confess all this to you—hard for me to confess it to myself. I will conclude, fearing that I have trespassed too far on your attention already.

Among the infirmities of age, a tremulous motion began to show itself in his right hand, which made writing difficult and threatened to make it impossible. It was a twitching of the muscles, an involuntary lateral jerk of the arm when he tried to use it. And no misfortune more serious could have befallen him, for 'it came,' he said, 'as a sentence not to do any more work while thou livest'—a very hard one, for he had felt a return of his energy. In brighter hours he saw many things which he might write, were the mechanical means still there.' He

could expand the thoughts which lay scattered in his Journal. He could occupy himself at any rate, in itself so necessary to so restless a spirit. He tried 'dictation,' but it resulted only in 'diluted moonshine.' Letters he could dictate, but nothing else, and the case was cruel.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: May 26, 1870.

Gloomy, mournful, musing, silent, looking back on the unalterable, and forward on the inevitable and inexorable. That, I know, is not a good employment, but it is too generally mine, especially since I lost the power of penmanship,[1] and have properly no means of working at my own trade, the only one I ever learned to work at. A great loss this of my right hand. Dictation I try sometimes, but never with any success, and doubt now I shall never learn it. Courage nevertheless; at least, silence in regard to that!

Another sorrow, aggravating the rest, was the death, March 20, 1870, of his dear friend Mr. Erskine of Linlathen. Erskine, 'one of the most religious men' left in Scotland, had been among the first of his countrymen to recognise Carlyle, and to see in him, across his heterodoxies, the intense 'belief' which is the essence of genuine piety. Erskine's orthodoxy, on the other hand, had been no impediment to Carlyle's affection for him.

On Sunday (he writes), Thomas Erskine, nearly my last Scotch friend, except my own kindred, died, weary and heavy-laden, but patient, true, and reverently peaceable to the very last. Another of my few last links severed, about which and whom the flutter to me has not yet ceased *without* or *within*. Night before last, just as I was falling asleep, vision of him in Princess Street, as if face to face; clear discernment of what a pure and beautiful and brotherly soul he had been, and that he too was away for ever, which at once awoke me again, usefully for some minutes. . . . Four years all but thirteen days I have stood contemplating my (own) calamity. Time was to bring relief, said everybody; but Time has not to any extent, nor in truth did I much wish him. No.

[1] He wrote now, and as long as he could write at all, with a pencil.

At all hours and at all moments her transfigured spirit accompanies me, beautiful and sad; lies behind all thoughts that I have and even all *talk* that I carry on, little as my collocutors suspect. Sometimes I reflect, Is not this morbid, weak, improper? but cannot bring myself to *regret* it at any time, much less to try altering it, even if I could. The truth is, I am unable to *work*. Work is done. Self am done. My life now has nothing in it but the shadow, sad, grand, unfathomable, of what is coming—coming.

Time and sorrow had softened the angry tones of Carlyle's earlier days. The Geyser spring rarely shot up the hot stones and steam, and his talk generally was as calm as the entries in his Journal. He would still boil up under provocation, but he was sorry for it afterwards. 'Walk with Spedding last week,' he notes on the 1st of May. 'My style of talk to him so fierce, exaggerative, scornful of surrounding men and things, as is painful to me to think of now.' Far more often he was trying to see the silver lining of the cloud, and discover, even in what he most detested, the action of something good. Thus—

Journal.

April 16, 1870.—American Anarchy. Yes; it is huge, loud, ugly to soul and sense, raging wildly in that manner from shore to shore. But I ask myself sometimes, 'Could your Frederic Wilhelm, your wisest Frederic, by the strictest government, by any conceivable skill in the art of charioteering, guide America forward in what is its real task at present—task of turning a savage immensity into arability, utility, and readiness for becoming *human*, as fast and well as America itself, with its very anarchies, gasconadings, vulgarities, stupidities, is now doing? No; not by any means. That withal is perfectly clear to me this good while past. Anarchies, too, have their uses, and are appointed with cause. Our own anarchy here, ugliest of created things to me, do I not discern, as its centre and vital heart even now, the visibly increasing *hatred of mendacities*, the gradually and now rapidly spreading conviction that there can be no good got of formulas and shams; that these are good only to *abolish*, the sooner the better, toss into the fire and have done with him. True—most true! This also I see.

From this point of view even the speculative anarchy was not without its uses.

Journal.

June 23, 1870.—Book (posthumous) by a Professor Grote, sent to me. Anxious remonstrance against J. S. Mill and the Utilitarian Theory of Morals. Have looked through it seriously intent, this Grote meaning evidently well, but can't read it, nor get any good of it, except see again and ever again what the infinite bewilderment of men's minds on that subject is; lost in vortexes of Logic, bottomless and boundless, for ever incapable of settling or even elucidating such a question. He that still doubts whether his sense of right and wrong is a revelation from the Most High, I would recommend him to keep silence, rather to do silently, with more and more of pious earnestness, what said sense *dictates* to him as right. Day by day in this manner will he do better, and also see more clearly where the sanction of his doing is, and whence derived. By pious heroic climbing of your own, not by arguing with your poor neighbours, wandering to right and left, do you at length reach the sanctuary—the victorious summit—and see with your own eyes. The prize of heroic labour, suffering, and performance this, and not a feat of dialectics or of tongue argument with yourself or with another, I more and more perceive it to be. To cease that miserable problem of the accounting for the 'moral sense' is becoming highly desirable in our epoch. Can you account for the 'sense of hunger,' for example? Don't; it is too idle; if you even could; which you never can or will, except by merely telling me in new words that it is hunger; and if, in accounting for 'hunger,' you more and more gave up eating, what would become of your philosophy and you? Cease, cease, my poor empty-minded, loud-headed, much-bewildered friends. 'Religion,' this, too, God be thanked, I perceive to be again possible, to be again *here*, for whoever will piously struggle upwards, and sacredly, sorrowfully *refuse to speak lies*, which indeed will mostly mean refuse to speak at all on that topic. No words for it in our base time. In no time or epoch can the Highest be spoken of in words—not in many words, I think, *ever*. But it can even now be silently beheld, and even *adored* by whoever has eyes and adoration, *i.e.* reverence in him. Nor, if he must be for the present lonely and[1] . . . in such act, will that always be the case?

[1] This passage, written in pencil, has been so corrected and altered as to be in parts illegible.

No, probably no, I begin to perceive; not always, nor altogether. But in the meanwhile Silence. Why am I writing this even here? The beginning of all is to have done with Falsity; to eschew Falsity as Death Eternal.

December 28.—I wish I had strength to elucidate and write down intelligibly to my fellow-creatures what my outline of belief about God essentially is. It might be useful to a poor protoplasm generation, all seemingly determined on those poor terms to try Atheism for a while. They will have to return from that, I can tell them, or go down altogether into the abyss. I find lying deep in me withal some confused but ineradicable flicker of belief that there is a 'particular providence.' Sincerely I do, as it were, believe this, to my own surprise, and could perhaps reconcile it with a higher logic than the common *draught-board* kind. There may further be a *chess-board* logic, says Novalis. That is his distinction.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A.D. 1870. ÆT. 75.

Anne Boleyn—'Ginx's Baby'—The Franco-German war—English sympathy with France—Letter to the 'Times'—Effect of it—Inability to write—'Letters and Memorials of Mrs. Carlyle'—Disposition made of them.

I BEGIN this chapter with an opinion of Carlyle on an intricate historical problem. In studying the history of Henry VIII., I had been uncertain what to think about the trial and execution of Anne Boleyn. The story of her offences was on the face of it monstrous, and the King's marriage, following instantly on her execution, was at least strange and suspicious. On the other hand, it was hard to believe that Commissions of Enquiry, Judges, juries, the Privy Council, and finally, Parliament, which was specially summoned on the occasion, could have been the accomplices of a wanton crime; and the King in ordinary prudence would have avoided insulting the common sense and conscience of the realm, if he knew that she had been falsely accused, and would have at least waited a decent period before taking a new wife. I did not know till I had finished my book, that the despatches of Eustace Chapuys, the Imperial Ambassador resident at the time in London, had been preserved at Vienna. I went thither to examine them in the spring of 1870, and I published extracts from them afterwards in 'Fraser's Magazine.' Chapuys's ac-

count, though it leaves the question of Anne's guilt still uncertain, yet reveals a mass of intrigue, political and personal, in Henry's court, which made it seem possible, for the first time to me, that the poor Queen might have been innocent, yet that the King and Parliament might have honestly believed her guilty. During violent revolutions, men can believe anything that falls in with their prevailing passions. I talked the subject over with Carlyle after my return. In the summer he went to Scotland, where the magazine, with the letters in it, reached him; and he wrote thus to me:—

The Hill, Dumfries: August 14, 1870.

As to Anne Boleyn, I find still a considerable want of perfect clearness, and, without that, the nearest approach I made to clearness about her was in the dialogue we had one day before Chapuys came out. Chapuys rather sent me to sea again, and dimmed the matter. I did not quite gather from him what I did from you—the frantic, fanatical, rabid, and preternatural state of 'public opinion.' This I had found to be quite the illuminative lamp of the transaction, both as to her conduct and to every one's . . . and such in fact it still continues, on the faith of what you said, and inclines me to *believe*, on all the probabilities I have, that those adulterous abominations, even the caitiff lute-player's part,[1] are most likely altogether lies upon the poor lady.

This was Carlyle's judgment, formed on such data as I could give him on this difficult matter. I added what more I had to say upon it in an appendix to the next edition of my work.

Carlyle enjoyed Scotland this year. He described his life to me as 'encircled in cotton, such the unwearied kindness and loving patience of his sister's household with him.' To Miss Bromley he wrote: 'The incomparable freshness, the air on the hillside, and the luxurious beauty of

[1] Mark Smeton, who confessed to the adultery.

these old hills and dales all round, so silent, yet so full of voices, strange and sacred, mournfully audible to one's poor old heart, are evidently doing me day by day some little good; though I have sad fighting with the quasi-infernal ingredient—the railway whistle, namely—and have my difficulties and dodgings to obtain enough of sleep.'

Miss Bromley had sent him a book which pleased him.

To Miss Bromley.

The Hill: July 11.

'Ginx's Baby' is capital in its way, and has given great satisfaction here. The writing man is rather of penny-a-liner habits and kind, but he slashes along swift and fearless, sketching at arm's length, as with a burnt stick on a cottage wall, and sketches and paints for us some real likeness of the sickening and indeed horrible anarchy and godless negligence and stupor that pervades British society, especially the lowest, largest, and most neglected class; no legislator, people's William or official person, ever casting an eye in that direction, but preferring to beat the wind instead. God mend it! I perceive it will have to try mending *itself* in altogether terrible and unexpected ways before long, if everybody takes the course of the people's William upon it. This poor penny-a-liner is evidently sincere in his denunciation and delineation, and, one hopes, may awaken here and there some torpid soul, dilettante M.P. or the like, to serious reflection on what *is* the one thing needful at this day, in Parliament and out of it, if he were wise to discern.

Alas! it is above thirty years since I started the Condition of England question as well worthy of considering, but was met with nothing but angry howls and Radical Ha, ha's! And here the said question still is, untouched and ten times more unmanageable than then. Well, well! I return you Ginx, and shut up my lamentations.

To me he wrote something in the same strain, *à propos* of some paper of mine on the colonies:—

People's William and all the parties to so unspeakable a plan of 'management' and state of things, to me are unendurable

to think of. Torpid, gluttonous, sooty, swollen, and squalid England is grown a phenomenon which fills me with disgust and apprehension, almost desperate, so far as it is concerned. What a base, pot-bellied blockhead this our heroic nation has become; sunk in its own dirty fat and offal, and of a stupidity defying the very gods. Do not grow desperate of it, you who have still a hoping heart, and a right hand that does not shake.

The finer forces of nature were not sleeping everywhere, and Europe witnessed this summer, in the French and German war, an exhibition of Divine judgment which was after Carlyle's own heart. So suddenly too it came; the whole sky growing black with storm, and the air ablaze with lightning, 'in an hour when no man looked for it.' France he had long known was travelling on a bad road, as bad as England's, or worse. The literature there was 'a new kind of Phallus-worship, with Sue, Balzac, and Co. for prophets, and Madame Sand for a virgin.' The Church getting on its feet again, with its Pope's infallibility, &c., was the re-establishment of exploded lies. As the people were, such was their government. The 'Copper Captain,' in his eyes, was the abomination of desolation, a mean and perjured adventurer. He had known him personally in his old London days, and had measured his nature. Prince Napoleon had once spent an evening in Cheyne Row. Carlyle had spoken his mind freely, as he always did, and the Prince had gone away inquiring 'if that man was mad.' Carlyle's madness was clearer-sighted than Imperial cunning. He regarded the Emperor's presence on a throne which he had won by so evil means as a moral indignity, and had never doubted that in the end Providence would in some way set its mark upon him. When war was declared, he felt that the end was coming. He had prophesied, in the 'Life of Frederick,' that Prussia would become the leading State of Germany, perhaps of Europe.

Half that prophecy had been fulfilled already through the war of 1866. The issue of the war with France was never for a moment doubtful to him, though neither he nor any one could foresee how complete the German victory would be. He was still in Scotland when the news came of Gravelotte and Sedan, and I had this letter from him:—

September 1870.—Of outward events the war does interest me, as it does the whole world. No war so wonderful did I ever read of, and the results of it I reckon to be salutary, grand, and hopeful, beyond any which have occurred in my time. Paris city must be a wonderful place to-day. I believe the Prussians will certainly keep for Germany what of Elsass and Lorraine is still German, or can be expected to *re-become* such, and withal that the whole world cannot forbid them to do it, and that Heaven will not (nor I). Alone of nations, Prussia seems still to understand something of the art of governing, and of fighting enemies to said art. Germany, from of old, has been the peaceablest, most pious, and in the end most valiant and terriblest of nations. Germany ought to be President of Europe, and will again, it seems, be tried with that office for another five centuries or so.

In September Carlyle came back to Chelsea, still eagerly watching the events of the war.

Journal.

October 3.—State of France, lying helpless, headless even, but still braggart in its ignominy under the heel of Prussia, is full of interest even to me. What will become of the mad country next? Paris, shut up on every side, can send no news except by balloon and carrier-pigeons. The country is without any visible government. A country with its *head cut off;* Paris undertaking to 'stand siege;' the voice of France a confused babblement from the gutters, scarcely human at all, you would say, so dark, ignorant, mad do they seem. This is her *first* lesson poor France is getting. It is probable she will require many such. For the last twenty years I have been pre

dicting to myself that there might lie ahead for a nation so full of mad and loud oblivion of the laws of this universe, a destiny no better than that of Poland. Its *strongest* bond, I often guess, is probably the fine and graceful *language* it has got to speak, and to have so many neighbours learn; one great advantage over Poland, but not an all-availing one. Peace with Prussia, by coming in Prussia's 'will,' as the Scotch say, is the first result to be looked for; after which Duc d'Aumale or d'Orleans for a while? Republic for a while? None knows, except that it can only be for a while; that 'anarchies' are not permitted to exist in this universe, and that nothing not anarchic is possible in such a France as now is. *N'importe; n'importe.* Poor France! Nay, the state of England is almost still more hideous to me; base exceedingly, to all but the flunkey and the penny editors, and given up to a stupidity which theologians might call judicial!

It will be remembered that Russia took advantage of the state of Europe and tore the article in the Treaty of Paris which limited her Black Sea fleet. When the article was drawn, the essentially temporary character of it was well understood; but England bristled up when the trophies of her Crimean glories were shattered and flung in her face so cavalierly; for a week or two there was talk of war again between us and Russia.

Quarrel (Carlyle said) mad as a March hare, if it don't confine itself to the able editors, which who can be sure of? Never thou mind. England seems to be all pretty *mad.* Perhaps God will be merciful to her; perhaps *not*, too; for her impious stupidities are and have been many. . . .

Ten days ago read Gladstone's article in the 'Edinburgh Review' with amazement. Empty as a *blown* goose-egg. Seldom have I read such a ridiculous solemn addle-pated *Joseph Surface* of a thing. Nothingness or near it conscious to itself of being greatness almost unexampled. Thanks to 'parliamentary eloquence' mainly, and *its* value to oneself and others. According to the People's William, England, with himself atop, is evidently even now *at the top of the world.* Against bot-

tomless *anarchy* in all fibres of her, spiritual and practical, she has now a completed ballot-box, can vote and count noses, free as air. Nothing else wanted, clearly thinks the People's William. He would ask you, with unfeigned astonishment, 'What else?' 'The sovereign'st thing in nature is *parmaceti*' (*read* ballot) 'for an inward bruise.' That is evidently his belief, what he finds believable about this universe, in England A.D. 1870. Parmaceti! Parmaceti! Enough of him and of it.

France had so clearly been the aggressor in the war with Germany that the feeling in England at the outset had been on the German side. The general belief, too, had been that France would win. Sympathy, however, grew with her defeats. The English are always restive when other nations are fighting, and fancy that they ought to have a voice in the settlement of every quarrel. There is a generous disposition in us, too, to take the weaker side; to assume that the stronger party is in the wrong, especially if he takes advantage of his superiority. When Germany began to formulate her terms of peace, when it became clear that she meant, as Carlyle foretold, to take back Elsass and Lorraine, there was a cry of spoliation, sanctioned unfortunately in high Liberal quarters where the truth ought to have been better known. A sore feeling began to show itself, aggravated perhaps by the Russian business, which, if it did not threaten to take active form, encouraged France to prolong its resistance. The past history of the relations between France and Germany was little understood in England. Carlyle perhaps alone among us knew completely how France had come by those essentially German provinces, or how the bill was now being presented for payment which had been running for centuries. To allay the outcry which was rising he reluctantly buckled on his armour again. With his niece's help he dictated a long letter to the 'Times,' telling his story simply and

clearly, without a trace of mannerism or exaggeration. It appeared in the middle of November, and at once cooled the water which might otherwise have boiled over. We think little of dangers escaped; but wise men everywhere felt that in writing it he had rendered a service of the highest kind to European order and justice. His own allusions to what he had done are slight and brief. As usual he thought but little of his own performance.

To John Carlyle.

November 12, 1870.

Poor Mary and I have had a terrible ten days, properly a 'Much Ado about Nothing.' It concerned only that projected letter to the newspapers about Germany. With a right hand valid and nerves in order I might have done the letter in a day, but with nerves all the contrary, and *no* right hand, it was all different. Poor Mary had endless patience, endless assiduity; wrote like a little fairy; sharp as a needle, and all that could be expected of her when it came to writing: and before that there was such a hauling down of old forgotten books, &c., in all which my little helpmate was nimble and unwearied. In fine, we have got the letter done and fairly sent away last night. I do not reckon it a good letter, but it expresses in a probably too emphatic way what my convictions are, and is a clearance to my conscience in that matter whether it do good or not, whether it be good or not.

Journal.

November 21.—Wrote, with much puddle and confused bother, owing to mutinous right hand mainly, a letter to the 'Times' on the French-German question, dated ten days ago, published in 'Times' of November 18. Infinite jargon in newspapers seemingly, and many scrubby notes knocking at this door in consequence. Must last still for a few days—*in* a few days will pass away like a dust-cloud.

Not scrubby notes only, but 'a rain of letters, wise, foolish, sane, mad,' streamed in upon Cheyne Row during the next few weeks. Some were really interesting, coming

from German soldiers serving in the trenches before Paris, grateful to the single Englishman who could feel for them and stand up for them. On the 25th a telegram was forwarded to him by the Prussian Ambassador, with a note from himself. The terms of the message I do not know, nor by whom it was sent. The nature of it, however, may be inferred from the words of Count Bernstorff.

Prussia House, Carlton House Terrace,
November 25, 1870.

Sir,—I received yesterday evening the enclosed telegram for you from Hamburg, and I am much gratified to be able to avail myself of the opportunity of forwarding it to you, and of expressing to the celebrated historian my entire concurrence in the thankfulness of my countrymen.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
BERNSTORFF.

In fact Carlyle's letter had most effectually answered its purpose. There was no more talk of English interposition. M. Thiers came over to beg for help; if not material, at least moral. We had to decline to interfere, and France was left to its fate—a fate terrible beyond Carlyle's expectation, for Paris, after being taken by the Germans, had to be recovered again out of the hands of the French Commune amidst the ashes of the Tuileries, and a second 'September' massacre, to be avenged by a massacre in turn. On these horrors there is a pregnant passage in a letter of his to his brother. He saw, when no one else saw it, the coming greatness of Prussia. Perhaps he saw other things equally correctly which no one else can see.

To John Carlyle.

May 29, 1871.

I am much in the dark about the real meaning of all these quasi-infernal Bedlamisms, upon which no newspaper that I

look into has anything to say except 'horrible,' 'shameful,' and 'O Lord, I thank thee that we Englishmen are not as other men.' One thing I can see in these murderous ragings by the poorest classes in Paris, that they are a tremendous proclamation to the upper classes in all countries: 'Our condition, after eighty-two years of struggling, O ye quack upper classes, is still unimproved; more intolerable from year to year, and from revolution to revolution; and by the Eternal Powers, if you cannot mend it, we will blow up the world, along with ourselves and you.'

It was Carlyle's deliberate conviction that a fate like that of Paris, and far worse than had yet befallen Paris, lay directly ahead of all great modern cities, if their affairs were allowed to drift on under *laissez-faire* and so-called Liberty.

But the world and its concerns, even Franco-German wars and Paris revolutions, could not abstract his mind, except fitfully, from the central thoughts which occupied his heart. His interest had essentially gone from the Present to the Past and Future, the Past so painfully beautiful, the Future with the veil over it which no hand had lifted or could lift. Could he but hope to see *her* once more, if only for five minutes? By the side of this the rest was nothing.

In the midst of the echoes from the battlefields he writes:—

Journal.

October 11, 1870.—Very sad, sunless, is the hue of this now almost empty world to me. World about to vanish for me in Eternities that cannot be known. Infinite longing for my loved ones—towards Her almost a kind of mournful worship—this is the one celestial element of my new existence; otherwise in general 'wae and weary'—'wae and weary.' Not even the amazing German-French war, grandest and most beneficent of Heavenly providences in the history of my time, can kindle me, except for a short while.

Again, soon after Count Bernstorff's note:—

Journal.

December 15, 1870.—How pungent is remorse, when it turns upon the loved dead, who cannot pardon us, cannot hear us now! Two plain precepts there are. Dost thou intend a kindness to thy beloved one? Do it straightway, while the fateful Future is not yet here. Has thy heart's friend carelessly or cruelly stabbed into thy heart. Oh, forgive him! Think how, when thou art dead, he will punish himself. True precepts—clear dictates of prudence both, yet how often neglected!

In the following spring there are the saddest notices of the failure of his hand, as if he was still eager to write something, but could not:—

Loss of my right hand for writing with—a terrible loss. Never shall I learn to write by dictation, I perceive. Alas! alas! for I might still work a little if I had my hand, and the night cometh wherein no man can work.

And a fortnight later:—

June 15, 1871.—Curious to consider the institution of the Right hand among universal mankind; probably the very oldest human institution that exists, indispensable to all human co-operation whatsoever. He that has seen three mowers, one of whom is left-handed, trying to work together, and how impossible it is, has witnessed the simplest form of an impossibility, which but for the distinction of 'right hand' would have pervaded all human things. Have often thought of all that—never saw it so clearly as this morning while out walking, unslept and dreary enough in the windy sunshine. How old? Old! I wonder if there is any people barbarous enough not to have this distinction of hands; no human Cosmos possible to be even begun without it. Oldest Hebrews, &c., writing from right to left, are as familiar with the world-old institution as we.

Why that particular hand was chosen is a question not to be

settled, not worth asking except as a kind of riddle: probably arose in fighting; most important to protect your heart and its adjacencies, and to carry the shield in that hand.

This is very characteristic of Carlyle, who went always to the heart of every subject which occupied him. But his particular occupation with it at that moment, and his impatience with his inability to write, perhaps arose from an eagerness to leave complete, with a fitting introduction, the letters and memorials of his wife, before making a final disposition of the manuscript. He could not do it. He was conscious that he would never be able to do it, and that he must decide on some other course. I was still his constant companion, but up to this time he had never mentioned these memoirs to me. Of her he spoke continually, always in the same remorseful tone, always with bitter self-reproach; but of the monument which he had raised to her memory he had never spoken at all. One day—the middle or end of June, 1871—he brought, himself, to my house a large parcel of papers. He put it in my hands. He told me to take it simply and absolutely as my own, without reference to any other person or persons, and to do with it as I pleased after he was gone. He explained, when he saw me surprised, that it was an account of his wife's history, that it was incomplete, that he could himself form no opinion whether it ought to be published or not, that he could do no more to it, and must pass it over to me. He wished never to hear of it again. I must judge. I must publish it, the whole or part—or else destroy it all, if I thought that this would be the wiser thing to do. He said nothing of any limit of time. I was to wait only till he was dead, and he was then in constant expectation of his end. Of himself he desired that no biography should be written, and that this Memoir, if any, should be the authorised

record of him. So extraordinary a mark of confidence touched me deeply, but the responsibility was not to be hastily accepted. I was then going into the country for the summer. I said that I would take the MS. with me, and would either write to him or would give him an answer when we met in the autumn.

On examining the present which had been thus singularly made to me I found that it consisted of a transcript of the 'Reminiscence' of Mrs. Carlyle, which he had written immediately after her death, with a copy of the old direction of 1866, that it was not to be published; two other fragmentary accounts of her family and herself; and an attempt at a preface, which had been abandoned. The rest was the collection of her own letters, &c.—almost twice as voluminous as that which has been since printed—with notes, commentaries, and introductory explanations of his own. The perusal was infinitely affecting. I saw at once the meaning of his passionate expressions of remorse, of his allusions to Johnson's penance, and of his repeated declaration that something like it was due from himself. He had never properly understood till her death how much she had suffered, and how much he had himself to answer for. She, it appeared, in her young days had aspired after literary distinction. He had here built together, at once a memorial of the genius which had been sacrificed to himself, and of those faults in himself which, though they were faults merely of an irritable temperament, and though he extravagantly exaggerated them, had saddened her married life. Something of this I had observed, but I had not known the extent of it; and this action of Carlyle's struck me as something so beautiful, so unexampled in the whole history of literature, that I could but admire it with all my heart. Faults there had been; yes, faults no doubt, but such faults as most married men commit daily and hourly,

and never think them faults at all: yet to him his conduct seemed so heinous that he could intend deliberately that this record should be the only history that was to survive of himself. In his most heroic life there was nothing more heroic, more characteristic of him, more indicative at once of his humility and his intense truthfulness. He regarded it evidently as an expiation of his own conduct, all that he had now to offer, and something which removed the shadow between himself and her memory. The question before me was whether I was to say that the atonement ought not to be completed, and that the bravest action which I had ever heard of should be left unexecuted, or whether I was to bear the reproach, if the letters were given to the world, of having uncovered the errors of the best friend that I had ever had. Carlyle himself could not direct the publication, from a feeling, I suppose, of delicacy, and dread of ostentation. I could not tell him that there was nothing in his conduct to be repented of, for there was much, and more than I had guessed; and I had again to reflect that, if I burnt the MS., Mrs. Carlyle had been a voluminous letter-writer, and had never been reticent about her grievances. Other letters of hers would infallibly in time come to light, telling the same story. I should then have done Carlyle's memory irreparable wrong. He had himself been ready with a frank and noble confession, and the world, after its first astonishment, would have felt increased admiration for the man who had the courage to make it. I should have stepped between him and the completion of a purpose which would have washed his reputation clear of the only reproach which could be brought against it. Had Carlyle been an ordinary man, his private life would have concerned no one but himself, and no one would have cared to inquire into it. But he belonged to the exceptional few of whom it was certain that everything that could be known would eventu-

ally be sifted out. Sooner or later the whole truth would be revealed. Should it be told voluntarily by himself, or maliciously by others hereafter? That was the question.

When I saw him again after the summer we talked the subject over with the fullest confidence. He was nervously anxious to know my resolution. I told him that, so far as I could then form an opinion, I thought that the letters *might* be published, provided the prohibition was withdrawn against publishing his own Memoir of Mrs. Carlyle. That would show what his feeling had really been, and what she had really been, which also might perhaps be misconstrued. It would have been hard on both of them if the sharp censures of Mrs. Carlyle's pen had been left unrelieved. To this Carlyle instantly assented. The copy of the Memoir had indeed been given to me among the other papers, that I might make use of it if I liked, and he had perhaps forgotten that any prohibition had been attached, but I required, and I received, a direct permission to print it. The next question was about the time of publication. On the last page of the MS. was attached a pencil note naming, first, twenty years after his death. The 'after my death' had been erased, but the twenty years remained. Though I was considerably younger than he was, I could not calculate on living twenty years, and the letters, if published at all, were to be published by me. When he had given them to me in June he had told me only that I was to wait till he was gone. He said now that ten years would be enough—ten years from that time. There were many allusions in the letters to people and things, anecdotes, criticisms, observations, written in the confidence of private correspondence, which ought not to be printed within so short a time. I mentioned some of these, which he directed me to omit.

On these conditions I accepted the charge, but still only

hypothetically. It had been entrusted to me alone, and I wished for further advice. He said that if I was in a difficulty I might consult John Forster, and he added afterwards his brother John. John Carlyle I had never an opportunity of consulting. I presumed that John Carlyle was acquainted with his brother's intentions, and would communicate with me on the subject if he wished to do so; but I sent the manuscript to Forster, that I might learn generally his opinion about it. Forster had been one of Mrs. Carlyle's dearest friends, much more intimate with her than I had been. He, if any one, could say whether so open a revelation of the life at Cheyne Row was one which ought to be made. Forster read the letters. I suppose that he felt as uncertain as I had done, the reasons against the publication being so obvious and so weighty. But he admired equally the integrity which had led Carlyle to lay bare his inner history. He felt as I did, that Carlyle was an exceptional person, whose character the world had a right to know, and he found it difficult to come to a conclusion. To me at any rate he gave no opinion at all. He merely said that he would talk to Carlyle himself, and would tell him that he must make my position perfectly clear in his will, or trouble would certainly arise about it. Nothing more passed between Forster and myself upon the subject. Carlyle, however, in the will which he made two years later bequeathed the MS. to me specifically in terms of the tenderest confidence. He desired that I should consult Forster and his brother when the occasion came for a final resolution; but especially he gave the trust to me, charging me to do my best and wisest with it. He mentioned seven years or ten from that date (1873) as a term at which the MS. might be published; but, that no possible question might be raised hereafter on that part of

the matter, he left the determination of the time to myself, and requested others to accept my judgment as his own.

Under these conditions the 'Letters and Memorials' remained in my hands. At the date of his will of 1873 he adhered to his old resolution, that of himself there should be no biography, and that these letters and these letters alone should be the future record of him. Within a few weeks or months, however, he discovered that various persons who had been admitted to partial intimacy with him were busy upon his history. If he was to figure before the world at all after his death he preferred that there should be an authentic portrait of him; and therefore at the close of this same year (1873) again, without note or warning, he sent me his own and his wife's private papers, journals, correspondence, 'reminiscences,' and other fragments, a collection overwhelming from its abundance, for of his letters from the earliest period of his life his family and friends had preserved every one that he had written, while he in turn seemed to have destroyed none of theirs. 'Take them,' he said to me, 'and do what you can with them. All I can say to you is, Burn freely. If you have any affection for me, the more you burn the better.'

I burnt nothing, and it was well that I did not, for a year before his death he desired me, when I had done with these MSS. to give them to his niece. But indeed everything of his own which I found in these papers tended only to raise his character. They showed him, in all his outward conduct, the same noble, single-minded, simple-hearted, affectionate man which I myself had always known him to be; while his inner nature, with this fresh insight into it, seemed ever grander and more imposing.

The new task which had been laid upon me complicated the problem of the 'Letters and Memorials.' My first hope was, that, in the absence of further definite instructions

from himself, I might interweave parts of Mrs. Carlyle's letters with his own correspondence in an ordinary narrative, passing lightly over the rest, and touching the dangerous places only so far as was unavoidable. In this view I wrote at leisure the greatest part of 'the first forty years' of his life. The evasion of the difficulty was perhaps cowardly, but it was not unnatural. I was forced back, however, into the straighter and better course.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A.D. 1872. ÆT. 77.

Weariness of life—History of the Norse Kings—Portrait of John Knox—Death of John Mill and the Bishop of Winchester—Mill and Carlyle—Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone—The Prussian Order of Merit—Offer of the Grand Cross of the Bath—Why refused—Lord Beaconsfield and the Russo-Turkish war—Letter to the 'Times.'

CARLYLE lived on after this more easy in his mind, but otherwise weary and 'heavy laden'; for life, after he had lost the power of working, was become a mere burden to him. Often and often he spoke enviously of the Roman method of taking leave of it. He had read of a senator in Trajan's time who, slipping upon the pavement from infirmity, kissed the ground, exclaiming 'Proserpine, I come!' put his house in order, and ended. Greatly Carlyle approved of such a termination, and regretted that it was no longer permitted. He did not conceive, he said, that his Maker would resent the voluntary appearance before Him of a poor creature who had laboured faithfully at his task till he could labour no more. He made one more effort to produce something. He had all along admired the old Norsemen, hard of hand and true of speech, as the root of all that was noblest in the English nation. Even the Scandinavian gods were nearer to him than the Hebrew. With someone to write for him, he put together a sketch of the Norse kings. The stories, as he told them to me, set

off by his voice and manner, were vigorous and beautiful; the end of Olaf Trygveson, for instance, who went down in battle into the fiord in his gilded armour. But the greater part of them were weakened by the process of dictation. The thing, when finished, seemed diluted moonshine and did not please him.

Journal.

February 15, 1872.—Finished yesterday that long rigmarole upon the Norse Kings. Uncertain now what to do with it; if not at once throw it into the fire. It is worth nothing at all, has taught me at least how impossible the problem is of writing anything in the least *like myself* by dictation; how the presence of a third party between my thoughts and me is fatal to any process of clear thought.

He wrote also a criticism on the portraits of John Knox, in which he succeeded in demolishing the authority of the accepted likenesses, without, however, completely establishing that of another which he desired to substitute for them. He had great insight into the human face, and into the character which lay behind it. 'Aut Knox aut Diabolus,' he said, in showing me the new picture; 'if not Knox who can it be? A man with that face left his mark behind him.' But physiognomy may be relied upon too far, and the outward evidence was so weak that in his stronger days he would not have felt so confident.

This, with an appendix to his 'Life of Schiller,' was the last of his literary labours. He never tried any thing again. The pencil entries in the Journal grew scantier, more illegible, and at last ceased altogether. The will was resolute as ever, but the hand was powerless to obey. I gather up the fragments that remain.

July 12, 1872.—A long interval filled only with pitiful miseries and confusions best *forgotten*. Empty otherwise, except

for here and there an hour of serious, penitent reflection, and of a sorrow which could be called loving, calm, and in some sort sacred and devout! Pure clear *black* amidst the general muddy gloom. Item, generally if attainable, two hours (after 10.30 P.M.) of reading in some really good book—Shakespeare latterly—which amidst the silence of all the Universe is a useful and purifying kind of thing. Reminiscences too without limit. Of prospects nothing possible except what has been common to me with all wise old men since the world began. Close by lies the *great secret*, but impenetrable (is, was, and must be so) to terrestrial thoughts for evermore. Perhaps something! Perhaps *not* nothing, after all. God's will, there also, be supreme. If we are to meet! Oh, Almighty Father, if we are, but silence! silence!

The end of the summer of 1872 was spent at Seaton with Lady Ashburton, whose affectionate care was unwearied. In a life now falling stagnant it is unnecessary to follow closely henceforth the occupation of times and seasons. The chief points only need be now noted. The rocket was burnt out and the stick falling. In November of that year Emerson came again to England, and remained here and on the Continent till the May following. He had brought his daughter with him, and from both of them Carlyle received a faint pleasure. But even a friend so valued could do little for him. His contemporaries were dropping all round; John Mill died, Bishop Wilberforce died; everyone seemed to die except himself.

Journal.

June 9, 1873.—'More and more dreary, barren, base, and ugly seem to me all the aspects of this poor diminishing quack world—fallen openly anarchic—doomed to a death which one can only wish to be speedy. . . . Death of John Mill at Avignon about a month ago, awakening what a world of reflections, emotions, and remembrances, fit to be totally kept silent in the present mad explosion (among the maddest I have seen about

anyone) of universal threnodying penny-a-linism; not at any time a melodious phenomenon.'

I had myself written to him on the Bishop of Winchester's death. He answered:—

July 29, 1873.—'I altogether sympathize in what you say of poor Sam of Winchester. The event is pitiful, tragical, and altogether sadder to me than I could have expected. He was far from being a bad man, and was a most dexterous, stout, and clever one, and I have often exchanged pleasant dialogues with him for the last thirty years—finished now—silent for all eternity! I find he was really of religious nature, and thought in secret, in spite of his bishophood, very much in regard to religion as we do.'

His remarks on Mill and Mill's autobiography are curious.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: May 10, 1873.

Yesterday, on stepping out into the street, I was told that John Mill was dead. I had heard no whisper of such a thing before; and a great black sheet of mournful, more or less tragic, memories—not about Mill alone—rushed down upon me. Poor Mill! He too, has worked out his life drama in sight of me; and that scene has closed too before my old eyes—though he was so much my junior. Goose N. came down to me to day—very dirty—very enthusiastic—very stupid and confused, with a daily newspaper 'containing two articles, ineffably sublime and heart-interesting upon Mill.' Two more blustrous bags of empty wind I have seldom read. 'Immortal fame!' 'First spirit of his age!' 'Thinker of thinkers!' What a piece of work is man with a penny-a-liner pen in his hand.

To the Same.

November 5.

You have lost nothing by missing the autobiography of Mill. I have never read a more uninteresting book, nor I should say a sillier, by a man of sense, integrity, and seriousness of mind.

The penny-a-liners were very busy with it, I believe, for a week or two, but were evidently pausing in doubt and difficulty by the time the second edition came out. It is wholly the life of a logic-chopping engine, little more of human in it than if it had been done by a thing of mechanized iron. Autobiography of a steam-engine, perhaps, you may sometimes read it. As a mournful psychical curiosity, but in no other point of view, can it interest anybody. I suppose it will deliver us henceforth from the cock-a-leerie crow about 'the Great Thinker of his Age.' Welcome, though inconsiderable! The thought of poor Mill altogether, and of his life and history in this poor muddy world, gives me real pain and sorrow.

Such a sentence, so expressed, is a melancholy ending to the affectionate intimacy which had once existed between Mill and Carlyle. At heart, perhaps, they remained agreed—at least as much agreed as Carlyle and Bishop Wilberforce could have been; both believed that the existing social arrangements in this country were incurably bad, that in the conditions under which the great mass of human beings in all civilised countries now lived, moved, and had their being, there was at present such deep injustice that the system which permitted such things could not be of long endurance. Carlyle felt this to his latest hours. Without justice society is sick, and will continue sick till it dies. The modern world, incapable of looking duty in the face, attempts to silence complaint with issuing flash-notes on the Bank of Liberty, and will leave all men free to scramble for as much as they can secure of the swine's trough. This is the notion which it forms to itself of justice, and of the natural aid which human beings are bound to give to one another. Of the graces of mutual kindliness, of the dignity and beauty which rise out of organically-formed human society, it politically knows nothing, and chooses to know nothing. The battle is no longer, even to the strong, who have, at least, the one virtue of

courage; the battle is to the cunning, in whom is no virtue at all. In Carlyle's opinion no remedy lay in political liberty. Anarchy only lay there, and wretchedness, and ruin. Mill had struck into that road for himself. Carlyle had gone into the other. They had drifted far apart, and were now separated for ever. Time will decide between them. Mill's theory of things is still in the ascendant. England is moving more eagerly than ever in the direction of enfranchisement, believing that there lies the Land of Promise. The orators echo Mill's doctrines: the millions listen and believe. The outward aspect of things seems to say that Mill did, and that Carlyle did not, understand the conditions of the age. But the way is long, the expected victories are still to be won—are postponed till the day when 'England, the mother of free nations, herself is free.' There are rapids yet to be stemmed, or cataracts to descend, and it remains uncertain whether on arriving (if we do arrive) at a finished democracy, it will be a land flowing with milk and honey, or be a waste heaving ocean strewed with the wrecks of dead virtues and ruined institutions.

Carlyle was often taunted—once, I think, by Mr. Lecky—with believing in nothing but the divine right of strength. To me, as I read him, he seems to say, on the contrary, that, as this universe is constructed, it is 'right' only that is strong. He says himself:—

> With respect to that poor heresy of might being the symbol of right 'to a certain great and venerable author,' I shall have to tell Lecky one day that quite the converse or *reverse* is the great and venerable author's real opinion—namely, that right is the eternal symbol of might: as I hope he, one day descending miles and leagues beyond his present philosophy, will, with amazement and real gratification, discover; and that, in fact, he probably never met with a son of Adam more contemptuous of might except where it rests on the above origin.

Old and weary as he was, the persistent belief of people in the blessings of democracy, and the confidence which they gave to leaders who were either playing on their credulity or were themselves the dupes of their own phrases, distressed and provoked Carlyle. He was aware that he could do nothing, that self-government by count of heads would be tried out to the end before it would be abandoned; but in his conversation and letters he spoke his opinions freely —especially his indignation at the playing with fire in Ireland, which the great popular chief had begun.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: March 7, 1873.

The whole world is in a mighty fuss here about Gladstone and his Bill:[1] the attack on the third branch of the Upas Tree, and the question what is to become of him in consequence of it. To myself from the beginning it seemed the consummation of contemptibilities and petty trickeries on his part, one of the most transparent bits of thimblerigging to secure the support of his sixty Irish votes, the Pope's brass band, and to smuggle the education violin into the hands of Cullen and the sacred sons of Belial and the scarlet woman, I had ever seen from him before.

And again:—

March 28, 1873.

Gladstone appears to me one of the contemptiblest men I ever looked on. A poor Ritualist; almost spectral kind of phantasm of a man—nothing in him but forms and ceremonies and outside wrappages; incapable of seeing veritably any fact whatever, but seeing, crediting, and laying to heart the mere clothes of the fact, and fancying that all the rest does not exist. Let him fight his own battle, in the name of Beelzebub the god of Ekron, who seems to be his God. Poor phantasm!

He was better pleased with a lecture on English notions

[1] Irish Education Bill.

of government, delivered by Sir James Stephen, at the Philosophical Institution, at Edinburgh:—

I found it (he says, November 15) a very curious piece indeed, delineating one of the most perfect dust-whirls of Administrative Nihilism, and absolute absurdities and impotences, more like an electric government apparatus for Bedlam, elected and submitted to by Bedlam, than any sane apparatus ever known before. And strangely enough it is interlarded with the loyallest assurances every now and then that it is the one form of government for us for an indefinite period, and that no change for the better can be practically contemplated. He is a very honest man, Stephen, with a huge heavy stroke of work in him.

Of Stephen, Ruskin, and one or two others, Carlyle could still think with a degree of comfort. He would gladly have struck one more blow against 'things not true'; for his intellect was strong as ever and his sight as piercing; but he sadly found that it was not to be. On December 6 he made the last pencil entry, or the last that is legible, in his Journal. From this time his hand failed him entirely, and the private window that opened into his heart was closed up—no dictation being there admissible.

December 6, 1873.—Day before yesterday was my poor birthday, attended with some ceremonial greetings and more or less sincere expressions of regard. Welcome these latter, though unimportant. To myself the serious and solemn fact, 'Thy seventy-eighth year is finished then.' Nor had that in it an impressiveness of too much depth; perhaps rather of too little. A life without work in it, as mine now is, has less and less worth to me; nay, sometimes a feeling of disgrace and blame is in me; the poor soul still vividly enough alive, but struggling in vain under the strong imprisonment of the dying or half-dead body. For many months past, except for idle *reading*, I am pitifully idle. Shame, shame! I say to myself, but cannot help it. Great and strange glimpses of thought come to me at intervals, but to prosecute and fix them down is denied me. Weak, too weak, the flesh, though the spirit is willing.

He seemed to be drifting calmly towards the end, as if of outward incidents or outward activities there would be nothing more to record. But there was still something wanting, and he was not to leave the world without an open recognition of his services to mankind. In January, 1874, there came a rumour from Berlin that Prussia proposed to reward the author of the 'Life of Frederic the Great,' by conferring on him the Order of Merit, which Frederic himself had founded. Possibly the good turn which he had done to Germany by his letter during the siege of Paris, might have contributed to draw the Emperor's attention to him. But his great history, translated and universally accepted by Frederic's countrymen as the worthiest account of their national hero, was itself claim sufficient without additional motive. Carlyle had never been ambitious of public honours. He had never even thought of such things, and the news, when it first reached Cheyne Row, was received without particular flutter of heart. 'Were it ever so well meant,' he said, 'it can be of no value to me whatever. Do thee neither ill na gude.' The Order of Merit was the most flattering distinction which could have been offered him, for it really means 'merit,' and must be earned, even by the Princes of the Blood. Of course he could not refuse it, and, at the bottom, I am sure that he was pleased. Yet it seemed as if he would not let himself enjoy anything which *she* was no longer alive to enjoy with him.

The day before yesterday (he tells his brother on the 14th of February) his Prussian Excellency forwarded to me by registered parcel all the documents and insignia connected with our sublime elevation to the Prussian Order of Merit. Due reply sent; and so we have done, thank Heaven, with this sublime nonentity. I feel about it, after the fact is over, quite as emphatically as I did at first,—that had they sent me a quarter of

a pound of good tobacco, the addition to my happiness would probably have been suitabler and greater.

To his friends this act of the German Government was a high gratification, if to himself it was a slight one. The pleasure which men receive from such marks of respect is in most cases 'satisfied vanity'; and Carlyle never thought of his own performances, except as 'duty' indifferently done.

We, however, were all glad of it, the more so because I then believed that when I wrote his life I should have to say that although for so many years he had filled so great a place amongst us, and his character was as noble as his intellect, the Government, or Governments, of his own country—Tory, Liberal, or whatever they might be—had passed him over without notice. The reproach, however—for reproach it would have been—was happily removed while there was yet time.

It is rather for their own sakes, than for the recipients of their favours, that Governments ought to recognise illustrious services. The persons whom they select for distinction are a test of their own worth.

Everyone remembers the catastrophe of 1874. Mr. Gladstone, but lately 'the people's William,' the national idol, was flung from his pedestal. The country had wearied of him. Adulation had soured into contempt, and those who had chanted his praises the loudest professed, like the Roman populace on the fall of Sejanus, that they had never admired him at all. At the time, the general opinion was that his star had set for ever, and Carlyle thought so too till he saw who it was that the people had chosen to replace him. His mind misgave him then that the greater faults of his successor would lift Mr. Gladstone back again to a yet more giddy eminence and greater opportunities of evil. But this was not the world's impression, and Carlyle tried

to hide it from himself as long as he could. Little sanguine as he was, he flattered himself at the time of the election that the better spirit of ancient England was awake again, that she had sickened of her follies and was minded in earnest to put a curb between the teeth of anarchy. It was a bright flash of hope, and might have been more than a hope if the Conservatives could have wisely used the chance which was once more offered them. Unfortunately, the conditions of the time permitted only the alternative of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone—products, both of them, of stump oratory. From the author of the Reform Bill of 1867 he could only look for stage tricks or illusions. No wise action could come of such a man, and the pendulum would too surely swing back to its old place. Of the two, however, since one or the other was inevitable, he liked Disraeli the best. Disraeli, though he might delude the world, did not delude himself, and could see facts as they were if he cared to see them. At any rate there was a respite from the disintegrating process, and he might hope to live out his remaining years unvexed by any more of it.

Mr. Disraeli could not have been unaware of the unfavourable light in which he was regarded by Carlyle, but he by no means reciprocated the feeling. He was essentially goodnatured, as indeed Carlyle always acknowledged, and took any blow that might be aimed at him with undisturbed composure. He had been a man of letters before he was a politician. He was proud of his profession and of the distinction which he had himself conquered as a novelist. He was personally unacquainted with Carlyle; they had moved in different circles, and I believe had never met. But in early life he had been struck with the 'French Revolution'; he had imitated the style of it, and distinctly regarded the author of that book as the most important of living writers. Perhaps he had heard of the bestowal of the Order of

Merit, and had felt that a scandal would rest on England if a man whom Germany could single out for honour was left unnoticed in his own land. Perhaps the consideration might have been forced upon him from some private source. At any rate, he forgot, if he had ever resented, Carlyle's assaults upon him, and determined to use his own elevation as Premier to confer some high mark of distinction on a person who was so universally loved and admired. It was indeed time, for Carlyle hitherto had been unnoticed entirely, and had been left without even the common marks of confidence and recognition which far inferior men are seldom without an opportunity of receiving. He would not have accepted a pension even when in extremity of poverty. But a pension had never been offered. Eminent men of letters were generally appointed trustees of the British Museum; Carlyle's name had not been found among them. The post of Historiographer Royal for Scotland had been lately vacant. This, at least, his friends expected for him; but he had been intentionally passed over. The neglect was now atoned for.

The letters which were exchanged on this occasion are so creditable to all persons concerned, that I print as many of them as I possess complete—*in perpetuam rei memoriam.*

To Thomas Carlyle, Esq.

(Confidential.) Bournemouth: December 27, 1874.

Sir,—A Government should recognise intellect. It elevates and sustains the tone of a nation. But it is an office which, adequately to fulfil, requires both courage and discrimination, as there is a chance of falling into favouritism and patronising mediocrity, which, instead of elevating the national feeling, would eventually degrade or debase it. In recommending Her Majesty to fit out an Arctic Expedition, and in suggesting other measures of that class, her Government have shown their sym-

pathy with Science; and they wish that the position of High Letters should be equally acknowledged: but this is not so easy, because it is in the necessity of things that the test of merit cannot be so precise in literature as in science. When I consider the literary world, I see only two living names which I would fain believe will be remembered, and they stand out in uncontested superiority. One is that of a poet—if not a great poet, a real one; the other is your own.

I have advised the Queen to offer to confer a baronetcy on Mr. Tennyson, and the same distinction should be at your command if you liked it; but I have remembered that, like myself, you are childless, and may not care for hereditary honours. I have, therefore, made up my mind, if agreeable to yourself, to recommend to Her Majesty to confer on you the highest distinction for merit at her command, and which, I believe, has never yet been conferred by her except for direct services to the State, and that is the Grand Cross of the Bath.

I will speak with frankness on another point. It is not well that in the sunset of your life you should be disturbed by common cares. I see no reason why a great author should not receive from the nation a pension, as well as a lawyer or statesman. Unfortunately, the personal power of Her Majesty in this respect is limited; but still it is in the Queen's capacity to settle on an individual an amount equal to a good fellowship; and which was cheerfully accepted and enjoyed by the great spirit of Johnson and the pure integrity of Southey.

Have the goodness to let me know your feelings on these subjects.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your faithful Servant,
B. DISRAELI.

To the Right Hon. B. Disraeli.

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea:
December 29, 1874.

Sir,—Yesterday, to my great surprise, I had the honour to receive your letter containing a magnificent proposal for my benefit, which will be memorable to me for the rest of my life. Allow me to say that the letter, both in purport and expression,

is worthy to be called magnanimous and noble, that it is without example in my own poor history; and I think it is unexampled, too, in the history of governing persons towards men of letters at the present, as at any time; and that I will carefully preserve it as one of the things precious to memory and heart. A real treasure or benefit *it*, independent of all results from it.

This said to yourself and reposited with many feelings in my own grateful mind, I have only to add that your splendid and generous proposals for my practical behoof, must not any of them take effect; that titles of honour are, in all degrees of them, out of keeping with the tenour of my own poor existence hitherto in this epoch of the world, and would be an encumbrance, not a furtherance to me; that as to money, it has, after long years of rigorous and frugal, but also (thank God, and those that are gone before me) not degrading poverty, become in this latter time amply abundant, even superabundant; more of it, too, now a hindrance, not a help to me; so that royal or other bounty would be more than thrown away in my case; and in brief, that except the feeling of your fine and noble conduct on this occasion, which is a real and permanent possession, there cannot anything be done that would not now be a sorrow rather than a pleasure.

With thanks more than usually sincere,
I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obliged and obedient servant,
T. CARLYLE.

To the Countess of Derby.

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea:
December 30, 1874.

Dear Lady,—As I believe you to have been the originator, contriver, and architect of this beautiful air mansion intended for my honour and benefit, and as the Premier's letter appears to me very beautiful on his part, I venture directly to send you a correct copy of that and of my answer to it, which I really had a regret in feeling obliged to write; that is to say, in reducing so splendid an edifice of the generous mind to inexorable nothing; though I do say still, and will say it, the generous intention,

brought ready for fulfilment from such a quarter, will ever remain a beautiful and precious possession for me.

Mr. Disraeli's letter is really what I called it, magnanimous and noble on his part. It reveals to me, after all the hard things I have said of him, a new and unexpected stratum of genial dignity and manliness of character which I had by no means given him credit for. It is, as my penitent heart admonishes me, a kind of 'heaping coals of fire on my head;' and I do truly repent and promise to amend. For the rest, I naturally wish there should be as little as possible said about this transaction, though almost inevitably the secret will ooze out at last. In the meanwhile silence from us all. . . .

Forgive this loose rambling letter. Write no answer to it till your own time come, and on the whole forgive me my sins generally, or think of me as mercifully as you can. With my respectful compliments to Lord Derby, and most loyal wishes that all good may be with you and yours,

I remain, dear Lady,
Your attached and most obedient,
T. CARLYLE.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: January 1, 1875.

The enclosed letter and copy of my answer ought to go to you as a family curiosity and secret. Nobody whatever knows of it beyond our two selves here, except Lady Derby, whom I believe to have been the contriver of the whole affair. You would have been surprised, all of you, to have found unexpectedly your poor old brother converted into Sir Tom; but alas! there was no danger at any moment of such a catastrophe. I do, however, truly admire the magnanimity of Dizzy in regard to me. He is the only man I almost never spoke of except with contempt; and if there is anything of scurrility anywhere chargeable against me, he is the subject of it; and yet see, here he comes with a pan of hot coals for my guilty head. I am, on the whole, gratified a little within my own dark heart at this mark of the good-will of high people—Dizzy by no means the chief of them—which has come to me now at the very end, when I can have the additional pleasure of answering, 'Alas, friends! it is of no use to me, and I will not have it.' Enough, enough! Re-

turn me the official letter, and say nothing about it beyond the walls of your own house.

The Government was unwilling to accept the refusal, and great private efforts were tried to induce him to reconsider his resolution. It was intimated to him that Her Majesty herself would regret to be deprived of an opportunity of showing the estimation which she felt for him. But the utter unsuitableness of a 'title of honour' to a person of his habits and nature, was more and more obvious to him. 'The Grand Cross,' he said to me, 'would be like a cap and bells to him.' And there lay below a yet prouder objection. 'You accepted the Order of Merit?' I said. 'Yes,' he answered, 'but that is a reality, never given save for merit only; while this ——.' The Prussian Order besides did not require him to change his style. It would leave him, as it found him, plain Thomas Carlyle.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: January 30, 1875.

I have not been worse in health since you last heard; in fact, usually rather better; and at times there come glimpses or bright reminiscences of what I might, in the language of flattery, call health—very singular to me now, wearing out my eightieth year. It is strange and wonderful to feel these glowings out again of intellectual and spiritual clearness, followed by base physical confusions of feeble old age; and, indeed, daily I am taught again the unfathomable mystery of what we call a soul, radiant with heaven, yet capable of being overclouded and, as it were, swallowed up by the bottomless mud it has to live in, in this world. . . . There has been again a friendly assault made upon me, Disraeli himself the instigator, in regard to the celebrated 'baronetcy' affair. There was first a letter from Lady Derby. Then there duly came the interview of Wednesday, with a great deal of earnest and friendly persuasion to accept some part or other of the Ministerial offers. Then at

last, when all had to be steadfastly declined as an evident superfluity and impropriety, a frank confession from her ladyship that I had done well to answer No in all particulars. The interview was not painful to me, but rather the contrary; though I really was sorry to disappoint—as it appeared I should do—both Disraeli and a much higher personage, Queen's Majesty herself, namely. Lady D. had at once permission from me to break the secret of the matter, and to tell or publish whatever she pleased of the truth about it.

So this small circumstance ended. The endeavour to mark his sense of Carlyle's high deserts, which no other Premier had thought of noticing, will be remembered hereafter to Lord Beaconsfield's credit, when 'peace with honour' is laughed at or forgotten. The story was a nine days' wonder, with the usual conflict of opinion. The final judgment was perhaps most completely expressed to me by the conductor of an omnibus: 'Fine old gentleman that, who got in along with you,' said he to me, as Carlyle went inside and I mounted to the roof, 'we thinks a deal on him down in Chelsea, we does.' 'Yes,' I said, 'and the Queen thinks a deal on him too, for she has just offered to make him a Grand Cross.' 'Very proper of she to think of it,' my conductor answered, 'and more proper of he to have nothing to do with it. 'Tisn't that as can do honour to the likes of he.'

More agreeable to Carlyle were the tributes of respect which poured in upon Cheyne Row when the coming December brought his 80th birthday. From Scotland came a gold medal; from Berlin two remarkable letters. I have copies of neither, and therefore cannot give them. One was from a great person whom I do not know; the other was from Prince Bismarck, written in his own large clear hand, which Carlyle showed me, but I dare not reproduce it from recollection.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: December 4, 1875.

There has been this morning a complete whirlwind of birth day gifts and congratulations about the poor arrival of my eightieth and probably last 4th of December. Prince Bismarck, you will observe, thinks it is my seventieth birthday, which is enough to quench any vanity one might have on a missive from such a man; but I own to being truly pleased with the word or two he says about 'Frederick the Great,' which seems to me a valuable memorial and certificate of the pains I took in the matter, not unwelcome in the circumstances.

The Scotch medal too was an agreeable tribute, due, he believed, to the kind exertions of Professor Masson. But he was naturally shy, and disliked display when he was himself the object of it. The excitement worried him. He described it as 'the birthday of a skinless old man; a day of the most miserable agitation he could recollect in his life.' 'The noble and most unexpected note from Bismarck,' he said, 'was the only real glad event of the day. The crowd of others, including that of the Edinburgh medal, was mere fret and fuss to me, intrinsically of no value at all, at least till one had time to recognise, from the distance, that kindness and goodwill had lain at the heart of every part of it.'

'Kindness and goodwill,' yet not in the form which he could best have welcomed. The respect of the nineteenth century, genuine though it be, takes the colours of the age, and shows itself in testimonials, addresses, compliments. 'They say I am a great man now,' he observed to me, 'but not one of them believes my report; not one of them will do what I have bidden them do.'

His time was chiefly passed in reading and in dictating letters. He was still ready with his advice to all who asked for it, and with help when help was needed. He walked in the mornings on the Chelsea Embankment. 'A real im-

provement that,' as he reluctantly admitted. In the afternoon he walked in the park with me or some other friend; ending generally in an omnibus, for his strength was visibly failing. At the beginning of 1876, Mr. Trevelyan brought out his Life of his uncle, and sent Carlyle a copy. 'It promises,' he writes to his brother, 'to give a recognisable likeness of the great Thomas Babington, whom, to say truth, I never could in any way deeply admire, or at all believe in, except to a very shallow extent. You remember bringing me his first 'Edinburgh Review' essay,[1] one night from Annan to the Gill, and reading it with me before going to bed. I think that was the only thing of his I ever read with lively satisfaction. Did you know that Macaulay is understood to signify 'the son of Olaf'; Aulay Macaulay —Olaf, son of Olaf? Olaf Trygveson would surely be much surprised to see some of the descendants he has had. It is a most singular biography, and psychologically may be considered the most curious ever written. No man known to me in present or past ages ever had, with a peaceable composure too, so infinite a stock of good conceit of himself. Trevelyan has done his task cleverly and well. I finished it with a rather sensible increase of wonder at the natural character of him, but with a clearer view than ever of the limited nature of his world-admired talent.'

Many letters have been sent to me from unknown correspondents—young men probably who had been diverted from clericalism by reading his books—and had consulted Carlyle in their choice of a life. Here is one. I would give many more had I room for them, for they are all kind and wise.

Chelsea: March 30, 1876.

Dear Sir,—I respect your conscientious scruples in regard to choosing a profession, and wish much I had the power of giv-

[1] On Milton.

ing you advice that would be of the least service. But that, I fear, in my total ignorance of yourself and the posture of your affairs, is pretty nearly impossible. The profession of the law is in many respects a most honourable one, and has this to recommend it, that a man succeeds there, if he succeeds at all, in an independent and manful manner, by force of his own talent and behaviour, without needing to seek patronage from anybody. As to ambition, that is, no doubt, a thing to be carefully discouraged in oneself; but it does not necessarily inhere in the barrister's profession more than in many others, and I have known one or two who, by quiet fidelity in promoting justice, and by keeping down litigation, had acquired the epithet of the 'honest lawyer,' which appeared to me altogether human and beautiful.

Literature, as a profession, is what I would counsel no faithful man to be concerned with, except when absolutely forced into it, under penalty, as it were, of death. The pursuit of culture, too, is in the highest degree recommendable to every human soul, and may be successfully achieved in almost any honest employment that has wages paid for it. No doubt, too, the church seems to offer facilities in this respect; but I will by no means advise you to overcome your reluctance against seeking refuge *there*. On the whole there is nothing strikes me likelier for one of your disposition than the profession of teacher, which is rising into higher request every day, and has scope in it for the grandest endowments of human faculties (could such hitherto be got to enter it), and of all useful and fruitful employments may be defined as the usefullest, fruitfullest, and also indispensablest in these days of ours.

Regretting much that I can help you so infinitely little, bidding you take pious and patient counsel with your own soul, and wishing you with great truth a happy result,

I remain, dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
T. CARLYLE.

Thus calmly and usefully Carlyle's later years went by. There was nothing more to disturb him. His health (though he would seldom allow it) was good. He com-

plained of little, scarcely of want of sleep, and suffered less in all ways than when his temperament was more impetuously sensitive. One form of sorrow—inevitable when life is far prolonged, that of seeing those whom he had known and loved pass away—this he could not escape. In February, 1876, John Forster died, the dearest friend that he had left. I was with him at Forster's funeral in Kensal Green; and a month later at the funeral of Lady Augusta Stanley at the Abbey.

In April his brother Alick went, far off in Canada.

April 22, 1876.—Poor Alick! he writes: He is cut away from us, and we shall behold his face no more, nor think of him as being of the earth any more. The much-struggling, ever true and valiant brother is for ever gone. To himself in the state he was in, it can be considered only as a blessed relief, but it strikes me heavily that he is gone before myself; that I, who should in the course of nature have gone before him, am left among the mourners instead of being the mourned.

Young Alick's account of his death is altogether interesting—a scene of sublime simplicity, great and solemn under the humblest forms. That question of his, when his eyes were already shut, and his mind wavering before the last *finis* of all:—'Is Tom coming from Edinburgh the morn?'[1] will never leave me should I live a hundred years. Poor Alick, my ever faithful brother! Come back across wide oceans and long decades of time to the scenes of brotherly companionship with me, and going out of the world as it were with his hand in mine. Many times he convoyed me to meet the Dumfries coach, or to bring me home from it, and full of bright and perfect affection always were those meetings and partings.

Though he felt his life to be fast ebbing, he still watched the course of things outside him. He had, as has been seen, been touched by Mr. Disraeli's action towards him,

[1] Alluding to the old times when Carlyle was at the University and his brother would be looking out for him at vacation time.

but it had not altered in the least his distrust of Disraeli's character; and it was thus with indignation, but without surprise, that he found him snatch the opportunity of the Russian-Turkish War to prepare to play a great part in European politics. It was the curse of modern English political life, as Carlyle saw it, that Prime Ministers thought first of their party, and only of the well-being of their country as wrapped up in their party's triumph. Mr. Gladstone had sacrificed the loyal Protestants in Ireland for the Catholic vote. Disraeli was appealing to the traditions of the Crimean War, the most foolish enterprise in which England had ever been engaged, to stir the national vanity and set the world on fire, that he and his friends might win a momentary popularity. That any honour, any benefit to England or to mankind, could arise from this adventure, he could neither believe himself nor do Disraeli so much injustice as to suppose that he believed it. Lord Palmerston, a chartered libertine, had been allowed to speak of the Turks as 'the bulwark of civilisation against barbarism.' There was no proposition too absurd for the unfortunate English people to swallow. Disraeli was following on the same lines; while the few decently informed people, who knew the Turks, knew that they were the barbarians, decrepit, and incurable; that their presence in Europe was a disgrace; that they had been like a stream of oil of vitriol, blasting every land that they had occupied. And now we were threatened with war again, a war which might kindle Europe into a blaze; in defence of this wretched nation. The levity with which Parliament, press, and platform were lending themselves to the Premier's ambition, was but an illustration of what Carlyle had always said about the practical value of English institutions; but he was disgusted that the leaders in the present insanity should be those from whom alone resistance could be hoped

for against the incoming of democracy. It was something worse than even their Reform Bill ten years before. He saw that it could lead to nothing but the discredit, perhaps the final ruin of the Conservative party, and the return of Mr. Gladstone, to work fresh mischief in Ireland. He foresaw all that has happened as accurately as if he had been a mechanically inspired prophet; and there was something of the old fire of the 'Latter-Day Pamphlets' in the tone in which he talked of what was coming. John Carlyle had spent the spring of 1877 in Cheyne Row. He had left at the end of April, when the excitement was growing hot. His brother writes, April 28:—

> Dismal rumours are afloat, that Dizzy secretly intends to break in upon the Russian-Turkish War, and supporting himself by his Irish Home Rulers, great troop of commonplace Tories, Jews, &c., suddenly get Parliament to support him in a new Philo-Turk war against Russia—the maddest thing human imagination could well conceive. I am strongly urged to write something further upon it, but cannot feel that I have anything new to say.

Events move fast in these days, and one nail drives out another; but we all remember the winter campaign which brought the Russians to Constantinople and the English fleet to the Dardanelles. Opinion in England was all but prepared to allow the Government to throw itself into the fray—all but—but not entirely. If initiative could be forced upon the Russians, those who wished for a fresh struggle could have it. A scheme was said to have been formed either to seize Gallipoli or to take some similar step, under pretence of protecting English interests, which would have driven Russia, however reluctant she might be, into a declaration of war. The plan, whatever it may have been, was kept a secret; but there is reason to believe that preparations were actually made, that commanders were chosen,

and instructions were almost on their way, which would have committed the country beyond recall. Carlyle heard of this, not as he said from idle rumour, but from some authentic source; and he heard too that there was not a moment to lose. On the 5th of May he writes to his brother:—

After much urgency and with a dead-lift effort, I have this day got issued through the 'Times' a small indispensable deliverance on the Turk and Dizzy question. Dizzy, it appears, to the horror of those who have any interest in him and his proceedings, has decided to have a new war for the Turk against all mankind; and this letter hopes to drive a nail through his mad and maddest speculations on that side.

The letter to the 'Times' was brief, not more than three or four lines; but it was emphatic in its tone, and was positive about the correctness of the information. Whether he was right, or whether some one had misled him, there is no evidence before the public to show. But the secret, if secret there was, had thus been disclosed prematurely. The letter commanded attention as coming from a man who was unlikely to have spoken without grounds, and any unexpected shock, slight though it may be, will disturb a critical operation. This was Carlyle's last public act in this world; and if he contributed ever so little to preventing England from committing herself to a policy of which the mischief would have been immeasurable, counterbalanced by nothing, save a brief popularity to the Tory party, it was perhaps also the most useful act in his whole life.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A.D. 1877–81. ÆT. 82–85.

Conversation and habits of life—Estimate of leading politicians—Visit from Lord Wolseley—Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone—Dislike of Jews—The English Liturgy—An afternoon in Westminster Abbey—Progress—Democracy—Religion—The Bible—Characteristics.

My tale draws to an end. In representing Carlyle's thoughts on men and things, I have confined myself as much as possible to his own words in his journals and letters. To report correctly the language of conversations, especially when extended over a wide period, is almost an impossibility. The listener, in spite of himself, adds something of his own in colour, form, or substance.

I knew Carlyle, however, so long and so intimately, that I heard many things from him which are not to be found under his hand; many things more fully dilated on, which are there only hinted at, and slight incidents about himself for which I could make no place in my narrative. I have already noticed the general character of his talk with me. I add here some few memorabilia, taken either from notes hastily written down, or from my own recollection, which I believe in the main to be correct.

When the shock of his grief had worn off, and he had completed his expiatory memoir, he became more composed, and could discourse with his old fulness, and more

calmly than in earlier times. A few hours alone with him furnished then the most delightful entertainment. We walked five or six miles a day in Hyde Park or Battersea, or in the environs of Kensington. As his strength declined, we used the help of an omnibus, and extended our excursions farther. In his last years he drove daily in a fly, out Harrow way, or to Richmond or Sydenham, or wherever it might be. Occasionally, in the warm days of early summer, he would go with me to Kew Gardens to see the flowers or hear the cuckoo and the nightingales. He was impervious to weather—never carried an umbrella, but, with a mackintosh and his broad-brimmed hat, let the rain do its worst upon him. The driving days were the least interesting to me, for his voice grew weak, and my own hearing being imperfect, I lost much of what he said; but we often got out to walk, and then he was as audible as ever.

He was extremely sensitive, and would become uneasy and even violent—often without explaining himself—for the most unexpected reasons. It will be remembered that he had once stayed at Malvern with Dr. Gully, and on the whole had liked Gully, or had at least been grateful to him. Many years after, Dr. Gully's name had come before the world again, in connection with the Balham mystery, and Carlyle had been shocked and distressed about it. We had been out at Sydenham. He wished to be at home at a particular hour. The time was short, and I told the coachman to go back quickly the nearest way. He became suddenly agitated, insisted that the man was going wrong, and at last peremptorily ordered him to take another road. I said that it would be a long round, and that we should be late, but to no purpose, and we gave him his way. By-and-by, when he grew cool, he said, 'We should have gone through Balham. I cannot bear to pass that house.'

In an omnibus his arbitrary ways were very amusing. He always craved for fresh air, took his seat by the door when he could get it, and sat obliquely in the corner to avoid being squeezed. The conductors knew him, and his appearance was so marked that the passengers generally knew him also, and treated him with high respect. A stranger on the box one day, seeing Carlyle get in, observed that the 'old fellow 'ad a queer 'at.' 'Queer 'at!' answered the driver; 'ay, he may wear a queer 'at, but what would you give for the 'ed-piece that's a inside of it?'

He went often by omnibus to the Regent Circus, walked from thence up Regent Street and Portland Place into the Park, and returned the same way. Portland Place, being airy and uncrowded, pleased him particularly. We were strolling along it during the Russo-Turkish crisis, one afternoon, when we met a Foreign Office official, who was in the Cabinet secrets. Knowing me, he turned to walk with us, and I introduced him to Carlyle, saying who he was. C. took the opportunity of delivering himself in the old eruptive style; the Geyser throwing up whole volumes of steam and stones. It was very fine, and was the last occasion on which I ever heard him break out in this way. Mr. —— wrote to me afterwards to tell me how much interested he had been, adding, however, that he was still in the dark as to whether it was his eyes or the Turk's that had been damned at such a rate. I suppose I might have answered, both.

He spoke much on politics and on the characters of public men. From the British Parliament he was profoundly convinced that no more good was to be looked for. A democratic Parliament, from the nature of it, would place persons at the head of affairs increasingly unfit to deal with them. Bad would be followed by worse, and worse by worst, till the very fools would see that the system must

end. Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet, went with me once to call in Cheyne Row, Carlyle having expressed a wish to see him. He was much struck with Sir Garnet, and talked freely with him on many subjects. He described the House of Commons as 'six hundred talking asses, set to make the laws and administer the concerns of the greatest empire the world had ever seen;' with other uncomplimentary phrases. When we rose to go, he said, 'Well, Sir, I am glad to have made your acquaintance, and I wish you well. There is one duty which I hope may yet be laid upon you before you leave this world—to lock the door of yonder place, and turn them all out about their business.'

Of the two Parliamentary chiefs then alternately ruling, I have already said that he preferred Mr. Disraeli, and continued to prefer him, even after his wild effort to make himself arbiter of Europe. Disraeli, he thought, was under no illusions about himself. To him the world was a mere stage, and he a mere actor playing a part upon it. He had no serious beliefs, and made no pretences. He understood, as well as Carlyle himself, whither England was going, with its fine talk of progress; but it would last his time; he could make a figure in conducting its destinies, or at least amuse himself scientifically like Mephistopheles. He was not an Englishman, and had no true care for England. The Conservatives, in choosing him for their leader, had sealed their own fate. He had made his fame by assailing Peel, the last of the great order of English ministers. He was dexterous in Parliamentary manœuvres, but looked only to winning in divisions, and securing his party their turn of power. If with his talents he had possessed the instincts of a statesman, there was anarchic Ireland to be brought to order; there were the Colonies to be united with the Empire; there was the huge, hungry, half-human population of our enormous towns to be drafted out over the

infinite territories of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, where, with land to cultivate and pure air to breathe, they might recover sanity of soul and limb.

He used to speak with real anger of the argument that such poor wretches were wanted at home in their squalid alleys, that labour might continue cheap. It was an argument worthy only of Carib cannibals. This was the work cut out for English Conservatives, and they were shutting their eyes to it because it was difficult, and were rushing off, led by Dizzy, into Russian wars.

Mr. Disraeli, however, had, he admitted, some good qualities. He could see *facts*, a supreme merit in Carlyle's eyes. He was good-natured. He bore no malice. If he was without any lofty virtues, he affected no virtuous airs. Mr. Gladstone, Carlyle considered to be equally incapable of high or sincere purpose, but with this difference, that he supposed himself to have what he had not. He did not look on Mr. Gladstone merely as an orator, who, knowing nothing as it ought to be known, had flung his force into words and specious sentiments; but as the representative of the multitudinous cants of the age—religious, moral, political, literary; differing in this point from other leading men, that the cant seemed actually true to him; that he believed it all and was prepared to act on it. He, in fact, believed Mr. Gladstone to be one of those fatal figures, created by England's evil genius, to work irreparable mischief, which no one but he could have executed.

This, in sum, was the opinion which he expressed to me a hundred times, with a hundred variations, and in this imperfect form I have here set it down. In a few years, the seed which Mr. Gladstone has sown in Ireland and elsewhere will have ripened to the harvest. 'All political follies,' Carlyle says somewhere, 'issue at last in a broken head to somebody. That is the final outcome of them.'

The next generation will see whether we are to have broken heads in Ireland, or peace and prosperity.

His dislike for Disraeli was perhaps aggravated by his dislike of Jews. He had a true Teutonic aversion for that unfortunate race. They had no *humour*, for one thing, and showed no trace of it at any period of their history—a fatal defect in Carlyle's eyes, who regarded no man or people as good for anything who were without a 'genial sympathy with the under side.' They had contributed nothing, besides, to the 'wealth' of mankind, being mere dealers in money, gold, jewels, or else old clothes, material and spiritual. He stood still one day, opposite Rothschild's great house at Hyde Park Corner, looked at it a little, and said, 'I do not mean that I want King John back again, but if you ask me which mode of treating these people to have been the nearest to the will of the Almighty about them—to build them palaces like that, or to take the pincers for them, I declare for the pincers.' Then he imagined himself King John, with the Baron on the bench before him. 'Now, sir, the State requires some of those millions you have heaped together with your financing work. "You won't?" very well,' and he gave a twist with his wrist—'Now will you?' and then another twist, till the millions were yielded. I would add, however, that the Jews were not the only victims whose grinders he believed democracy would make free with.

London housebuilding was a favourite text for a sermon from him. He would point to rows of houses so slightly put together that they stood only by the support they gave to one another, intended only to last out a brief lease, with no purpose of continuance, either to themselves or their owners. 'Human life,' he said, was not possible in such houses. All real worth in man came of stability. Character grew from roots like a tree. In healthy times the family home was constructed to last for ages; sons to fol-

low their fathers, working at the same business, with established methods of thought and action. Modern houses were symbols of the universal appetite for change. They were not houses at all. They were tents of nomads. The modern artisan had no *home*, and did not know what home meant. Everything was now a makeshift. Men lived for the present. They had no future to look forward to, for none could say what the future was to be. The London streets and squares were an unconscious confession of it.

For the same reason he respected such old institutions as were still standing among us—not excepting even the Church of England. He called it the most respectable teaching body at present in existence; and he thought it might stand for a while yet if its friends would let it alone. 'Your rusty kettle,' he said, 'will continue to boil your water for you if you don't try to mend it. Begin tinkering, and there is an end of your kettle.' It could not last for ever, for what it had to say was not wholly true. Puritanism was a noble thing while it was sincere, but that was not true either. All doctrines had to go, after the truth of them came to be suspected. But as long as men could be found to work the Church of England who believed the Prayer-book sincerely, he had not the least wish to see the fall of it precipitated. He disliked the liberal school of clergy. Let it once be supposed that the clergy generally were teaching what they did not believe themselves, and the whole thing would become a hideous hypocrisy.

He himself had for many years attended no place of worship. Nowhere could he hear anything which he regarded as true, and to be insincere in word or act was not possible to him. But liturgies and such-like had a mournful interest for him, as fossils of belief which once had been genuine. A lady—Lady Ashburton, I think—induced him once, late in his life, to go with her to St. Paul's. He

had never before heard the English Cathedral Service, and far away in the nave, in the dim light, where the words were indistinct, or were disguised in music, he had been more impressed than he expected to be. In the prayers he recognised 'a true piety' which had once come straight out of the heart. The distant 'Amen' of the choristers and the roll of the great organ brought tears into his eyes. He spoke so feelingly of this, that I tempted him to try again at Westminster Abbey. I told him that Dean Stanley, for whom he had a strong regard, would preach, and this was perhaps another inducement. The experiment proved dangerous. We were in the Dean's seat. A minor canon was intoning close to Carlyle's ear. The chorister boys were but three yards off, and the charm of distance was exchanged for contact which was less enchanting. The lines of worshippers in front of him, sitting while pretending to kneel, making their responses, bowing in the creed by habit, and mechanically repeating the phrases of it, when their faces showed that it was habit only, without genuine conviction; this and the rest brought back the feeling that it was but play-acting after all. I could see the cloud gathering in his features, and I was alarmed for what I had done before the service was half over. Worst of all, through some mistake, the Dean did not preach, and in the place of him was a popular orator, who gave us three-quarters of an hour of sugary eloquence. For a while Carlyle bore it like a hero. But by-and-by I heard the point of his stick rattle audibly on the floor. He crushed his hat angrily at each specially emphatic period, and groans followed, so loud that some of the congregation sitting near, who appeared to know him, began to look round. Mrs. D——, the Dean's cousin, who was in the seat with us, exchanged frightened glances with me. I was the most uneasy of all, for I could see into his mind;

and at the too florid peroration I feared that he would rise and insist on going out, or even, like Oliver, exclaim, 'Leave your fooling, sir, and come down!' Happily the end arrived before a crisis, and we escaped a catastrophe which would have set London ringing.

The loss of the use of his right hand was more than a common misfortune. It was the loss of everything. The powers of writing, even with pencil, went finally seven years before his death. His mind was vigorous and restless as ever. Reading without an object was weariness. Idleness was misery; and I never knew him so depressed as when the fatal certainty was brought home to him. To this, as to other immediate things, time partly reconciled him; but at first he found life intolerable under such conditions. Every day he told me he was weary of it, and spoke wistfully of the old Roman method. 'A man must stick to his post,' he said, 'and do his best there as long as he can work. When his tools are taken from him, it is a sign that he may retire.' When a dear friend who, like himself, had lost his wife and was heart-broken, took leave in Roman fashion, he was emphatic in his approval. Increasing weakness only partially tamed him into patience, or reconciled him to an existence which, even at its best, he had more despised than valued.

To Carlyle, as to Hamlet, the modern world was but 'a pestilent congregation of vapours.' Often and often I have heard him repeat Macbeth's words:—

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps on this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time:
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

> And then is heard no more. It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

He was especially irritated when he heard the ordinary cant about progress, unexampled prosperity, &c. Progress whither? he would ask, and prosperity in what? People talked as if each step which they took was in the nature of things a step upward; as if each generation was necessarily wiser and better than the one before; as if there was no such thing as progressing down to hell; as if human history was anything else but a history of birth and death, advance and decline, of rise and fall, in all that men have ever made or done. The only progress to which Carlyle would allow the name was moral progress; the only prosperity the growth of better and nobler men and women: and as humanity could only expand into high dimensions in an organic society when the wise ruled and the ignorant obeyed, the progress which consisted in destroying authority, and leaving everyone to follow his own will and pleasure, was progress down to the devil and his angels. That, in his opinion, was the evident goal of the course in which we were all hurrying on in such high spirits. Of the theory of equality of voting, the good and the bad on the same level, Judas Iscariot and Paul of Tarsus counting equal at the polling booth, the annals of human infatuation, he used to say, did not contain the equal.

Sometimes he thought that we were given over and lost without remedy; that we should rot away through inglorious centuries, sinking ever deeper into anarchy, protected by our strip of sea from a violent end till the earth was weary of us. At other times the inherent manliness of the English race, inherited from nobler ages, and not yet rinsed out of them, gave him hopes that we might yet be delivered.

I reminded him of the comment of Dion Cassius on the change in Rome from a commonwealth to an empire. In a democracy, Cassius says, a country cannot be well administered, even by accident, for it is ruled by the majority, and the majority are always fools. An emperor is but a single man, and may, if the gods please, be a wise one. But this did not please Carlyle either. The emperors that Rome got, and that we should be likely to get, were of the Copper Captain type, and worse than democracy itself. The hope, if there was hope, lay in a change of heart in the English people, and the reawakening of the nobler element in them; and this meant a recovered sense of 'religion.' They would rise out of their delusions when they recognised once more the sacred meaning of *duty*. Yet *what religion?* He did not think it possible that educated honest men could even profess much longer to believe in historical Christianity. He had been reading the Bible. Half of it seemed to be inspired truth, half of it human illusion. 'The prophet says, "Thus saith the Lord." Yes, sir, but how if it be not the Lord, but only you who take your own fancies for the word of the Lord.' I spoke to him of what he had done himself. Then as always he thought little of it, but he said, 'They must come to something *like* that if any more good is to grow out of them.' Scientific accountings for the moral sense were all moonshine. Right and wrong in all things, great and small, had been ruled eternally by the Power which made us. A friend was arguing on the people's right to decide this or that, and, when Carlyle dissented, asked who was to be the judge. Carlyle fiercely answered, 'Hell fire will be the judge. God Almighty will be the judge, now and always.'

The history of mankind is the history of creeds growing one out of the other. I said it was possible that if Protestant Christianity ceased to be credible, some fresh superstí-

tion might take its place, or even that Popery might come back for a time, developed into new conditions. If the Olympian gods could survive Aristophanes 800 years; if a Julian could still hope to maintain Paganism as the religion of the empire, I did not see why the Pope might not survive Luther for at least as long. Carlyle would not hear of this; but he did admit that the Mass was the most genuine relic of religious belief now left to us. He was not always consistent in what he said of Christianity. He would often speak of it with Goethe 'as a height from which, when once achieved, mankind could never descend.' He did not himself believe in the Resurrection as a historical fact, yet he was angry and scornful at Strauss's language about it. 'Did not our hearts burn within us?' he quoted, insisting on the honest conviction of the apostles.

The associations of the old creed which he had learnt from his mother and in the Ecclefechan kirk hung about him to the last. I was walking with him one Sunday afternoon in Battersea Park. In the open circle among the trees was a blind man and his daughter, she singing hymns, he accompanying her on some instrument. We stood listening. She sang Faber's 'Pilgrims of the Night.' The words were trivial, but the air, though simple, had something weird and unearthly about it. 'Take me away!' he said after a few minutes, 'I shall cry if I stay longer.'

He was not what is commonly called an amiable man. Amiability runs readily into insincerity. He spoke his mind freely, careless to whom he gave offence: but as no man ever delighted more to hear of any brave or good action, so there was none more tender-hearted or compassionate of suffering. Stern and disdainful to wrongdoers, especially if they happened to be in high places, he was ever pitiful to the children of misfortune. Whether they were saints or sinners made no difference. If they were

miserable his heart was open to them. He was like Goethe's elves:—

> Wenn er heilig, wenn er böse,
> Jammert sie der Unglücksmann.

His memory was extremely tenacious, as is always the case with men of genius. He would relate anecdotes for hours together of Scotch peasant life, of old Edinburgh students, old Ecclefechan villages, wandering from one thing to another, but always dwelling on the simple and pious side of things, never on the scandalous or wicked. Burns's songs were constantly on his lips. He knew them so well that they seemed part of his soul. Never can I forget the tone in which he would repeat to me, revealing unconsciously where his own thoughts were wandering, the beautiful lines:—

> Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met and never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Not once but many times the words would burst from him, rather as the overflow from his own heart than as addressed to me.

In his last years he grew weak, glad to rest upon a seat when he could find one, glad of an arm to lean on when on his feet. He knew that his end must be near, and it was seldom long out of his mind. But he was not conscious of a failure of intellectual power, nor do I think that to the last there was any essential failure. He forgot names and places, as old men always do, but he recollected everything that was worth remembering. He caught the point of every new problem with the old rapidity. He was eager as ever for new information. In his intellect nothing pointed to an end; and the experience that the mind did not necessarily decay with the body confirmed his conviction that it

was not a function of the body, that it had another origin and might have another destination. When he spoke of the future and its uncertainties he fell back invariably on the last words of his favourite hymn:—

> Wir heissen euch hoffen.
> (We bid you to hope.)

Meanwhile his business with the world was over, his connection with it was closing in, and he had only to bid it Farewell.

> Fear no more the heat of the sun,
> Nor the stormy winter rages;
> Now the long day's task is done,
> Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
> Golden lads and lasses must,
> Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Often these words were on his lips. *Home*, too, he felt that he was going; home to those 'dear' ones who had gone before him. His wages he has not taken with him. His wages will be the love and honour of the whole English race who read his books and know his history. If his writings are forgotten, he has left in his life a model of simplicity and uprightness which few will ever equal and none will excel. For he had not been sustained in his way through this world by an inherited creed which could give him hope and confidence. The inherited creed had crumbled down, and he had to form a belief for himself by lonely meditation. Nature had not bestowed on him the robust mental constitution which passes by the petty trials of life without heeding them, or the stubborn stoicism which endures in silence. Nature had made him weak, passionate, complaining, dyspeptic in body and sensitive in spirit, lonely, irritable, and morbid. He became what he was by his moral rectitude of principle, by a conscientious resolution to do right, which never failed him in serious

things from his earliest years, and, though it could not change his temperament, was the inflexible guide of his conduct. Neither self-indulgence, nor ambition, nor any meaner motive, ever led him astray from the straight road of duty, and he left the world at last, having never spoken, never written a sentence which he did not believe with his whole heart, never stained his conscience by a single deliberate act which he could regret to remember.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A.D. 1877–81. ÆT. 82–85.

Statues—Portraits—Millais's picture—Study of the Bible—Illness and death of John Carlyle—Preparation of Memoirs—Last words about it—Longing for death—The end—Offer of a tomb in Westminster Abbey—Why declined—Ecclefechan churchyard—Conclusion.

A BRIEF chapter closes my long story. All things and all men come to their end. This biography ends. The biographer himself will soon end, and will go where he will have to answer for the manner in which he has discharged his trust, happy so far that he has been allowed to live to complete an arduous and anxious undertaking. In the summer of 1877 Carlyle, at my urgent entreaty, sat for his picture to Mr. Millais. Mr. Boehm had made a seated statue of him, as satisfactory a likeness in face and figure as could be rendered in sculpture; and the warm regard which had grown up between the artist and himself had enabled Mr. Boehm to catch with more than common success the shifting changes of his expression. But there was still something wanting. A portrait of Carlyle completely satisfactory did not yet exist, and if executed at all could be executed only by the most accomplished painter of his age. Millais, I believe, had never attempted a more difficult subject. In the second sitting I observed what seemed a miracle. The passionate vehement face of middle life had long dis-

appeared. Something of the Annandale peasant had stolen back over the proud air of conscious intellectual power. The scorn, the fierceness was gone, and tenderness and mild sorrow had passed into its place. And yet under Millais's hands the old Carlyle stood again upon the canvas as I had not seen him for thirty years. The inner secret of the features had been evidently caught. There was a likeness which no sculptor, no photographer, had yet equalled or approached. Afterwards, I knew not how, it seemed to fade away. Millais grew dissatisfied with his work, and, I believe, never completed it. Carlyle's own verdict was modestly uncertain.

The picture, he said, does not please many, nor in fact myself altogether; but it is surely strikingly like in every feature, and the fundamental condition was that Millais should paint what he was able to see.

His correspondence with his brother John, never intermitted while they both lived, was concerned chiefly with the books with which he was occupying himself. He read Shakespeare again. He read Goethe again, and then went completely through the 'Decline and Fall.'

I have finished Gibbon, he wrote, with a great deduction from the high esteem I have had of him ever since the old Kirkcaldy days, when I first read the twelve volumes of poor Irving's copy in twelve consecutive days. A man of endless reading and research, but of a most disagreeable style, and a great want of the highest faculties (which indeed are very rare) of what we could call a classical historian, compared with Herodotus, for instance, and his perfect clearness and simplicity in every part.

In speaking of Gibbon's work to me he made one remark which is worth recording. In earlier years he had spoken contemptuously of the Athanasian controversy, of the Christian world torn in pieces over a diphthong, and

he would ring the changes in broad Annandale on the Homoousion and the Homoiousion. He told me now that he perceived Christianity itself to have been at stake. If the Arians had won, it would have dwindled away into a legend.

He continued to read the Bible, 'the significance of which,' he found, 'deep and wonderful almost as much as it ever used to be.' Bold and honest to the last, he would not pretend to believe what his intellect rejected, and even in Job, his old favourite, he found more wonder than satisfaction. But the Bible itself, the Bible and Shakespeare, remained 'the best books' to him that were ever written.

He was growing weaker and weaker, however, and the exertion of thought exhausted him.

I do not feel to ail anything, he said of himself, November 2, 1878, except unspeakable and, I think, increasing weakness, as of a young child—the arrival, in fact, of second childhood, such as is to be expected when the date of departure is nigh. I am grateful to Heaven for one thing, that the state of my mind continues unaltered and perfectly clear; surely a blessing beyond expression compared with what the contrary would be. Let us pray to be grateful to the great Giver of Good, and for patience under whatever His will may be.

And again, November 7:—

The fact is, so far as I can read it, my strength is faded nearly quite away, and it begins to be more and more evident to me that I shall not long have to struggle under this burden of life, but soon go to the refuge that is appointed for us all. For a long time back I have been accustomed to look at the *Ernster Freund* as the most merciful and indispensable refuge appointed by the Great Creator for His wearied children whose work is done. Alas, alas! the final mercy of God, it in late years always appears to me is, that He delivers us from life which has become a task too hard for us.

As long as John Carlyle survived, he had still the associ

ate of his early years, on whose affection he could rely, and John, as the younger of the two, might be expected to outlive him. But this last consolation he was to see pass from him. John Carlyle, too, was sinking under the weight of years. Illness bore heavily on him, and his periodic visits to Chelsea had ceased to be manageable. His home was at Dumfries, and the accounts of him which reached Cheyne Row all through that winter were less and less hopeful. It was a winter memorable for its long, stern, implacable frost, which bore hard on the aged and the failing. Though they could not meet, they could still write to each other.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: December 14, 1878.

My dear Brother,—On coming down stairs from a dim and painful night I find your punctual letter here, announcing that matters are no better with yourself, probably in some respects even worse. We must be patient, dear brother, and take piously if we can what days and nights are sent us. The night before last was unusually good with me. All the rest, especially last night, were worse than usual, and little or no sleep attainable by me. In fact I seem to perceive that there is only one hope, that of being called away out of this unmanageable scene. One must not presume to form express desires about it, but for a long time back the above has been my clear conviction. About you, dear brother, I think daily with a tender sorrow for your sake, and surely have to own with you that there is no good news to be expected from either side. God's will be done. The frost, I perceive, will not abate yet, and the darkness gives no sign of lessening either. Your case, dear brother, I feel to be even worse than my own, and I am often painfully thinking of you. Let us summon all the virtue that is in us, if there be any virtue at all, and quit us like men and not like fools. Mary sends her kindest love. To me she is unwearied in her attention; rose last night, for example, as she ever does at my summons; but was not able last night, for the first time, to do me

any real good. I send my love to sister Jean, and am always eager for news of her. Blessings on you all.

I am ever, dear brother, affectionately yours,

T. CARLYLE.

A little more and John was gone. As his condition grew hopeless, Carlyle was afraid every day that the end had come, and that the news had been kept back from him. 'Is my brother John dead?' he asked me one day as I joined him in his carriage. He was not actually dead then, but he suffered only for a few more days. John Carlyle would have been remembered as a distinguished man if he had not been overshadowed by his greater brother. After his early struggles he worked in his profession for many careful years, and saved a considerable fortune. Then, in somewhat desultory fashion he took to literature. He wanted brilliancy, and still more he wanted energy, but he had the virtue of his family—veracity. Whatever he undertook he did faithfully, with all his ability, and his translation of Dante is the best that exists. He needed the spur, however, before he would exert himself, and I believe he attempted nothing serious afterwards. In disposition he was frank, kind-hearted, generous; entirely free from all selfishness or ambition; simple as his brother in his personal habits; and ready always with money, time, or professional assistance, wherever his help was needed. When Carlyle bequeathed Craigenputtock to the University of Edinburgh, John too settled a handsome sum for medical bursaries there, to encourage poor students. These two brothers, born in a peasant's home in Annandale, owing little themselves to an Alma Mater which had missed discovering their merits, were doing for Scotland's chief University what Scotland's peers and merchants, with their palaces and deer forests

and social splendour, had, for some cause, too imperfectly supplied.

James Carlyle and three sisters still remained, and Carlyle was tenderly attached to them. But John had been his early friend, the brother of his heart, and his death was a sore blow. He bore his loss manfully, submitting to the inevitable as to the will of his Father and Master. He was very feeble, but the months went by without producing much visible change, save that latterly in his drives he had to take a supply of liquid food with him. He was still fairly cheerful, and tried, though with diminished eagerness, to take an interest in public affairs. He even thought for a moment of taking a personal part in the preparation of his Memoirs. Among his papers I had found the Reminiscences of his father, of Irving, of Jeffrey, of Southey and Wordsworth. I had to ask myself whether these characteristic, and as I thought, and continue to think, extremely beautiful autobiographical fragments, should be broken up and absorbed in his biography, or whether they ought not to be published as they stood, in a separate volume. I consulted him about it. He had almost forgotten what he had written; but as soon as he had recalled it to his recollection he approved of the separate publication, and added that they had better be brought out immediately on his death. The world would then be talking about him, and would have something authentic to go upon. It was suggested that he might revise the sheets personally, and that the book might appear in his lifetime as edited by himself. He turned the proposal over in his mind, and considered that perhaps he might try. On reflection, however, he found the effort would be too much for him. He gave it up, and left everything as before to me, to do what I thought proper.

At this time there had been no mention and no purpose

of including in the intended volume the Memoir of Mrs. Carlyle. This was part of his separate bequest to me, and I was then engaged, as I have already said, in incorporating both memoir and letters in the history of his early life. I think a year must have elapsed after this before the subject was mentioned between us again. At length, however, one day about three months before his death, he asked me very solemnly, and in a tone of the saddest anxiety, what I proposed to do about 'the Letters and Memorials.' I was sorry—for a fresh evidence at so late a date of his wish that the Letters should be published as he had left them would take away my discretion, and I could no longer treat them as I had begun to do. But he was so sorrowful and earnest—though still giving no positive order—that I could make no objection. I promised him that the Letters should appear with such reservations as might be indispensable. The Letters implied the Memoir, for it had been agreed upon from the first between us, that, if Mrs. Carlyle's Letters were published, his Memoir of her must be published also. I decided, therefore, that the Memoir should be added to the volume of Reminiscences; the Letters to follow at an early date. I briefly told him this. He was entirely satisfied, and never spoke about it again.

I have said enough already of Carlyle's reason for preparing these papers, of his bequest of them to me, and of the embarrassment into which I was thrown by it. The arguments on either side were weighty, and ten years of consideration had not made it more easy to choose between them. My final conclusion may have been right or wrong, but the influence which turned the balance was Carlyle's persevering wish, and my own conviction that it was a wish supremely honourable to him.

This was in the autumn of 1880, a little before his 85th birthday. He was growing so visibly infirm, that neither

he himself nor any of us expected him to survive the winter. He was scarcely able even to wish it.

He was attended by a Scotch physician who had lately settled in London. He disliked doctors generally, and through life had allowed none of them near him except his brother; but he submitted now to occasional visits, though he knew that he was past help and that old age was a disease for which there was no earthly remedy. I was sitting with him one day when this gentleman entered and made the usual inquiries. Carlyle growled some sort of answer, and then said:—

I think very well of you, sir. I expect that you will have good success here in London, and will well deserve it. For me you can do nothing. The only thing you could do, you must not do—that is, help me to make an end of this. We must just go on as we are.

He was entirely occupied with his approaching change, and with the world and its concerns we could see that he had done for ever. In January he was visibly sinking. His political anticipations had been exactly fulfilled. Mr. Gladstone had come back to power. Fresh jars of paraffin had been poured on the fire in Ireland, and anarchy and murder were the order of the day. I mentioned something of it to him one day. He listened indifferently. 'These things do not interest you?' I said. 'Not the least,' he answered, and turned languidly away. He became worse a day or two after that. I went down to see him. His bed had been moved into the drawing-room, which still bore the stamp of his wife's hand upon it. Her workbox and other ladies' trifles lay about in their old places. He had forbidden them to be removed, and they stood within reach of his dying hand.

He was wandering when I came to his side. He recog-

nised me. 'I am very ill,' he said. 'Is it not strange that those people should have chosen the very oldest man in all Britain to make suffer in this way?'

I answered, 'We do not exactly know why those people act as they do. They may have reasons that we cannot guess at.' 'Yes,' he said, with a flash of the old intellect, 'it would be rash to say that they have no reasons.'

When I saw him next his speech was gone. His eyes were as if they did not see, or were fixed on something far away. I cannot say whether he heard me when I spoke to him, but I said, 'Ours has been a long friendship; I will try to do what you wish.'

This was on the 4th of February, 1881. The morning following he died. He had been gone an hour when I reached the house. He lay calm and still, an expression of exquisite tenderness subduing his rugged features into feminine beauty. I have seen something like it in Catholic pictures of dead saints, but never, before or since, on any human countenance.

So closed a long life of eighty-five years—a life in which extraordinary talents had been devoted, with an equally extraordinary purity of purpose, to his Maker's service, so far as he could see and understand that Maker's will—a life of single-minded effort to do right and only that; of constant truthfulness in word and deed. Of Carlyle, if of anyone, it may be said that 'he was a man indeed in whom was no guile.' No insincerity ever passed his lips; no dishonest or impure thought ever stole into his heart. In all those long years the most malicious scrutiny will search in vain for a single serious blemish. If he had frailties and impatiences, if he made mistakes and suffered for them, happy those whose conscience has nothing worse to charge them with. Happy those who, if their infirmities have caused pain to others who were dear to them, have, like Carlyle, made the

fault into a virtue by the simplicity and completeness of their repentance.

He had told me when Mrs. Carlyle died, that he hoped to be buried beside her at Haddington. It was ordered otherwise, either by himself on reconsideration, or for some other cause. He had foreseen that an attempt might be made to give him a more distinguished resting-place in Westminster Abbey. For many reasons he had decided that it was not to be. He objected to parts of the English burial service, and, veracious in everything, did not choose that words should be read over him which he regarded as untrue. 'The grain of corn,' he said, 'does not die; or if it dies, does not rise again.' Something, too, there was of the same proud feeling which had led him to decline a title. Funerals in the Abbey were not confined to the deserving. When ——— was buried there he observed to me, 'There will be a general gaol delivery in that place one of these days.' His own direction was that he was to lie with his father and mother at the spot where in his life he had made so often a pious pilgrimage, the old kirkyard at Ecclefechan.

Dean Stanley wrote to me, after he was gone, to offer the Abbey, in the warmest and most admiring terms. He had applied to me as one of the executors, and I had to tell him that it had been otherwise arranged. He asked that the body might rest there for a night on the way to Scotland. This also we were obliged to decline. Deeply affected as he was, he preached on the Sunday following on Carlyle's work and character, introducing into his sermon a beautiful passage which I had given to him out of the last journal.

The organ played afterwards the Dead March in 'Saul'—grand, majestic—as England's voice of farewell to one whose work for England had closed, and yet had not

closed. It is still, perhaps, rather in its infancy; for he, being dead, yet speaks to us as no other man in this century has spoken or is likely to speak.

He was taken down in the night by the railway. I, Lecky, and Tyndall, alone of his London friends, were able to follow. We travelled by the mail train. We arrived at Ecclefechan on a cold dreary February morning; such a morning as he himself describes when he laid his mother in the same grave where he was now to rest. Snow had fallen, and road and field were wrapped in a white winding-sheet. The hearse, with the coffin, stood solitary in the station yard, as some waggon might stand, waiting to be unloaded. They do not study form in Scotland, and the absence of respect had nothing unusual about it. But the look of that black, snow-sprinkled object, standing there so desolate, was painful; and, to lose sight of it in the three hours which we had to wait, we walked up to Mainhill, the small farmhouse, two miles distant, where he had spent his boyhood and his university vacations. I had seen Mainhill before, my companions had not. The house had been enlarged since my previous visit, but the old part of it, the kitchen and the two bedrooms, of which it had consisted when the Carlyles lived there, remained as they had been, with the old alcoves, in which the beds were still standing. To complete the resemblance, another family of the same station in life now occupied it—a shrewd industrious farmer, whose wife was making cheeses in the dairy. Again there were eight children, the elder sons at school in the village, the little ones running about barefoot as Carlyle had done, the girls with their brooms and dusters, and one little fellow not strong enough for farm work, but believed to have gifts, and designed, by-and-by, for college. It was the old scene over again, the same stage, the same play, with new players. We stayed looking about us till it was

time to go, and then waded back through the half-melted snow to the station. A few strangers had arrived from Edinburgh and elsewhere, but not many; for the family, simple in their habits, avoided display, and the day, and even the place of the funeral, had not been made public. Two or three carriages were waiting, belonging to gentlemen in the neighbourhood. Mr. James Carlyle and his sisters were there, with their children, in carriages also, and there was a carriage for us. The hearse was set in movement, and we followed slowly down the half-mile of road which divides the station from the village. A crowd had gathered at the churchyard, not disorderly, but seemingly with no feeling but curiosity. There were boys and girls bright with ribands and coloured dresses, climbing upon the kirkyard walls. There was no minister—or at least no ceremony which implied the presence of a minister. I could not but contrast, in my own thoughts, that poor and almost ragged scene, with the trampled sleet and dirt, and *un*ordered if not *dis*ordered assemblage, with the sad ranks of mourners who would have attended in thousands had Dean Stanley's offer been accepted. I half-regretted the resolution which had made the Abbey impossible. Melancholy, indeed, was the impression left upon me by that final leave-taking of my honoured master. The kirkyard was peopled with ghosts. All round me were headstones, with the names of the good old villagers of whom I had heard so many stories from him: the schoolmaster from whom he had learnt his first Latin, the blacksmith with whom his father had argued on the resurrection of the body, his father, mother, sister, woven into the life which was now over, and which it was to fall to myself to describe. But the graves were soiled with half-thawed sleet, the newspaper correspondents were busy with their pencils, the people were pressing and pushing as the coffin

was lowered down. Not in this way, I thought for a moment, ought Scotland to have laid her best and greatest in his solemn sleeping-place. But it was for a moment only. It was as he had himself desired. They whom he had loved best had been buried so—all so—and with no other forms. The funeral prayers in Scotland are not offered at the grave, but in private houses, before or after. There was nothing really unsuitable in what habit had made natural and fit. It was over, and we left him to his rest.

In future years, in future centuries, strangers will come from distant lands—from America, from Australia, from New Zealand, from every isle or continent where the English language is spoken—to see the house where Carlyle was born, to see the green turf under which his dust is lying. Scotland will have raised a monument over his grave; but no monument is needed for one who has made an eternal memorial for himself in the hearts of all to whom truth is the dearest of possessions.

'For giving his soul to the common cause, he has won for himself a wreath which will not fade and a tomb the most honourable, not where his dust is decaying, but where his glory lives in everlasting remembrance. For of illustrious men all the earth is the sepulchre, and it is not the inscribed column in their own land which is the record of their virtues, but the unwritten memory of them in the hearts and minds of all mankind.'

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